CARICATURE

THE WIT & HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG & STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY AMERICA'S GREATEST ARTISTS

SPECIAL EDITION

CARICATURE

(EIGHTH EDITION)

WIT AND HUMOR OF A NATION IN PICTURE, SONG AND STORY

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THE LADY AND THE TIGER.

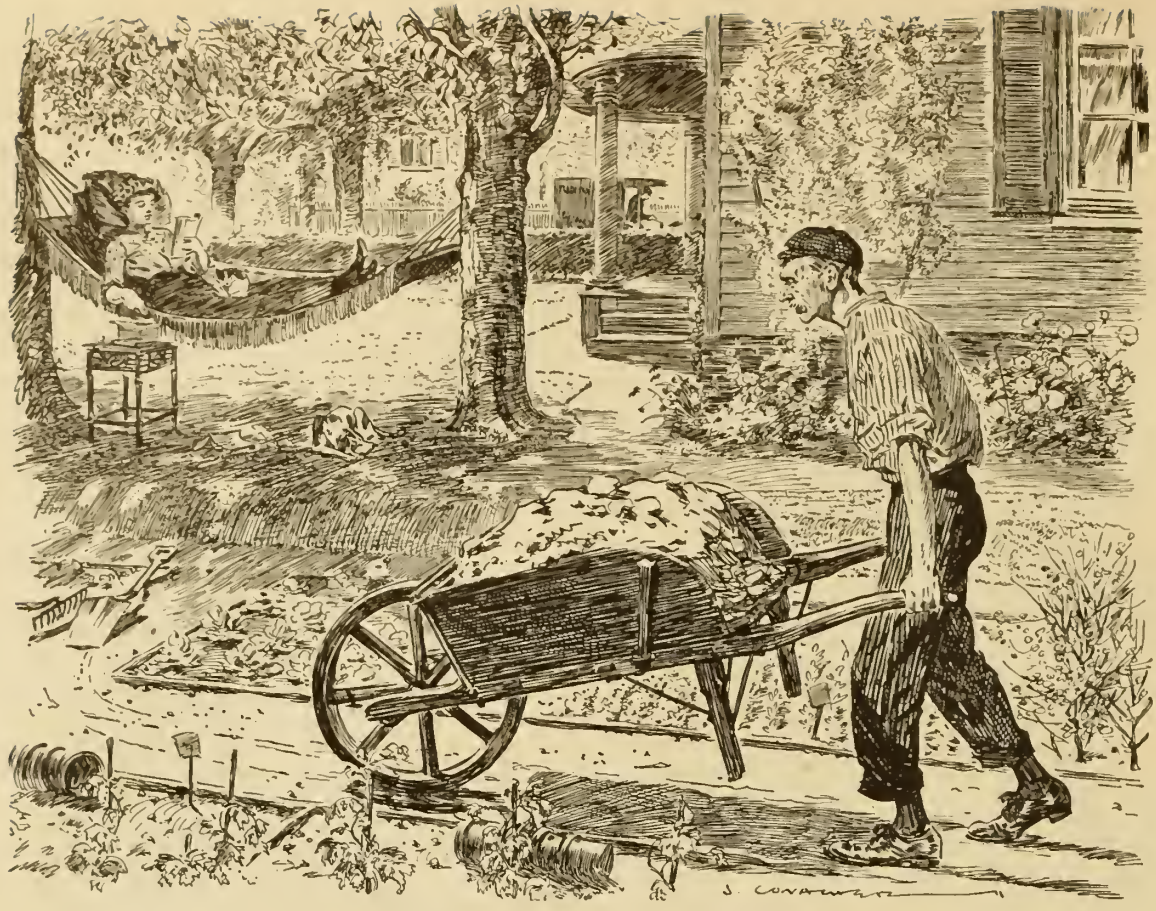
Dear Lady of the quiet eyes,
It is my fortune oft to see
Thee stroke thy tiger tenderwise,
Thyself lost in deep revery.

Dear Lady, in these days and weeks
My love for thee has slowly grown;
My ev'ry thought thy vision seeks;
No longer is my heart my own.

O, lovely hands, O, misty hair!
And skin of thine own roses' hue!
To worship thee so finely fair
Is giving but thy beauty's due.

If my old loves these words should hear
It would not make them sad at all,
For 'tis your fate to be, my dear,
A picture hanging on my wall.

—Ethel Augusta Cook.



THE GARDEN OF A COMMUTER'S WIFE.

Lines to a Lady in Distress.

LADY, disappointment stricken, could you note my pulses quicken and my perturbation thicken, you would know I sympathize. For I, too, have felt affronted when I've found my ticket's wonted price has risen—and they've grunted when I've voiced my hurt surprise.

Ah, it's bitter when our bubble of delight is pricked by trouble, for we see our sorrow double when the suds are in our eye! And it's hard, we'll grant, concealing certain petulance of feeling that is wont to come a-stealing when we see our money fly.

But our reason, madam—reason should control the subtle treason of our passions—won't you seize on just a shred?—I wish you would! Oh, recall how Eve and Adam, though a greater sorrow had 'em, left the paradise forbade 'em with what fortitude they could!

No, they surely "hadn't ought to"—it's a pretty pass we're brought to—but the agent, ma'am, has naught to do with fixing of the fare. It is Fortune, ever fickle. Though a slight resentment prickle, yet I'd pay that other nickel, really, madam, I declare!

For I'd like the matter straightened, as my train departs at eight, and it is getting rather late, and I am furthest in the line. Madam, while you closely care for earthly pence, you lose your fare for good Saint Peter—won't you therefore move?—it's seven-fifty-nine!

—*Gorton Carruth.*

THE MILLENNIUM.

Weary Warbler—"Say, Dick, what's your idea of heaven?"
Lazy Dick—"A million worms and no bean-shooters!"

Sibilant Praise.

One of the ushers approached a man who appeared to be annoying those about him.

"Don't you like the show?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Then why do you persist in hissing the performers?"

"Why, m-man alive, I w-wasn't h-hissing! I w-was s-s-simply s-s-s-saying to S-s-s-sammie that the s-s-s-singing is s-s-s-superb."

Half of the world don't know how their better halves live, and if they are wise, won't try to find out.

THE MODERN WOMAN

A Better Atmosphere.

THERE has been speculation along various lines as to what new influences would be apparent in the atmosphere of the voting booth and the whole environment of election processes if woman should get the ballot in States which have always considered voting man's peculiar prerogative.

The most casual observer knows that election day does not develop scenes of courtesy or refinement in cities and districts where men, excited by partisanship, struggle in this exercise of the chief duty of citizenship. Of course there are cases where the dignity of the duty is appreciated and illustrated by men; but, on the whole, the incidents of an election are not uplifting or inspiring to the young who may witness them.

In the States in which woman is now on an equality with man as to the rights and duties of citizenship, there is unquestionably an advance over old-time election methods, and the whole atmosphere of the function is cleaner and more inspiring. The courtesy which men of all stations in life instinctively pay to woman impels a greater dignity and a cleaner habit at the polls, and it rests with woman herself to carry this changed aspect of the duty beyond mere voting and into the ethics of politics if she shall finally win the fight she is waging.

THE REFINING INFLUENCE AT THE POLLS.

Arguments the "Antis" Might Have Used.

A woman was struggling in the river.

"Throw her a plank!" cried the Suffragist.

"By no means!" objected the Anti-Suffragist. "See how well she does without it!"

(But she got the plank.)

A woman carded wool and spun it at a wheel. To the man who offered machinery to ease her labors, the Anti said,

"The woman has always carded, spun and woven. To rob her of this occupation would be to strike a blow at her femininity—it would make idle hands out of busy ones. Who knows what temptations would assail her in her new-found leisure?"

(But she got the machinery.)

"Come, let us reason with men to make the world better," said the Suffragist.

"Why should we?" said the indolent Anti. "We have less worthy weapons that have always worked well."

(But she will get the ballot!)

—*C. Hilton Turvey.*

How Could She?

Shortly after the passage of the Fifteenth Amendment, Harriet Beecher Stowe was walking over the Florida plantation which she had purchased with a part of her returns from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Meeting one of her laborers, a white-haired ex-slave, she said to him, "Well, Uncle Toby, now that we have all worked so hard to get you the franchise, I hope you'll use your vote to get it for us women, too."

Uncle Toby straightened the shoulders bowed by decades of slavery and regarded his mistress with a superior smile. "Laws, missy," he answered, shaking his head pityingly, "does you think you *knows enough* to vote?"

As an antonym to the term "vote-chasers," to describe the suffragettes, some one has christened the "antis" the "vote-dodgers," in compliment to their national president, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, of New York.

Argument *vs.* Sentiment.

The peculiarity, the well-nigh invincible strength of anti-suffragists lies in the fact that their "arguments" are not arguments, but expressions of feeling.

"You may break, you may shatter their pleas if you will,
But the odor of sentiment hangs round them still."

Anti-suffragists, like Bostonians, inhabit a "state of mind."

Post-mortem.

Wives of great men oft remind us
We our wives could also please,
And, departing, leave behind us
Life-insurance policies.

A Prophecy.

It came to pass, on the steenth day of the teenth month, that Priscilla Jawbones died. Priscilla and all the misconceived tribe of Priscilla perished from off the brains of men. And, verily, all the Old-line Publications stood by the grave of Priscilla and wept. For was not Priscilla a good provider? "Millions," said they, "have we made from the weaknesses of women!" But, even as they wept, a resplendent glory shone round about them—a glory as of countless bursting gold mines. And, lifting up their eyes, they chanted awe-struck halleluiahs: "Yea, millions have we reaped from the weaknesses of women; but henceforth tens of billions shall be ours from the mighty strength of women!"

The suffragettes were upheld by the entire body of W. C. T. U. throughout the country, and they are now coquetting with the brewers—hitherto allied with the anti-suffrage crowd. The getting together of the "very wets" and the "extra drys" is one of the features of the campaign in Wisconsin at the present time, where the constitutional amendment on suffrage comes before the voters next fall. The aspect of a white ribboner and a rotund brewer cheek by jowl on the suffrage platform is now an actual fact in the Dairy State.

SPARE RIBS

Storekeeper—"Anything else I can send you? What would you say to a piece of cheese?"
Buyer—"I wouldn't say a word. It might answer me back."

Miss—"How much will that be?"
Freshy—"That will cost you just one kiss."
Miss—"All right. Aunty, pay the gentleman, please."

Blowze—"When I bought this house it wasn't fit for a dog to live in, and it cost me seven hundred dollars to fix it up."
Showze—"Wouldn't it been cheaper to have lost the dog?"

Mrs. Timms—"There s a man down stairs moving about."
Mr. Timms—"An' there 's a man up here that ain't goin' to move about."

"Well, of all the nerve some people have! There 's the missus opening the boss's letters!"

Foreman—"When are you fellers going to finish this job? Here it is Monday, an' termorrer 's Tuesday, an' the next day Wednesday. Half the week gone, an'—"

Boss—"Well, you 've been with us for over fifty years now, and I guess we won't require your services any longer."
Nibbs—"Er—I wouldn't a-started with you if I had known it wasn't going to be a steady job."

Judge—"Are you married?"
Prisoner—"No."
Judge—"It 's a good thing for your wife."

Bobbs—"Hard working wife you 've got."
Dobbs—"Yep, an' I wish I had two or three more like her."

IN THE VERNACULAR.

First chauffeur—"What has become of Aleck?"
Second chauffeur—"He hit up speed, skidded on a skirt, ran into consumption, and turned turtle."

The Modern Simple Simon

SIMPLE Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."
Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
"First show me your penny."

Whereupon Simple Simon produced the required coin, receiving in exchange therefor a pie, which he conveyed to his laboratory.

Later, at the fair, the pieman was apprehended and placed under arrest. "I find," said Simple Simon, displaying the badge that showed him to be a pure-food inspector, "that glucose has been used in making the crust of this pie; also an inferior quality of chemical lard. Furthermore, the crust is underdone, the pie is stale, and artificial coloring has been used on the raspberries contained therein; also more than one-tenth of one per cent. of benzoate of soda. In addition, the pie is under weight. We intend to make an example of your case. The pure-food law must be obeyed."

Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Mercy! My debts are many!"
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed! I haven't any."

RENO laughs at locksmiths.

Life and Love and Laughter.

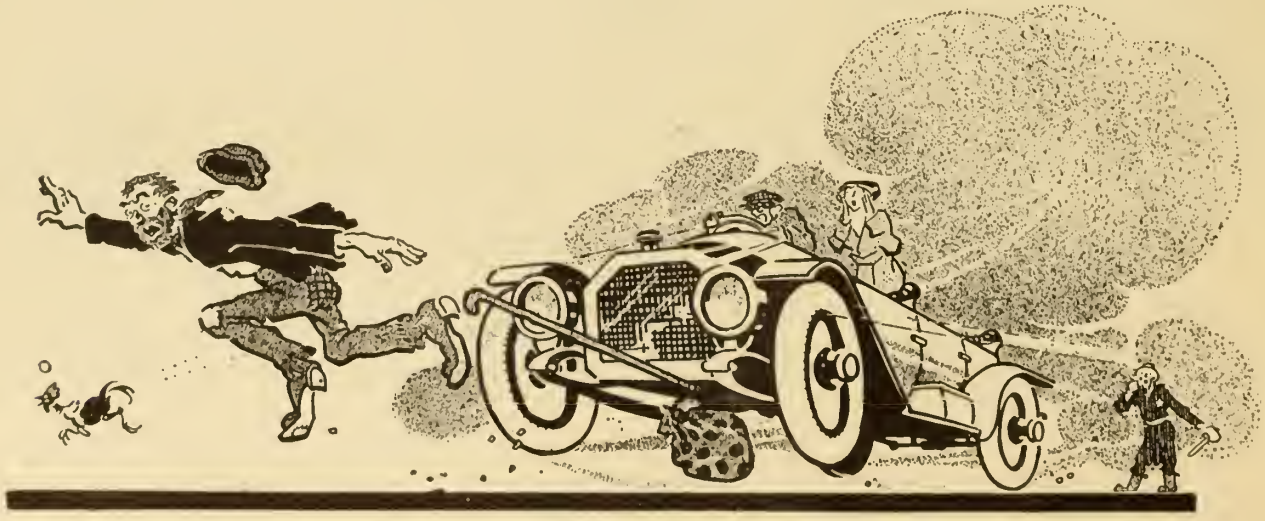
By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

LIFE and Love and merry Laughter—
These are things we all are after.
Win the second, Love, and you
Soon will have the other two;
Win it not, and you will be
Bankrupt in the blissful three—
You may Live and you may Laugh,
But the harvest will be chaff.

Sure Cure.

Mrs. Crawford—"Although my daughter is such a big girl, she's still afraid of the dark."

Mrs. Crabshaw—"Don't worry about that, my dear. She'll soon be in love."



"THE QUICK OR THE DEAD."

ATTACK BY A SOCIAL LION—ONE OF THE PERILS OF OUR CITY HIGHWAYS.

Degrees.

Mrs. Gramercy—"It's awful to have a jealous husband!"

Mrs. Park—"But it's worse, dear, to have one who isn't jealous."

GRIEVANCES and babies thrive on much nursing.

Guide for the War.

SO FEW the rhymes for Italy,
She'll have to make war prettily
Or else conduct it wittily.
And as for that of Turkey,
It either must be murky
Or else perchance be jerky.

MOST popular car in town—Oscar.

Generous.

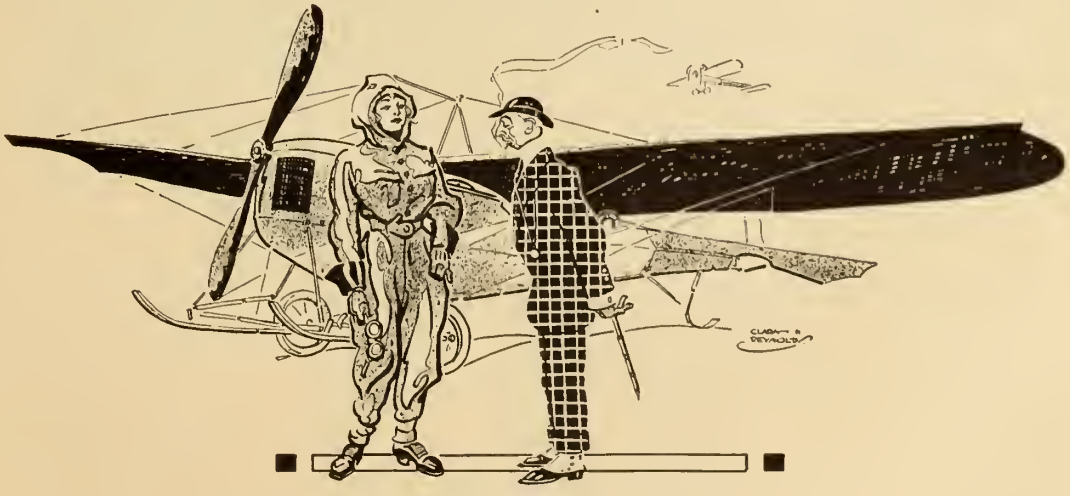
Weary Willie—"That old Tightwad would never give you a nickel!"

Tomato-can Joe—"Yes, he would."

Weary Willie—"For what?"

Tomato-can Joe—"A dime."

ARE the wild waves ever tamed?



MORE LIKE ONE.

Checkers—"I suppose you 've often been mistaken for a man?" *Aviatress*—"Never. Have you?"

An Attic Idyll.

By CARLETON G. GARRETSON.

I CLIMBED to the dusty, cobwebby old attic,
And rummaged about with a youthful delight.
Thrilled with sensations extremely ecstatic,
I gazed at my toys—I'd forgotten them quite.

I found my old cradle. 'Twas crudely constructed.
('Twas naught but a soap box on rockers, in truth!)
And there was the ragged rag doll I'd conducted
On many a stroll, in the days of my youth.

And even my dear Noah's Ark! It was broken;
Still, ev'ry fragment to me was as gold,
Standing of life's brightest days as a token,
Flooding my soul with the fancies of old.

There in a box were my little kilt dresses,
Mittens and socks and a bonnet or two.
Even my curls! Ah, those torturing tresses
That caused shrieks of woe as the comb wriggled through!

I made out a list, and what pleasure it gave me!
"Why should you lie there," thought I, "in the dust?
Relics of youth, you are destined to save me!
I am dead busted, and save me you must!"

I rushed to a dealer in second-hand chattels;
I showed him the list of old duffle I'd got.
I said, "I will sell it, from tresses to rattles.
How much will you give me, good man, for the lot?"

The bargain was made. A receipt I indited.
With joy I'm so full that I hardly can speak.
And this is the reason why I'm so delighted—
I've rented that attic for ten bones a week!

Foolish Query.

He—"Why do you have that copy of JUDGE on the piano?"

She—"Why, don't you see, I want to play some jokes!"

NEW YORK streets, like Dead-sea fruit, have turned to ashes.

The Ruralite Speaks.

I BELIEVE a feller owes it to the commun'ty he lives in to keep hisself slicked up good and fine. I go to the barber's myself every year or two.

Mirandy wants me to buy a motor car, but I got a kind o' notion we kin run inter debt fast enough without speedin' through life by machinery.

Whenever I come acrost a cemetary and read the epitaphs, the thing that impresses me most ain't the epi so much as the taffy.

VERY RECKLESS.

Pat (as comrade falls from sixth story)—"Hivins, Moike! Look out for th' beer!"

Whippin' in skule may not make a feller any clever'n he ought to be, but, by gum! as I remember it, it useter make me smart some!

Hidden.

FULL many a rose is born
To bloom and blush unseen;
Full many a brand-new overcoat
Hides a summer suit, I ween.

Between You and Me.

THE sewing circle, now and then,
Talks about the best of men.

The Weaker Sex.

WOMAN is known for her curiosity—but she never buys foil-wrapped cigars.

She is noted for her love of trading stamps—but she doesn't buy off-brand tobacco to obtain the profit-sharing certificates.

She is ridiculed for her fondness for bargains—but she doesn't play the penny machines.

She is said to be foolish about dress—but she isn't addicted to the wearing of no-space collars.

She plays bridge—but the roulette wheel is not one of her failings.

She is unwise—but it is generally the man who proposes marriage.

She can't see a joke—but she isn't one.

—*Donald A. Kahn.*

Up-to-date.

Visitor (in Red Gulch Opera House)—"What's that cast-iron-looking thing over there?"

Alkali Ike—"That's a shooting box. They have them in England, you know. Great scheme! Gives the boys a place to settle their differences during the show, confines all the gun-play to one place, and doesn't disturb the rest of the audience."

The End of His Love.

WITH a wild sob she fell into her mother's arms.

"My poor child!" the elder woman exclaimed. "What has happened? Has he struck you? Can it be possible that he is leading a double life?"

"He has ceased to love me!" the young wife replied, with a hopeless wail.

"Why do you think so, dear?"

"This morning I caught him combing my silken strands out of his hairbrush before using it on his own head!"

Advantage of Height.

THE tall giraffe had quite a laugh
While at the show he sat,
Because his view was good, he knew,
Despite the biggest hat.

THE BLOOM.

"Hair-cut, please."
"All right; leave the hat here and come back in an hour."

"Do you want gas?"
"Say, Mister Dentist, I 've heard how dangerous that stuff is. I 'il take electric light."

Philanthropy Made Easy.

The Great Self-help Correspondence Course in Charity Giving.

Lesson I.

PHILANTHROPY is fast becoming one of the favorite pastimes of America. Its popularity increases each year. For gentle diversion and wholesome relaxation to add zest to life, there is nothing like philanthropy. Any one with determination who will set about it earnestly can become a philanthropist. First of all, there must be that dogged determination to give money away or die—the will that knows not the word failure. One must have that indomitable will that never gives up, that gains strength by rebuffs, that rejoices in failure and flourishes on discouragements and keeps on fighting and hoping when the future is a dark wall.

Lesson II.

Now that you have mastered the first principle, you are ready for the second step. The next great obstacle to overcome is to find some one or some institution that is willing to accept philanthropy. As you go about seeking such a person or organization, you may grow discouraged and heartsick. But always remember there is no success without great labor, and that everything in life worth while has to be gone after. In this day and age, when there are so many well-known and long-established philanthropists in the field, it is discouraging work for a new and wholly unknown philanthropist to gain admittance. He may have to knock at the door time after time, but finally, sooner or later, some one will hearken to his cry and accept of his big heart, for, after all, right is right and justice triumphs.

Lesson III.

Now that you have found a person or a board of directors who is interested in your proposition, approach him or them most carefully. Be your own natural self; do not try to impress on them your position in the world. Lead up to

Usher—"Are you a friend of the groom?"
Madam—"Oh, my, no! I'm the bride's mother."

the subject with skill and get their minds in the right mood before you come to the point. Be kind and gentle to them, and let them know by deft words and hints that it is they who are conferring the favor. When the profession is so overcrowded you cannot afford to run any risks. Give them your list of references and a tabulated copy of all your charities, and tell them of some of your dreams to better the world. Get them interested in you, in your aspirations and hopes; get them to sympathize with your desire to uplift the world, so that it will become a personal matter with them. Show them that the world cannot be bettered unless some one is willing to make concessions—to swallow his pride and accept philanthropy from another, even though it be a comparative stranger. Once get them to take a personal interest in you, and their heart will soften and you will have easy sailing. Then, before you scarcely realize it, they will say, "That puts it in a new light. Yes, we will accept it under those considerations."

Lesson IV.

Now that you have got some one to agree to accept your philanthropy, don't destroy the efficacy of your good deed by dragging it down with too many provisos. Let them have it free and clear. Many a budding philanthropist has overleaped himself too soon and has had his benefaction returned, a white elephant on his hands. Give it to them to do with it as they please, for such things get around and the next time you apply to some other person or board you will be met by a cold and uncompromising refusal.

—*Homer Croy.*

Overlooked.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

WHOSE eye is fixed on morrow's sun,
And careless is of what's to-day,
Will miss, I fear, a deal of fun
That may be plucked along the way!

COUNTERPOINT.

He—"I don't care for the air." *She*—"Then throw that cigar away."

Primary Lessons in Geography.

Rivers.

CARLETON G. GARRETSON, Instructor.

CHILDREN, you have all doubtless seen a river. It is a long, slender body of water, surrounded by land at every point except where it enters the ocean. It is not fed by means of its mouth, as are the rest of us; but, instead, it is fed through its small extremities. It takes a river a very long time to make its bed, and even then it is often prohibited from lying peacefully in it by means of dams, which are great piles of concrete, rock, and sometimes graft, that hold the river back for a while, then wash away and give immediate employment to the undertakers, State militia, philanthropists, and newspapers. In sections where the rainfall is exceptionally heavy, rivers are covered with watersheds, so that the rain cannot roll the water and disturb the fish. Those text-books that attempt to make you believe that the various rivers rise in mountains or lakes or springs are misleading you, as a river cannot rise without assistance, according to the law of gravity—a law which has been in effect ever since its introduction by a Mr. Newton, and which makes it a penal offense for anybody to fall upward unless propelled by some external force. Many of the rivers of the United States are navigable to other vehicles beside fish, and thousands of people live in houseboats upon them. This is why our floating population is so large. There is a beautiful river which passes by Albany and comes to New York. This river has never been dammed, except by steamboat pilots who have patronized its sandbars, which have no license to exist. Their troubles have been due to their own miscalculations, of course. Rivers have all kinds of banks. These are often strengthened by means of deposits, and sometimes depleted by means of changes in current values. Now, the class should be able to tell a river from an ocean, a quart of milk, or any other aggregation of water.

WIVES of fellow-men remind us
We can make our wives sublime,
If we keep our dears from wearing
Gowns we see from time to time.

The Next Excursion Idea.

ROUND TRIP TICKET TO RENO AND RETURN, ONLY $9.99

For a Limited Time Only

Each ticket includes meals, sleeper accommodations, and stop-over privilege of one hour. SPECIAL! Detachable coupon on each ticket entitles holder to one divorce, through our special arrangements. Positively no delay!

Special trains from all principal cities will leave daily. Even if you have not fully decided to get a divorce, the above rate will surely appeal to you, on account of its cheapness.

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Trading Stamps Given Every Saturday with Ticket!

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Positively No More than One Ticket a Month to a Customer.

WE DEFY COMPETITION!

OF SOME USE.

She—"What are the higher courts for?"

He—"Why, some chaps, you know, have money left when the lower courts get through with them."

Major Archie Butt in Gotham.

By WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

Those of us who couldn't get quite near enough to see the President got a good deal of satisfaction out of a glimpse of Archie Butt.—*From the Chicago Post.*

LIKEWISE did little old New York
Enjoy the pleasing view
Of Major Archie marching round
In buttons, lace, and blue.
But Archie is no dove of peace,
For by his soldier charms
The ladies dropped the ballot-box
And strove to rush to arms.
P. S. Archie got away, as usual.

Mary Again.

MARY had a little lamb,
For which she didn't care;
She cut the wool from off its back,
And now it is a little bare.

No Room for End-seat Hog in Church.

OUT IN Ohio a crusade has been started against the end-seat hog in churches. The custom of the first comer monopolizing the end seats in church pews is now selfish. There was a time when it was justified. The head of the family would take the end seat so as to be ready to protect his loved ones in case of an attack by Indians. There is not much danger now of such attacks, and the Christian spirit can be displayed when the first comer moves along and gives his brother or sister the choice end seat.

Education.

Knicker—"Is Smith taking a course in a correspondence school?"

Bocker—"Yes; he is learning the college yell by phonograph."

Misrepresentation.

"YOU'VE spoiled the sale of my new novel!"

"What's the matter?"

"You reviewed it under the heading 'Recent Books,' and the printer made it read 'Decent Books,' instead."

The Mrs. Misses the Misses.

By J. W. BURGESS

IF A WOMAN has one daughter, who goes away, the Mrs. misses the Miss and the Miss misses the Mrs. If she has two daughters and both are away, the Mrs. misses the Misses and the Misses miss the Mrs. If she has three daughters, and two are at one place and one at another, the Mrs. misses the Miss and the Misses, and the Miss misses the Mrs. and the Misses. If it is four daughters she has and two are at one place, while the other two are away from home and separated, the Mrs. misses the Miss and the Misses and the Miss, and the Miss and the Misses miss the Misses and the Mrs., while the Misses miss the Mrs., and the Miss misses the Miss and the Misses and the Mrs. So they would all better remain at home with the Mr. of the Mrs.

A brilliant young chap from Fargo,
Fell in love with a peach from Chicago;
He said, "Be my wife,
And sail through life
As my own dear little she-cargo."

Considerate.

Jaggs—"I want you to help me pick out an auto."

Loan shark—"Why me?"

Jaggs—"You'll probably own it in a short time."

MALICE PREPENSE.

"George, father advised me last night that I must not have you call on me."

"I think you misunderstood him, dearie. Why he gave me a cigar this morning."

"Oh! Then you haven't smoked it yet."

Wait a Bit!

TRENTON has had the commission form of government only a few weeks. Nevertheless, the statement is made that an annual saving of $30,000 has been effected. This news may be cheering to taxpayers, but they will be better satisfied if the saving materializes at the end of the year. Cities often get municipal reform, but not often do they get reduced taxes. Somehow, promises of such reductions rarely take substantial form or show on tax bills.

"THE HEIGHT OF SATISFACTION."

The Gentle Retort.

HE WAS always trying to be funny. There may be husbands more intolerable than that, but not many. She had been caught in a storm and was telling him about it.

"The rain came on so suddenly that I had hardly time to put up my umbrella"——

"Did you put it up?" he interrupted.

"Of course I did, and as"——

"What did you get on it?" he interrupted with the time-worn solecism.

"I got rain on it, of course. What did you think I got?"

And he looked seriously injured by her lack of appreciation of his wit.

Suggestive.

She—"We're good friends. How do you like my new hat?"

Her neighbor—"Why not remain good friends?"

WELL RECOMMENDED.

Housewife—"Have you a reference from a former employer?"

Housemaid—"Yes'um; I have eighty-six of 'em!"

A Remarkable Woman.

"I HAVE frequently heard that Mrs. Wattles was rather light in the mental department, but I have become convinced that she is a sensible, level-headed woman. It is my opinion, in fact, that she is one woman in ten thousand."

"What, if I may ask, has caused you to gain such a high opinion of her?"

"She was here for an hour yesterday and never raised a single objection to the manner in which we are raising our baby."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A Problem in Mathematics.

THERE is a certain instructor in mathematics in a Washington institution who is beginning to wonder whether his five-year-old son is going to inherit his mathematical temperament.

On one occasion the father and mother of this youngster, while visiting a resort near the capital, were watching the boys and girls swing the circle on a merry-go-round. The father commented upon the sight presented by one small-sized youngster astride a huge lion, and, as he did so, noticed a serious look on the face of his own offspring, who was standing beside him.

"Why such a solemn expression, Tom?" asked the father.

"I was just wondering," said Tom, who had had one ride and, having a ticket for another, wished to use it to the best advantage, "whether I would get a longer ride than I had on the horse in the inside circle if I rode on one of the lions on the outside row."

The Boast.

"I AM the originator of the back-to-the-land movement!" Nebuchadnezzar cried.

Bitterly he watched the lesser lights steal it from him.

THE real value of a baby can never be determined by the size of the stork's bill.

A Needed Version.

THE SHOUTING and the tumult grows,
The gust of passion swells and blows—
Lord God of hosts, be with us all,
Lest we recall, lest we recall!

Heroes of Poverty.

PRESIDENT TAFT, in his speech at the Minnesota State University, reverted to the magnificent opportunities offered in the United States for the poor young man. He added, "If there is anything that is an obstacle, that is difficult for a young man to overcome, it is an income that will enable a young man to live without work." This is in line with the popular fashion of expression on the subject. The matter is one on which there should be discrimination. If a young man be thorough, if he have the right qualities, it is better for him to have an income already earned for him than to be under the necessity of earning one. The income gives him so much the better start. Ours is a country of opportunity for all, rich or poor. In practice, the man of ability will make his way, regardless of riches or poverty. Theory to the contrary notwithstanding, a man who starts to fight the battle of life will find an income to be a help. Poverty has its heroes, but every one prefers not to be one of them.

THERE is a vast difference between a mining strike and a mine strike.

ON HER DIGNITY.

Irate maid—"An' did ye think Oi'd shtand th' impertinence av th' loikes av yer childrun a-callin' me be me furst name?"

Mrs. and Mr. A. M. Bitious
(urgently) request the
pleasure of
Mr. Eligible Man's
company on
Tuesday, November 13, 1911,
to meet our
(marriageable) daughter
Miss Ito Am A. M. Bitious.
34 Etiquette Boulevard.

5 to 7, Inspection
7 to 12, Dancing.

Famished.

TALK about being hungry!
I was hungry as a bear;
So, walking into a dairy lunch,
I ate off the arm of a chair.

THE Emperor of China has signed an edict dismissing obnoxious ministers and granting a liberal constitution to the country. The Emperor of China is five years of age. Young blood will tell.

"Well, boys, why are you working so hard?"
"The man in there said he lost ten cents and that we could have it if we found it."

IF A BODY be presented
With a bottle of rye,
Need a body at one sitting
Drain the bottle dry?

A Self-made Beauty.

"SHE dresses with great pains."
"Yes; her shoes pinch, her corset is too tight, and she frequently scorches herself with a curling iron."

"Yes. I want all the snow cleared away How long will it take you?"
"D'yez pay by the day or the job?"

No Room for Crinoline.

THE REVIVAL of crinoline for women is proposed. An effort in that direction was made about twenty years ago, but the shouting and tumult of protest were so general that the restoration did not come to pass. Hoop skirts and crinoline were in vogue during the Civil War and for a few years before it broke out. In those times it was no uncommon sight to see a woman enter a street car and spread out her skirts so that she occupied space that would have given seats for three passengers. Nor was it uncommon for some desperate men to plump themselves down on these skirts. Such incidents sometimes led lovely women to use unlovely words. If crinoline were to come back and a woman should undertake to appropriate three seats in a street car during the rush hours for herself and skirts, there would be interesting results. The prediction may be made that the wearing of crinoline will not be revived to such an extent that you could notice it. The streets and transportation vehicles are more crowded than they were fifty years ago. Perhaps, too, there isn't as much gallantry as there was half a century ago and the chap who would sit on the spreading skirt of a young woman has grown in numbers.

"Ye'd better stop throwin' snowballs at me, Katie. First thing ye know ye'll break that window."

Weighing the Cat.

By ROBERT C. McELRAVY.

SEATED about the grocery stove were several elderly gentlemen, each with plenty of hirsute adornment and time to spare.

"Whar's George Potts this morning?" inquired William Swink, noting the absence of a regular visitor.

"I calc'late he's in rather clost proximity to the handle of a wringer jest now," observed Uncle Silas Wilson. "George's wife keeps him thar till every rag is washed on a Monday."

The grocery cat at this moment, having just completed a lazy trip to the numerous mouse traps about the store, jumped up on the counter and settled down near the feather duster for a nap.

Peter Swink, William's elder brother, pulled thoughtfully at his long, white beard and was about to launch forth in a monologue on the negro problem. Fearing something of the kind, Uncle Silas hastened to divert his train of thought.

"Peter," he inquired, with deadly intent in his eye, "how much does that cat weigh?"

Peter Swink coughed slightly. "Must be out o' cigars, Silas, to ask a question like that. Can't get up a bet with me, though; I've still got one."

"Wall, jest fer a guess then, Peter," insisted Silas, dreading the outbreak of the negro problem, which Peter loved to discuss. "I ain't weighed many cats lately, and I jest hev a curiosity t' know."

Frank Smith, the good-humored grocer, placed the feline on the scales. He, too, was glad to interfere with one of Peter's oratorical flights.

"Ten pounds and a half, she weighs," he announced, seeing no wagers in sight.

"Right smart weight fer a cat, I should think," observed Uncle Silas sagely. Then he added, "Here comes George Potts, at last. Mebbe George c'n guess its weight."

The assemblage rose to the occasion with a single purpose. George Potts was known as the closest-fisted man in town. No one had ever been known to worst him in a wager or get ahead of him in any deal involving finances. Here seemed a promising opportunity!

"Morning, everybody!" greeted Potts, backing up to the stove and chewing on a dried peach he had pilfered en route from the front door.

"We war jest debatin', George," explained William Swink, in non-committal tones.

"You gen'rally air debatin' something," interpolated Potts.

"Yes; but we were all sort of feelin' th' need for a seegar, and th' question rose as to the pro-bubble weight of that cat. I can't see any reason why you shouldn't guess along with th' rest of us, ef you feel sportingly inclined."

"Wall," replied Potts thoughtfully, "I been so busy with th' washin' this morning thet I ain't smoked yet. Mebbe when you fellers air through, I might take a chanst."

A sigh went up from the group about the stove. The grocer leaned forward, on fire with interest. The bare possibility of "sticking" George Potts for cigars all around was better than a horse race.

"What would you say the cat weighs, Silas?" questioned Peter Swink, setting the ball in motion.

"I hain't much i-dy, I'm sure," replied Uncle Silas, not wishing to appear over-confident. "Ten pounds, perhaps."

"Ten pounds," repeated Peter Swink, setting the guess down on a slip of paper. "What do you say, Dad?" turning to Dad Smith, a quiet member of the circle, who seemed to be restraining a desire to laugh.

"'Bout 'leven pounds, I'd say," replied Dad, in offhand tones.

"Too heavy!" commented William Swink, winking at the grocer. "I'll make it nine pounds."

Peter Swink laughed. "Twelve pounds is my guess," he announced.

A low whistle went up from the lips of George Potts. They all looked expectantly toward him.

The conspirators, without having guessed the actual weight of the feline, had covered the ground well on both sides of it.

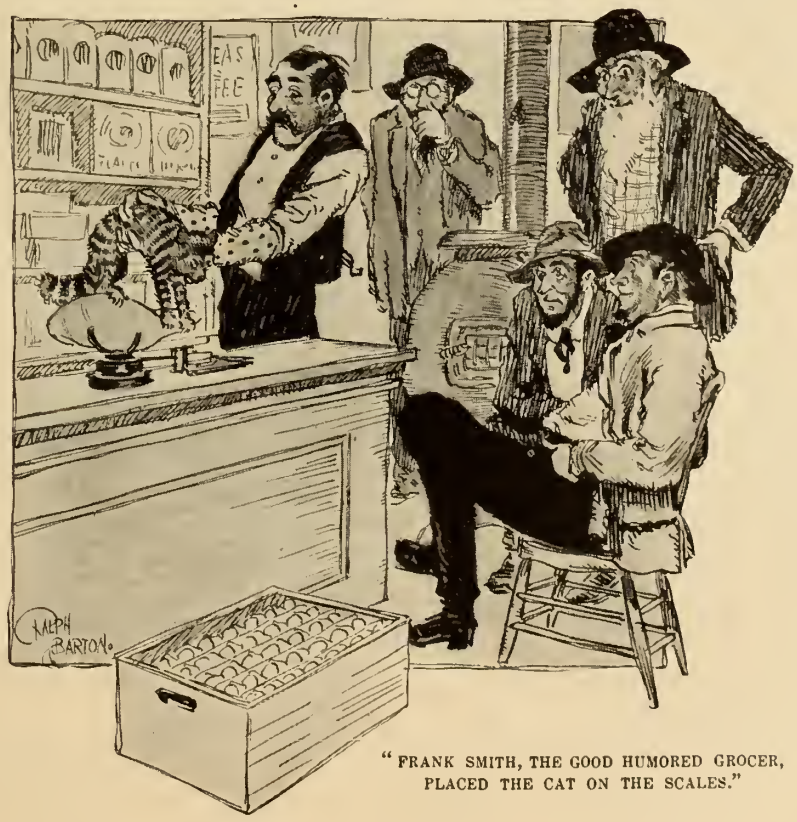
Potts drew a very long face.

"You fellers seem to hev a su'prisin' similarity of views on this question," he remarked. "Never saw you agreed so clost on anything afore. A-body might almost think you'd been dealin' in cats every day, frum the way you guess 'em."

The group about the stove stirred nervously. They had not anticipated this tension at the last moment. What they wanted was a cigar apiece and a chance to laugh at George Potts.

"Now," ruminated Potts, "I'm free to confess that I ain't much up on th' weight o' cats. I c'n guess hosses and cattle purty well, but cats is different."

Uncle Silas laughed



"FRANK SMITH, THE GOOD HUMORED GROCER, PLACED THE CAT ON THE SCALES."

VACUUM CLEANERS
CIGARS
PANAMA HATS
BLEACHED & BLOCKED
WE ARE AGENTS FOR NO GOODS INCUBATORS
ASK US ABOUT IT
CUTLERY AND FANCY GOODS DEPT
FOR SALE BEAUTIFUL HOME ON THE SOUND SEE PROPRIETOR
DR SPAVINS SANITARIUM BOOKINGS MADE HERE
TELEPHONE
POST OFFICE BRANCH Q
STAMPS
MONEY ORDERS
U.S.M.
CIRCULATING LIBRARY LATEST FICTION 25¢ WEEK
DARK ROOM
SOUVENIR POST CARDS
RUBBER GLOVES SHOES STOCKINGS NECKTIES
KEEP YOUR ROOM WARM BY INSTALLING AN EQUATOR HEATER
THE GUM SAFETY RAZOR
OXYGEN
HEALTH GIVING UNDER WEAR
ALL MAKES OF CAMERAS DEVELOPING AND PRINTING
AGENTS FOR FLOR DE SEVEN
BOUQUET DE ROSE 10¢ CIGAR
AGENTS FOR LOVELESS CANDIES
SMOKE ASSASSIN CIGARETTES
ICE CREAM IN BOXES TO TAKE HOME
U.S.M. FOR PAPERS AND PACKAGES ONLY
EGG SHAKE
NUT SUNDAE
PINEAPPLE SUNDAE
CHOCOLATE SUNDAE
ANGEL FLIPS
PEACOCK FIZZ
WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF BOW WOW DOG REMEDIES
DICTIONARIES 98¢
DR. COLDFEET'S PROTECTIVE SOCK INSOLES
DR FUSS' ANATOMICAL SUSPENDER FOR ROUND SHOULDERS
FULL LINE OF STATIONERY AND DESK SUPPLIES
ARTHUR LEWIS

OUR DRUG STORES.

Stranger—(after looking about)—"Can you tell me where I can buy some quinine pills?"

nervously. "Come along, George! Take a chance fer once in your life!" he urged. The group about the stove settled back complacently at this.

But it did not seem to be the Potts nature to take chances.

"I'm inclined to think Uncle Silas used purty good jedgment in his guess," mused Potts. "A likely cat ought to weigh somewhere around ten pounds."

The grocer and the group about the stove held their breath.

"But this cat, here," said Potts slowly, "has an uncommon lot of fur. Now, o' course, fur don't weigh much, but it weighs somethin'. Still, I don't think it would weigh e-nuff to make a full pound, which would be eleven pound all told. Besides, I couldn't guess that, because Dad Smith said eleven pound, and Peter Swink said twelve, as I remember."

"That's right," came a voice from the stove group.

"I couldn't say less than ten pound, because William Swink here guessed nine pound, and my jedgment wouldn't let me go less'n that figger under any circumstances."

The group about the stove seemed lost in one wide-spreading smile. But they had not counted sufficiently on the resources of the Potts sporting blood. Driven to close quarters, it occurred to George Potts that there was a safe middle ground.

OMINOUS.

"Say, boss, won't ye help us t' git a bite t' eat? I'd do most anything t' git th' price of a meal."

"I'll just say ten pound fer th' cat, gentlemen, and half a pound fer the fur, makin' altogether ten and a half pound," he finally announced. At least he had not been guilty of making a hazardous guess at his time of life; he could not be furthest from the actual weight, for he was neither highest nor lowest!

A groan went up from about the stove. With tears and lamentations Peter and William Swink were dividing twenty-five cents in change between them, which they handed the grocer for cigars all around.

Upon the scales, where the grocer had placed her, the cat lay peacefully sleeping. George Potts, noting that the weight arm was swinging easily, leaned forward to see what the weight could be. To his surprise he discovered that the weight of the cat was just ten and one-half pounds.

A Paradox.

I think it's the funniest joke,
That when you've no money you're broke;
And when you've no brains—it's a fact—
You're not broke at all—only cracked!

The Discouragement of Chidleigh.

By J. A. WALDRON.

"HEAR about Chidleigh?"

"What's up now?"

"Chidleigh, eh?"

"What's the matter with Chidleigh, old top?"

"Oh, say, chappie, tell the news!"

The initial question was asked by the man who had the news—Wadleigh. The three inquiries were voiced by Hurleigh, Burleigh and Jones. The supplication was in the falsetto voice of Beachey, and, with the absent Chidleigh, these five constituted a sextette that went the pace in common or as nearly in common as possible; for Chidleigh was always a lap or two in advanace.

The six were unlike any other coterie in the rapid set. They were all members of the Connoisseur Club, at the bar of which the five at the moment had gathered to discuss "gin daisies," with critical references to the chemist of the club, whose concoctions were analyzed by them with a cruel, if not a scientific, disregard of his feeling that any common "barkeep" would resent with a bottle or two of something.

These swift young men were all connoisseurs of everything—or at least they thought they were connoisseurs, because they belonged to the Connoisseur Club. They toiled not—and they knew nothing of spinning or any other industry, although they were all raveling something of the fabrics knit by their fathers. They were by-products of industry.

Being connoisseurs, these young men were arbiters for their kind at the horse show and at all other functions that appealed to them. They knew all and sundry of smart things. They frequented the theaters where "girl" shows were on the boards, but usually at and by the stage doors. They knew every landmark along the electric thoroughfares.

"How about Chidleigh, old top?" Hurleigh asked again, as the five raised their glasses and as with a single eye scanned the drink before analysis. "Did he get his auto out of the tree in the Bronx?"

"Not yet," replied Wadleigh, "although a moving crane is on the way to rescue it. But that probably isn't troubling him just now. I think, chappies, we'll have to cut Chidleigh."

"Cut Chidleigh?" It came as a chorus, as the glasses were set down and the tipple abandoned.

"Why, old top," ventured Burleigh, "what'll we do without Chidleigh?

"Out with it, old chap!"

"What's Chidleigh been doing?"

They regarded Wadleigh curiously and with apprehension.

"Well," said Wadleigh, after a moment's thought, "Chidleigh doesn't seem to be Chidleigh. And when Chidleigh isn't Chidleigh, why should we follow his lead? When he ran his motor up the tree in the Bronx, it didn't feaze him a little bit. He got back to the club, donned other clothes, and, after drinking a few absinthes frappe, went in search of adventure. He apparently mistook a young woman on the avenue for some one he knew. He was picked up, a little battered, and went again and changed his clothes and"——

"But who was the lady?" asked Hurleigh.

"I believe she was identified, before she got away, as the boxing mistress at one of the colleges for women on the Heights. As I was saying, Chidleigh went again and changed his clothes, the time being late in the afternoon, and, after a few more absinthes frappe, started in search of further adventure. He found it. He met another young woman, this time on Sixth Avenue, and assumed she was an acquaintance. He had to change his clothes again. He's down stairs now, but is discouraged."

Hurleigh and Burley Beachey and Jones were amazed. Jones alone had the presence of mind to ask, "What happened?"

"Chidleigh was jiu-jitsued," replied Wadleigh, with melancholy.

"Jiu-jitsu'd! Jap girl?"

"No; shop girl."

THE MATCHMAKER.

I'm nothing but a knotty stump,
I don't give fruit or shade,
And by the other trees about
Much fun of me is made

I'll never go to build a house,
Or be a mainmast tall;
But ah, my mission here on earth
Is most beautiful of all.

For many a laddie with his lass,
Who have sat beneath my bough,
And carved the names upon my bark,
Are fond grandparents now.

Generous Boy.

LITTLE Harry's parents always kept a barrel of apples in the cellar. Not long ago they moved next door to an orphans' home. Shortly after moving, Harry's mother noticed that the apples disappeared with great rapidity.

"Harry," she asked one morning, "what is going on with our apples?"

"Mother," he replied, "I have to eat a great many apples."

"I am willing that you should have all the apples you want. But why do you eat so many lately?"

"Why, I have to eat a great many, 'cause the orphans want the cores."

All Full.

"Sistern and brederen," said an old darky in testimony meeting, "Ah jes' wants to git to hebben and sque-e-eze down into one of dem back seats."

"Nar, nar, brudder," said a deacon who had just come in, "Dem back seats been fulled up long 'go."

Rather Weak.

Diner—"Waiter, bring me a glass of water."

Waiter—"Certainly, sir, but you already have one glass."

Diner—"One is not enough. Get me another. I want to strengthen this soup."

To find the silver lining to the cloud you must clear away all gloomy thoughts.

Compensation.

The laurels fair of Tennyson were of a pleasing kind, the which I should have gladly won had I but had the mind. To be a man like that, of course, would mighty pleasing be;

But

When Polly says, "I love you!" I'm glad I'm only me!

To win a fame like that of Poe and write such wondrous things as from his pen in constant flow gave his weird spirit wings would most delightful be, I think, fraught e'en with ecstasy;

But

When Polly calls me "Dearest!" I'm glad I'm only me!

Sometimes I've envied Milton's fame, as well as that of Lamb; I've viewed with jealous eyes the name of dear old O. Khayyam. I've wished I might be any one of all that splendid three;

But

When Polly smiles to meward, I'm glad I'm only me!

There's Emerson and Addison and all Fame's other sons, from Edison and Madison back to the earliest ones who've cheered the world and blest the soul with deeds of victory;

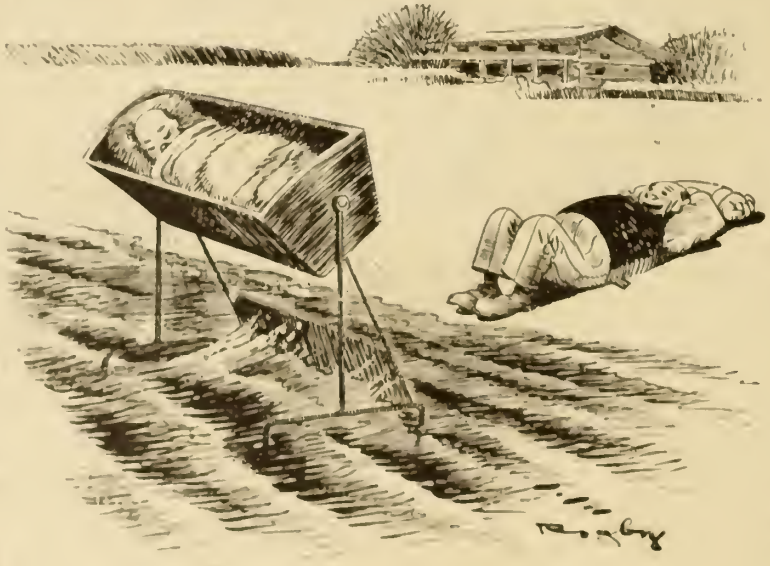
But

When Polly's eyes rest on me, I'm glad I'm only me!

I've never done an earthly thing in letters or the state to give my name and fame the ring unquestionably great, and sometimes I sit down and moan my sad obscurity;

But

When Polly says, "Come, kiss me!" I'm glad I'm only me! —*Blakeney Gray*



MR LAZYMAN'S DEVICE

"Rocked in the cradle by the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep"

Of Course.

"Mrs. Spende says they have a harder time than they used to, trying to live on their income."

"That's natural enough—Spende has had his salary increased."

Croakley—"The white carnation is the emblem of Mothers' Day. Is there any flower that is worn on Fathers' Day?"

Joakley—"Yes. I think it is the poppy."

THE VACUUM CLEANER'S LATEST USEFULNESS.

Extreme Opinions.

AT THE meeting of the Do or Die Suffragette Club in closed session, July 1st, 1914, each member was requested to respond to roll call with her opinion of men in epigram. The following is the partial result:

Mrs. Smith—"Men are like jobs—when you need them and you want them they ain't there; when you don't need them and you don't want them, they are thicker than berries in a blackberry patch."

Mrs. Jones—"Any woman who can afford a husband can afford a bulldog, and if she has a bulldog, she doesn't need a husband."

Mrs. Brown—"The reason so many women acquire husbands is for the same reason lots of women buy kodaks and poodle dogs—they see other women have them, and don't know what a nuisance they are, nor how expensive to keep up."

Mrs. Black—"All men are liars—the difference is that some back their lies up and some don't."

Mrs. White—"Men are like little boys in front of a bakeshop window. They pretend they don't want any cake and that they would run away awful fast if the baker was to offer them any, but if a woman thinks she is a baker and offers them any she'll find herself with a life job on her hands."

Mrs. Fluff—"Men and marriage are like contracts—if you once sign away your rights, you never get them back."

Mrs. Duff—"If a man hasn't anything he will willingly give you half of it, but if he has anything you can't get a quarter of it without false pretenses."

— *Bertha M. Coombs.*

AN OVERSIGHT.

Judge—"You are charged with breaking a chair over this man's head."

Prisoner—"I didn't mean to break the chair, yer worship."

The Picnic Girl.

She's gold of hair and blue of eye,
She never keeps her hat on,
And always puts the custard pie
Just where it will be sat on.

Smooth words oil the grooves of life.

TRIFLES.

The rain may drive in streaks of blue,
The wind may fiercely blow;
But trifles these are to the maid
Who would a-shopping go.

THE MODERN WOMAN

Women in Journalism.

THE VERY remarkable showing made by the suffragists in their recent parade in New York has inspired new discussions as to woman's place and possibilities in various vocations. The matter of the ballot, of course, is always uppermost in the minds of the more enthusiastic among adherents of the sex among men.

The work of schools of journalism in various colleges brings up the question of women's success in this calling. James Lee, director of the department of journalism in the New York University, says that, while that institution pays more attention to the magazine than to the newspaper field, women students have done excellent work, and like accounts come from other institutions.

It is not to be expected that schools of journalism will wholly supersede the practical school which has produced the journalism of this and past generations. In this practical school women long have shown their equality with men upon opportunity, and many women to-day are "stars" in journalism, covering fields in which they are admittedly superior to the other sex.

It is a fact that should militate in favor of any claim women may make as to their right and their aptitudes for almost any mental work that men do that women for a long time have been eminent in literature; and in that other great field, the theater, for generations women as a mass have excelled men as actors, while even as dramatists they at least hold their own.

Prejudice alone has kept women from many other vocations in which eventually they will prove themselves.

The Coming Child.

A mother sews for her coming child
Shapes tiny and soft and undefiled.
With many a stitch of love and care,
With many a dream of all things fair,
She sews his covering to prepare.

The world is making his garments, too;
Has fashioned the same the ages through.
With many a stitch of law and greed,
With many a thread of sin and need,
It makes him an early shroud, indeed.

The world is strong in the ballot's might;
Unarmed the mother to wage a fight.
Mere hope is futile and trusting vain,
For not till she helps to rule and reign
Shall ever the babe his own attain.

—*McLandburgh Wilson.*

Something in It.

In San Francisco, where women can vote, they are demanding a police court for women exclusively, with bailiff and all officers of the feminine sex. In Washington, D. C., where neither men nor women can vote, the latter have put up a woman candidate for judge of the Juvenile Court. All of which proves that there is something besides suffrage back of the "woman's rights" movement.

Married Women's Legal Status.

Until recently a wife in England could not testify against her husband, because they were one and he was the one, and it would be the same as his testifying against himself. Then the Court of Criminal Appeal took a hand and declared that she not only might testify, but could be compelled to. The ball was then tossed into the House of Lords, which has just decided that she can do as she pleases. By the time the courts and the legislative bodies and the church and the newspapers get through with woman, will there be any woman left?

Corrected.

A wealthy American girl was attending a social function at a country house in England.

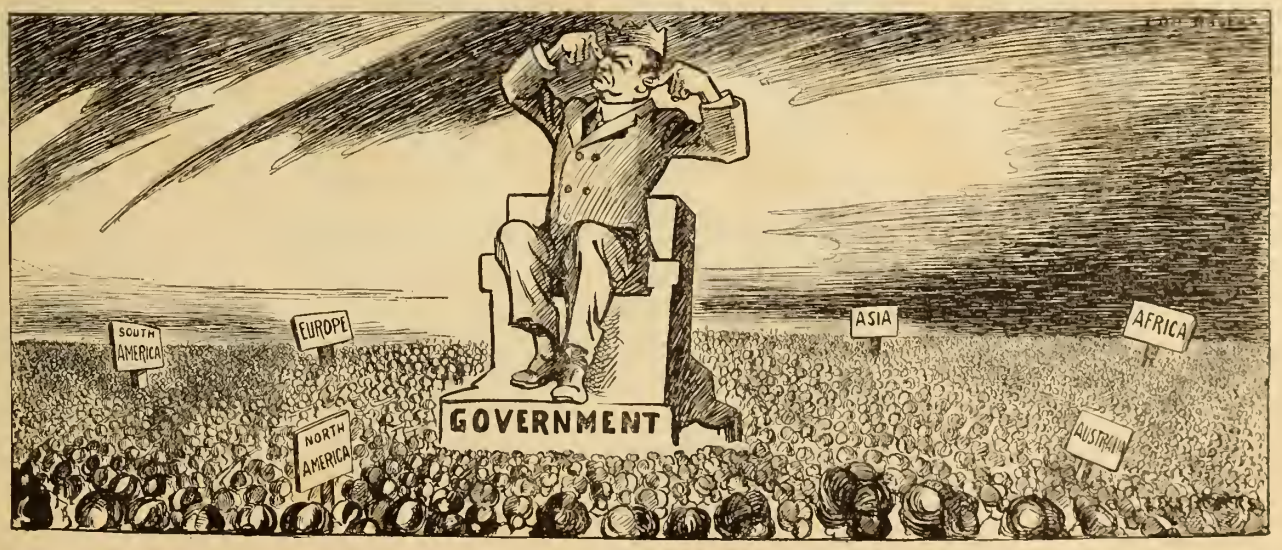
"You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have," said an English duchess to the girl. "I always wonder why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces."

"It isn't our white faces that attracts them," responded the American; "it's our greenbacks."

Justice and Liberty.

What irony! The Statue of Liberty and all our figures of justice are *women!*

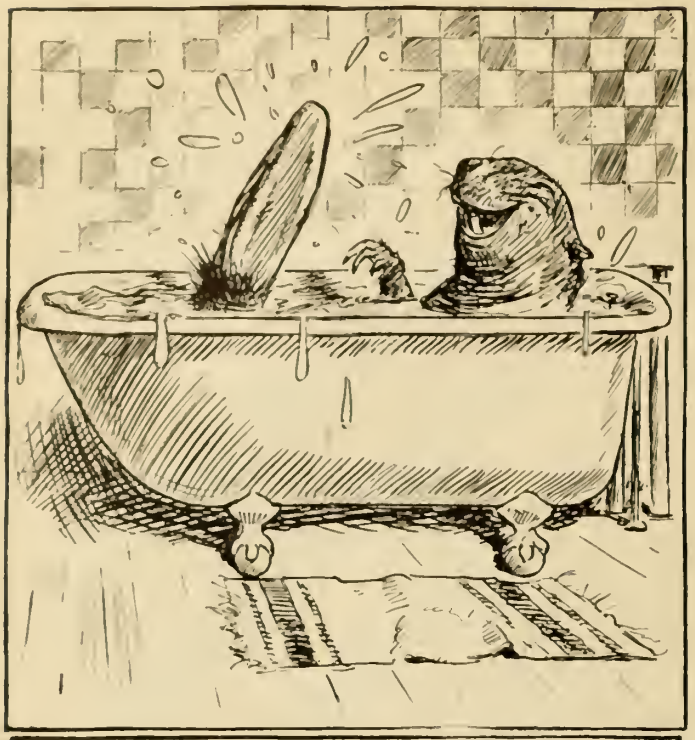
When woman suffrage is accomplished, how hard it will be to find any one who ever opposed it!



M A N !

"I have been absolute monarch of the world since government began. I will not share my sovereignty."

UNNATURAL HISTORY LESSONS.



The Beaver.

THE BEAVER is an aquatic representative of the mammalian order Rodentia, although it is a question whether he fully appreciates the honor. He can be distinguished from a cat, a small boy or a tramp by the fact that he is not afraid of taking a bath. When swimming he uses only his stern propellers, and steers with his tail. It would be cruel to de-tail a beaver, because then he would have to swim in a straight line entirely around the earth in order to get back to where he started from. (See Columbus's theory of the shape of the earth.) Beavers are expert civil engineers. They see a dam site quicker than many human beings, and then build their dam with superhuman sagacity, locating their living quarters underneath. Like all sensible people, they leave their apartments in the spring and travel and visit relatives all summer. Their bill of fare consists of bark au naturel, bark maitre de dam and bark au gratin; also a dessert of water lily when it is in season. They shed their furs occasionally, with the aid of trappers' skinning knives. These furs are genuine and command great figures. Made into coats, they are seen displaying all kinds of figures. The beaver is rarely shot, but is put out of business with a stick or caught in a trap. As he is hunted only at night, a nightstick is used. The class may now go to the country and find a beaver dam and watch the beavers beave.

17 —C. G. Garrison.

THE MODESTY OF CANDIDATES

BY JAMES HAY, JR.

NO MAN seeks the presidential nomination. Anybody who brazenly steps before the public, thumps his manly chest, advertises himself and works for the job violates every dictate of decency and decorum.

In recognition of this great truth, men of both parties begin every four years crafty preparations for having the honor forced upon them. Each fellow makes his closest friend promise to manage his campaign, hires a brigade of trusty press agents, engages the services of an expert card indexer, gives out an interview saying that he has no idea he will be nominated and then, having transformed himself into a lightning rod upon which the presidential thunderbolts may beat to their heart's content, he disappears.

Climbing laboriously, but rapidly, the Mount of Self-Abnegation, he ties around his neck the millstone of humility and leaps into the deep, unruffled sea of quiet and oblivion. He becomes, as if by magic, a shrinking violet, a blossom harder to discover than the blue rose, a gentle and fragile thing that will wither, pine away and die under the glare of the rising sun. Wrapping about his Napoleonic brow the cerements and shrouds of silence, he makes his way into that gloomy and black-plumed yard known as dignified and judicious retirement, where he suddenly becomes as talkative as a fish and as approachable as a vestal virgin. He cultivates reticence, wears a self-adjusting and double-backacting gag, refuses himself to interviewers and hides in the dismal and penumbral shades of solitude. All at once, in the twinkling of an eye, he is gone—gone into pallescent and paludal exile. He is mummified by his modesty.

But he remains crafty. Into his funereal refuge he has run a telephone wire, and the cerements and shrouds are not wrapped about his head so tightly that he cannot adjust the receiver to his sensitive ear. And once in a long while a fleet-footed courier, beating a pathway through the everglades of his solitude, tells him how goes the battle, reports on the condition of the campaign fund and brings him a message that it is his duty to make a "whirlwind tour" of the country or to send an "open letter" to Billy Jones, of Podunk Gap, describing exactly how the common people are to be saved from the crime and greed of corporations and monopolies.

Fighting three fast rounds with his modesty, knocking the traditions of a century into a million iridescent atoms and conquering his personal sufferings, he emerges from the wilderness of his self-abasement and spends the next few weeks in screaming loudly from the rear platform of a Pullman car and abusing madly the railroad chef.

After this, his head publicity man ropes him, hamstrings him, throws him into a corner and beats him over the head with a fountain pen until he reluctantly, but gabbily, gives up all the tender little details of his boyhood experiences, all the triumphs of his college career, and all his struggles with Dame Fortune, including that crucial encounter when he grabbed the lady by the throat and choked her into submission. All of this is published in the daily newspapers, thanks to the industry and leg muscles of the press agents. Of course, it pains the candidate greatly to have his life exposed in this manner, but, when you modestly engage in the gentle art of having yourself catapulted into the presidential nomination, you are naturally immensely annoyed every minute. Sometimes you have to have veronal to make you sleep.

Financing a fight for the nomination is a delicate and difficult thing. It is like dancing a fandango on the thin ice of danger and destruction. The candidate modestly never knows where the money comes from. If he does, being a sensible man and averse to investigation and rude questions, he promptly forgets it. But his dear friend has to beat it up and down this fair land and get the coin. If handed to him willingly, he grabs it. If this does not happen, he grabs it anyhow, taking care to issue a statement daily that he accepts no contributions from corporations or rich malefactors. Nobody believes this, but it sounds exceedingly nice and ladylike, not to say idiotic.

A real flossy up-to-date pre-convention organization consists of the following: The candidate, his dear friend and manager, political scouts, press agents, a financial representative, a secretary and a corps of stenographers—all this meaning that no man ever seeks the nomination.

And there can be no doubt about it. When it comes to modesty, sense and acumen, the modest candidate makes old Rhadamanthus look like an ossified body surmounted by a petrified bean.

He is modestly awake to the main chance.

GOT HER GOAT.

Big brother (to little sister, who has just taken her first ride with goat)—"Nice ride, Rosie?"
Rosie (looking ruefully at whip)—"Yes. But goodness! I never thought Billy would wear out his whip so soon!"

The Birth of a Progressive.

A Sad Sonnet of the Convention City.

I GRABBED my stylo firmly in my fist;
"I want a double room and bath!" I said.
The day clerk smiled and gently shook his head,
And then replied, "If that's a joke—desist!
Them things you ask me for just don't exist—
We've nineteen delegates in every bed!
But call around again, cos, on the dead,
You're number ninety on the waiting list!"

All day I wandered sadly through the town,
But sought a place to sleep all, all in vain!
On the lake shore that night I laid me down,
To murder delegates inside my brain.
And now at last I know without a doubt
We ought to cut these fool conventions out!

—*Charles H. Mackintosh.*

The Joy of Attainment.

A man can have a good many triumphs in a political career, but whatever heights he attains there is never a repetition of the supreme joy he felt the first time he served as chairman of a convention and reached that part of the proceedings where he puffed his chest out and said, "What is the further pleasure of the convention?"

EXPLOSIVE.

Chauffeur—"Hang it! another blowout!"

Head-on Collision.

Hewitt—"I had a strange dream last night."

Jewett—"I will try to keep awake while you tell it."

Hewitt—"I dreamed that Taft and Roosevelt met on a single track."

Philosophical.

"When I look around and see the campaign banners," said the defeated candidate for the presidential nomination, "I am more than reconciled to my defeat, and my heart goes out to the poor fellows who have to be disfigured by house painters who once in four years play the role of portrait painters."

The Cause.

"What's this rumpus about?"

"Oh, it is caused by the strange bedfellows that politics makes trying to steal all the coverlids from each other, and the skeletons in the closets hammering to get out to take part in the campaign."

LISTENING

"YOU'RE THE ONLY GIRL I EVER LOVED"

He Maka Me Laugh!

MY! THIS is da granda lan!
Maka da mon on da penut, loosa on da banan.
Hear all da pepul talka about da "graff,"
Teddy De Roose and Biga Bill Taff.

Some say stoppa keekin my dog aroun,
Help getta da bizness offa da groun.
Teddy De Roose say my hat inna da ring,
Gotta taka da third term, don't wanta dam thing.

Gotta busta da trust and stoppa da "graff."
Teddy De Roose! He maka me laugh!
Me! I votta for Clark he owna da houn,
He getta da bizness offa da groun.

Gotto recalla da jodge, causa da jodge is da crook;
Gotta hava da more baba and fira da cook.
Teddy De Roose! He maka me laugh!
Gonna busta da trust and stoppa da "graff."

—J. C. R.

A Certainty.

De Style—"Do you think women will take part in the coming campaign?"

Gunbusta—"I know two that will—Anna Nias and Molly Coddle."

In Convention Times.

One of fifty other delegates—"You have been gone four hours. Have you got anything for us?"

The scout—"You bet. Two dandy chances; a ten-minute option on one-third of a big bed and a half-hour's option on half a little bed."

A Mothergosling.

"Suffragette Mary, quite contrary,
How do your prospects grow?"
"With cobblestone raids and big parades
And pretty maids all in a row."

DIDN'T WAIT FOR IT.

Waggles—"Did yer ask de woman at de last house fer a bite?"

Raggles—"Yes, but she said der dog did all de bitin' fer de family, an' w'en she started to untie him I beat it."

"On" Money.

"The man we nominate at this convention," said a delegate, en route, "will some day have his face on our money."

"Unless the Democrats should win," some one interposed. "If Wilson's face ever appears on our bills then they'll be long green, all right. If Taft, then the money will come round again."

"If I'm ever elected President," said a meek, humble man, "I mean to change the style. I don't ever want my face on it."

"What would be the new style?" was asked.

"Why, I prefer to have my hands on it," he explained.

Postal Information.

"How much postage will this take?" asked the middle-aged lady, as she handed a package marked "Miss Jean DeSwellers, Atlantic City, N. J.," to the clerk at the stamp window.

The man weighed it carefully. "Any writing?" he inquired.

"Not a line," responded the lady, "it's only my daughter's bathing suit."

"One cent," snapped the man.

A LAPSE OF MEMORY.

Mrs. Teller—"Mrs. Tinkle says that nothing is really impossible."
Mr. Small—"She must have forgotten her husband when she was speaking."

CINDERELLA

"Not quite, dear," was the answer. "Do you mind waiting until I unwrap this package?"

Mrs. Updyke waited in surprise and suspense while her husband produced a machine that was a duplicate of her own. "Now," said Mr. Updyke, "let's have a duet."

He placed his machine on a table near that occupied by his wife's. Both were turned loose and the following dialogue took place:

"Broad 4-9-2-7. Hello! That you, Harry?"

"Hello, Updyke!"

"Well, is everything ready for the party?"

"I guess so. The boat is in fine working order."

"She is, is she? Good!"

"Yes. She runs like a watch. I haven't got her all painted yet."

"Oh, I don't mind about the paint! I suppose she's got lots of speed."

"Sure! She runs best when she has a good, heavy load on."

"At her best when she has a good load on, hey? Well, we'll take care of that."

"You want to be careful and keep her well oiled. The engine's stiff when it's new, you know."

"Yes, I'm always careful to treat a new one nicely."

"By the way, I've painted the name Dolly on her bow."

"Dolly, hey? Fine! That's my wife's name."

THE NEWEST COLLARS.

1 **The Gouge**—The only real rival of the deadly hat pin.

2. **The Cafeteria**—For use at quick lunch counters and soda fountains. Front can be rolled down, buttoned to coat and employed as a napkin.

3 **The Nikotine**—With washable asbestos attachment for pipe, cigar or cigarette.

4 **The Straphanger**—Especially fashionable among commuters and patrons of the subway during rush hours.

5 **The Clutch**—To be buttoned to hat band at back during windy periods. By a deft movement of the muscles of the neck it can be made to tip hat without use of hands.

6 **The Auto**—Designed to wear in place of goggles while motoring.

"That so? She's thirty-two feet long and draws five feet three inches of water."

"Thirty-two and five feet three, you say? Why, she's a twin sister to the last one I had—the one that went to pieces, you know. Say, but my wife will be wild when she sees her! Well, be sure and have her ready Saturday afternoon. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Updyke!"

"Well, my dear, suspecting child," said Mr. Updyke, when the whirring of the dictagraph records had ceased, "are you pleasantly surprised?"

Mrs. Updyke maintained a painful silence.

"You see, it was this way. I happen to know the man who sold you the dictagraph. I lunched with him yesterday, in fact, and he told me of your visit. I smelled a rat. I got this machine, took it to my friend, Harry Green, of whom I am buying a motor boat as a surprise for you, and arranged our conversation beforehand. I have also been in the confidence of your friend, the drug clerk, who told me of the interest taken in my movements by our neighbor across the way. You see, darling, that two sides of a story are better than one. By the way, don't forget that we

take our maiden trip on the Dolly on Saturday afternoon. What's your traveling bag doing out here?"

"Oh, I was just getting ready for that maiden trip!" said Mrs. Updyke. Then she put her arms around his neck and promised him, as she had done many, many times before, that she would never, never doubt him again.

Snaps and Snarls.

Providence tempers the wind to the girl with the silk stockings.

A self-made man always acts as if he thought somebody else wanted to claim the job.

American women will never get so excited over politics that they will forget their powder rags.

In England the candidate "stands" for office; here the office has to stand for the candidate.

American genius has done some great things, and it may yet invent a health food that tastes like something to eat.

Honesty is also the best politics, but only a few have got next to it.

The worst thing you can say about an actress is—nothing.

A diplomat is a man with two boys and a dog, who can live in the same block a year without a quarrel.

Many a woman who has everything else she wants wears her heart away in sorrow because she can't wear pink.

You can violate a man's principles with impunity, but beware of tramping on his prejudices. —*W. Kee Maxwell.*

He 's One in a Million.

There's a man whom I don't know by name,
Who belongs in the fans' Hall of Fame.
When his office-boy said
That his grandma was dead,
He cried, "Sure! Go ahead to the game!"

THE NEWSPAPER MOOCHER.

How soon an upright man loses his reputation when he becomes a candidate for office.

METING OUT JUSTICE.

Judge—"You look familiar. Were you ever before this Court before?"

Female—"No, sir; but I wuz yer cook last month."

Judge—"Thirty days on bread and water."

Maternalism.

Kind gentleman—"What are you going to do, Johnny, when you become a man?"

Johnny—"Nawthin'."

Kind gentleman—"What? Not going to do anything?"

Johnny—"No. Just as soon as I started something, ma would tell me to stop it."

Our Imports.

It is said that a number of titled Englishmen are planning to visit America shortly. We are also receiving large shipments of lemons from the West Indies.

Usually.

Willis—"What position do you occupy in your household?"

Gillis—"I am treasurer to my wife's social secretary."

Vice Versa.

Parson—"So your husband is sick. Maybe he hasbeen throwing himself too heavily into his work."

Mrs. Casey—"Not on yure loife! He's been throwing his wu-urk too hivily into him. That's what's the throuble wid him. He's a bartinder."

Anent the Flea.

How doth the little busy flea
Delight to jump and bite!
He's never where he seems to be—
He's always out of sight!
The things the flea has done to me
Are not a cause for laughter;
I've cussed him till I plainly see
My place in the hereafter.

An Addition.

"Yes, sir, when we were ambushed, we got out without losing a man or a horse or a gun or"——

"A minute," chimed in a small, still voice.

And Still We Print It.

The poets are working overtime.
With them 'tis now the open season.
They find much reason for their rhyme,
And make much rhyme with little reason.

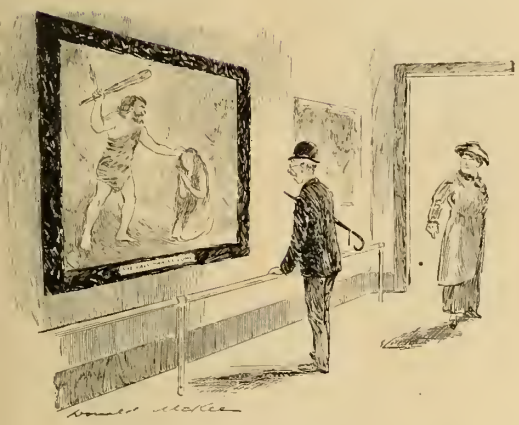
A CHASED DIANA.

She has journeyed abroad.
She is met at the pier
By a grovelling horde
Come from far and from near.
She has journeyed abroad.
And some moneyless peer,
With her vast golden hoard,
She will capture, I fear.

—C. G. Garretson.

NATURE'S SWEET RESTORER.

Photographer (to farmer Hayrick)—"Look pleasant, please."
Mrs. Hayrick—"Go to sleep, Abner. That 's the only time you 're pleasant."



"WHAT MAN HAS DONE, MAN CAN DO."

The Same, Yet Different.

ABOUT two years had passed away
Since Nell and I had met;
So 'twas not strange that I should say,
When I again chanced by her way,
"Nell, are you married yet?"

She glanced at me in mild surprise—
I would have made a bet
That there was sadness in her eyes
As she replied, between two sighs,
"Yes, I am married—yet!"

Children did the bunny hug Easter week.

His First Serious Thought.

W. E. D. Stokes, Jr., son of the millionaire hotel proprietor and known among his intimates as "Weddie," is about fourteen years old and is already the patentee of a dozen or more electrical appliances.

NO CAUSE FOR PROTEST.

Innkeeper—"Whatcher howlin' fer? Ye don't hev t' eat this dinner."

EXTREMES MEET.

Not long ago a caller at the house was talking to him about his work and asked him how long he had been at it.

"Well," he said, with considerable deliberation, "I first took up electrical engineering seriously in 1900."

How much fun he got out of it before he took it up seriously at the mature age of four years nobody knows.

Her Crowning Glory.

Mary had a new spring hat,
And, though accounts do vary,
Some people say her feet were all
That could be seen of Mary.

COMFORTS OF A BACHELOR MUSSER.

NOT TO BE DENIED.

"B jabbers, if Oi wus dead Oi 'd own up t' it."

No Cause for Worry.

Knicker—"My son is at college, in Philadelphia, and from the way I have to put up the coin, I judge he must be sowing a bumper crop of wild oats."

Bocker—"Oh, I wouldn't worry over a little thing like that. Very likely they're Quaker oats."

Both poles discovered, what now are the explorers to do?

Ballade of a Bachelor.

By JOHN NORTHERN HILLIARD.

TALL she was and divinely fair,
Light of foot as a woodland fay;
A Gibson girl with a modish air—
She that I loved and that said me nay.
It seems, ah, me! but yesterday—
How stunning she looked in her feathered hat!
But ten long years have passed away,
And Amaryllis is growing fat.

Ankles dainty and figure spare,
Cupid's mouth and eyes of gray,
Roguish dimples and golden hair,
Chloe was blithe as a bird in May.
Though I pleaded long for a single "yea,"
She used my heart as she would a mat;
But Time adjusts all things, they say,
And Chloe, too, is growing fat.

Lips that were made to tempt and snare,
Eyes to sparkle and dance and play,
A smile to banish life's cark and care—
Clorinda certainly "had a way."
Slender, too, as a poplar spray;
Graceful with racquet and club and bat.
She spurned me, too; but my heart is gay—
For Clorinda, also, is growing fat.

Only the foolish barber would have the cheek to cut an acquaintance.

Current Fiction.

Kidder—"That fellow makes a living writing light fiction."

Kiddee—"He doesn't look like a literary chap."

Kidder—"He's not. He makes out statements for the electric-light company."

A BROAD SMILE

Minister—"Well, Brother Jones, I hear that the Lord has smiled on you?"

Jones (who has recently become the father of twins)—"Smiled on me? He laughed out loud at me."

"HUMAN VARIOUS."

"My dear Basil! you don't mean to say you haven't ever been to Stumpleigh's place? Why, he has *all kinds* of people up there!"

A Natural Misunderstanding.

THE earnest lecturer raised his voice and spoke with special emphasis. "I want to tell you, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "that Robert Burns's poetry"——

He was interrupted by a man in the audience, an editor whom he had roused from a doze.

"Good for Robert!" cried this man enthusiastically.

A rolling pin, now and then, may descend upon the best of men.

DOC 'S UP AGAINST IT

School girl—"Please, ma says ter vaccinate me where it won't show."

The Footpad and the Poet.

[A footpad in New York held up a local poet. By mistake, of course. One can't tell anything by appearances.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*]

That's where you're off! The footpad knew
The poet was a poet,
And, feeling kindly toward the Muse,
He took that way to show it.
He didn't hold him up to rob—
He knew he was a poet;
But what he did was different,
And all the world should know it.
For, lo! he'd robbed a publisher,
Who otherwise would blow it,
And, with his blessing, he conferred
The wad upon the poet.
What? —*W. J. Lampton, poet.*

A Misunderstanding.

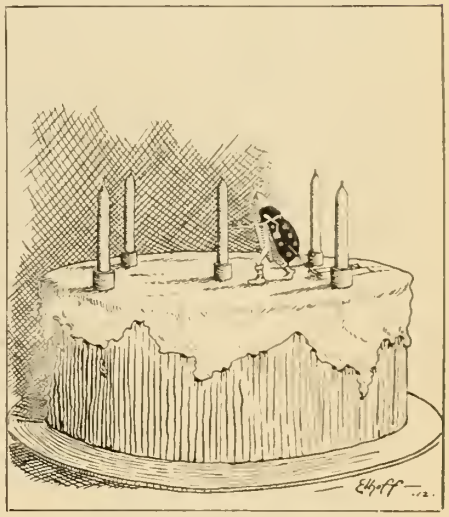
First boarder—"Will you pass the cheese?"

Second boarder—"How fast is it traveling?"

Back Again.

Now cease to fret o'er butcher bills,
The price of meat forget.
What matters if the finny folk
Escape the fisher's net?
Farewell to pork chop and to stew!
Avaunt, you costly steak!
We welcome back to festive board
The juicy, red shortcake.

An odor of the past—gasoline.



A QUINTET.

Professor Bug—"I was looking for the South Pole, but I didn't expect to find five of them."

A Personal Affront.

Striking members of the Amalgamated Skirt Stitchers were holding a conference.

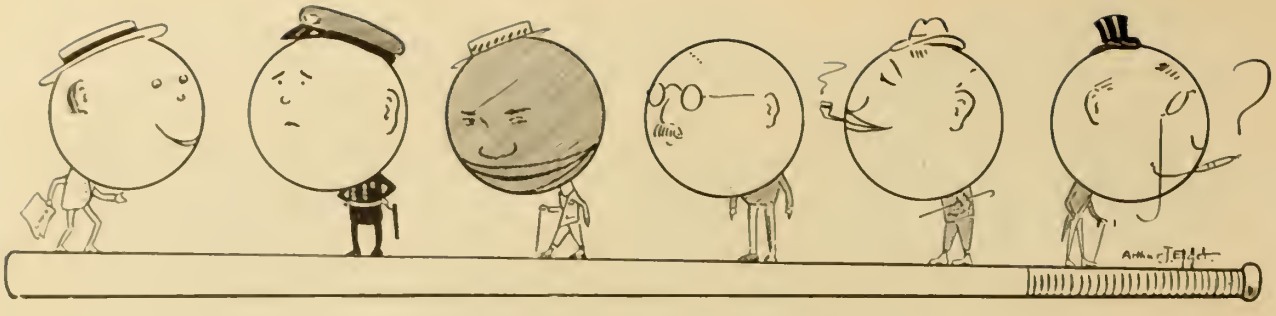
"Where is that tall, thin girl who joined the union last week?" inquired the walking delegate.

The secretary arose to reply:

"She handed in her resignation this morning."

"What was her reason?"

"She took offense when she was called on to act as a picket."



BALL FIENDS—THEY HAVE ARRIVED.

Baseball.

BASEBALL, a purely American institution, is played by a few million fans, the newspapers and an umpire, assisted by two widely worshiped idols called pitchers. There are a few other supernumeraries in the game, but they are of no particular detriment. The contestants play out of doors nine months in the year and in vaudeville the rest of the time. The pitcher, unlike his inanimate namesake, is of no value when full. A wild pitcher is one who indulges in high balls. The purpose of the game is to score. When a team can't score a run, it scores the umpire. When the players are raw they are roasted by the manager, and when they are fresh he cans them. Baseball is not considered a dangerous sport, although it causes a gigantic mortality among grandmothers each year. A baseball fan is a curious instrument used to keep the air in motion. It does not shut up, like many kinds of fans. A bleacher is a wide flight of steps, so arranged as to get the full benefit of the afternoon sun and to be entirely cut off from breezes. One row of bleacher seats will comfortably accommodate a greater multitude of rooters than all the upholstered pews in a full-sized modern church. Here is an abridged dictionary of terms used in baseball:

Hit—Vaudeville act headed by a big leaguer.

Error—Any decision of the umpire against the team you are backing.

"THE POWER BEHIND THE THROWN."

Rain check—A fan's hope of the hereafter.

Knot hole—A small boy's peep-sight into paradise.

Jinx—An excuse for playing a bum game. (See Drinks.)

Steal—Transaction of a ticket speculator.

Safe—An enormous receptacle for holding the gate receipts of the championship series.

Strike—Refusal of the players to work until the ghost walks.

Walk—End of the strike.

Tie—Part of a railroad track utilized on the homeward journey by the fan who bets on the losing team. —C. G. G.

Hubby Passes.

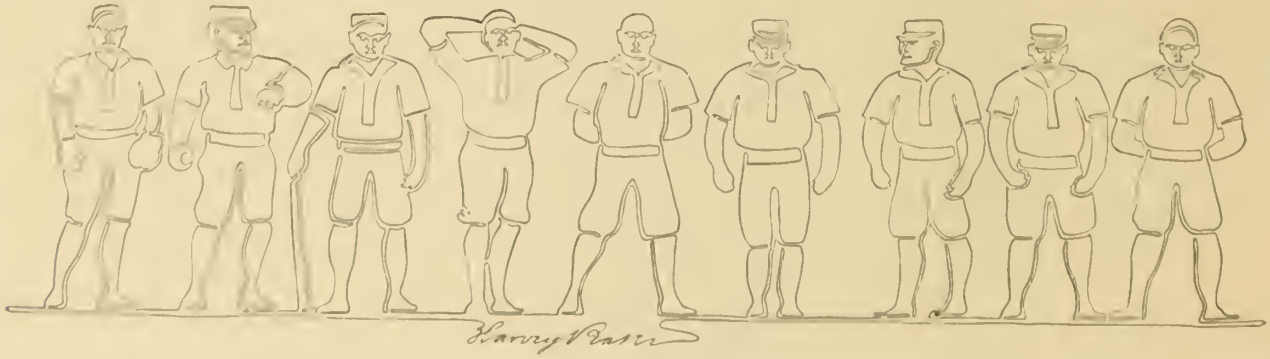
(A perversion of Browning.)

The year's at the spring—
And it's Monday morn;
Time—nearly seven;
The dust rag's unfurled.
It's springtime housecleaning—
Inferno is born!
Sure as there's heaven,
All's wrong in the world!

Ratiocination.

Sir Gilbert Parker, with fiery emphasis, declares that never, no, never, shall Russia have Persia. As Russia already has it, the only inference is that Sir Gilbert Parker is still eminent in the realm of fiction.

The cry of "batter up" now heard, is not a warning that the dough is rising.



THE LINE UP.

(Drawn with a single line.)

THE FARE

Mr. Sonderby Hurries.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

MR. SONDERBY is one of the calmest, coolest men on Long Island. He never hurries and he never misses a train. When he dresses for the theater, he dresses slowly, allowing himself ample time, and he is always ready and waiting by the time Mrs. Sonderby is half dressed. Then he walks at a respectable pace to the station with Mrs. Sonderby, has just one minute to await the train, and carries the whole thing through without fuss or flurry.

It is a pleasure to see Mr. Sonderby dress. Before dinner he lays out his linen and his dress suit and his tie, sees that his brushes and comb are in place, puts his clean socks beside his patent-leather shoes beside the low chair, inserts the cuff and collar buttons in their proper buttonholes, and makes all necessary preparations. After dinner he calmly dresses. No haste, no flurry, no hurry. He dresses with the slow but steady movements of a plumber working by the hour.

On September 15th Mrs. Sonderby, about four in the afternoon, called Mr. Sonderby on the telephone.

"George, dear," she said, "Mr. and Mrs. Merkle have invited us to the theater to-night—the Empire Theater. We will meet you in the lobby at eight-fifteen. Mrs. Merkle and I are going in early to do some shopping. They have a box, so you had better run out and have dinner at home and change your clothes. You can get the seven-thirty train to town, then, and just meet us."

"Very well, honey," said Mr. Sonderby. "Are you sure about that train? You know, the winter time table goes into effect to-day."

"I know," said Mrs. Sonderby. "I got a new time table yesterday, and I have just looked up the time. I'll leave the time table on your dresser."

Mr. Sonderby reached Westcote on the train that arrives there at six-three. At six-eighteen he was in his house, and as Pauline, the maid, had dinner on the table, having been urged by Mrs. Sonderby not to delay Mr. Sonderby by having dinner late, Mr. Sonderby began eating at once.

"Pauline," he said, when he had eaten his soup and the chop was on the table, "will you run up and bring me the green time table you will find on my dresser?"

Pauline brought it. Mr. Sonderby had reasonable faith in his wife, but women and time tables are notoriously incompatible, and he just wanted to see for himself. He opened the time table and glanced at it.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, and threw his napkin on the table. "If that isn't like a woman! Seven-thirty, indeed! Why, that train goes at seven-fifteen, and there isn't another until eight-twenty! I've got to hustle!"

THE FATE OF THE LAST PEDESTRIAN.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Sonderby could have finished his dinner as usual, dressed as usual, walked to the train as usual, and could have reached the station at seven-fourteen easily; but he had planned to catch a seven-thirty train, and he was a man of system. He jumped up from the table and rushed up the stairs, tearing off his coat as he ran. He threw his coat on the bed, cast his vest after it, jerked off his collar and tie, and in two minutes was in the bathtub. In another minute he was out again. No time for a good rub! He jerked open three drawers in his dresser, turned their contents upside down—although he knew perfectly well his underwear was in the third drawer. The underwear wouldn't go on. It stuck in a dozen places to his wet skin, and he had to inch it on bit by bit, and even then the legs and arms were twisted wrong side before and clung like sticky flypaper.

Mr. Sonderby dived at the dresser drawers again.

"Where are those black silk socks?" he cried. "Where are they?"

He jerked the contents of three drawers out on the floor, piece by piece. He dug into his sock drawer like a baby in a sand box. Red socks, blue socks, lavender socks, but no black socks. He scowled at the dresser a minute and made a dive for his wife's dresser. He made that look as if a cyclone had struck it, and then his eye caught the darning bag, hanging on a door knob. He dumped its contents on the floor and searched the debris on his hands and knees. One sock! One black silk sock, with a heel hole as big as the entrance to the mammoth cave! Mr. Sonderby snorted his wrath. And just at that moment he saw his underwear, his socks, his tie, and his dress shirt laid out neatly on the bed.

"Humph!" said Mr. Sonderby.

The thin silk socks stuck to his damp feet, and he ripped one of them almost in two, tugging at it. He jerked it off and began a hunt for black thread and a needle. He opened eighteen different boxes and twelve drawers. At last he found a broken needle, with no point, in a sewing-machine drawer, and a spool of lavender silk, and he spent five minutes trying to thread the needle; but he was in such a hurry he couldn't do it. He threw the torn sock under the bed and put on the sock with the hole in the heel. Then he jumped for his dress shirt.

He had it over his head before he thought of the collar buttons, and he jerked it off again, grabbed his old shirt, and shucked the collar and cuff buttons out of it. There was a tinkle on the floor, and Mr. Sonderby dropped on his hands and knees again. He had lost a collar button.

(Continued on page 10.)

The Hillburys Try Touring.

By N. C. BLEECKER.

JADSON HILLBURY was a born inventor. It came perfectly natural for him to invent. It was he who perfected a boat driven by water-power, the water being pumped by hand into an elevated reservoir on board, and in its escape turning an overshot wheel connected with the propeller. You may remember his successful experiment with goldfish, in which by attaching a reversing contrivance to their fins he made it possible for them to swim backward, thus relieving their heads from the unpleasant pressure of the water as they moved about in it. He was also the instigator of the gyroscope hat, which assured its wearer an upright position regardless of his state of inebriation. Jadson Hillbury was a benefactor to his race, and the world misses him now that he has departed.

Mr. Hillbury had a love for mild sport, a fair income and a wife. Therefore, one evening, when he read in the paper that the Rob Roy Traction Company was having an auction sale of somewhat obsolete taxicabs, it was but natural that he became interested.

"Mrs. Hillbury," he remarked, "before I go to work capturing seagulls to be used on the planes of airships as equilibrators, I'm going to give you and myself a treat. I shall buy a taxicab and we will tour through New England."

Mrs. Hillbury sighed and said, "Oh, Jadson!"

This was not an original remark. She had said it quite often before. Therefore Mr. Hillbury continued as if nothing had happened.

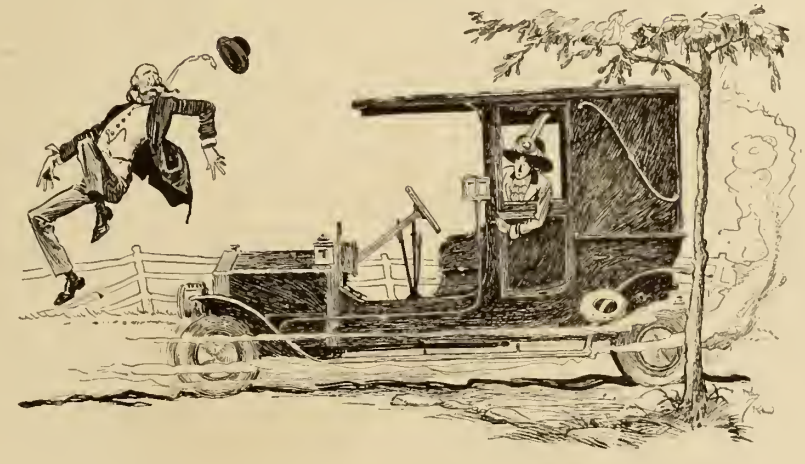
"You will have the satisfaction, Mrs. Hillbury," he said, "of being driven by one who has a scientific mind. I have never conducted a taxicab in my life, but, understanding the explosion of gasoline and just how it exerts its propelling force, I shall not bother to take lessons. I shall not find it necessary to even lift the hood of the motor before we start on our journey. Common sense, Mrs. Hillbury, is sufficient."

The car was bought at a very reasonable figure. It was of the vintage of 1900, and its ramshackle appearance was evidence that it had never been hauled out on dry dock. Hillbury's house was on a downhill stretch from the garage and the chauffeur had no trouble in delivering the vehicle, as the brakes, at least, were in splendid working order.

Mrs. Hillbury and two suit cases were piled inside, while Mr. Hillbury, duster, gantlets and goggles adjusted, prepared to officiate at the crank.

"Aren't you going to take off that taximeter arrangement?" Mrs. Hillbury inquired anxiously.

"I should say not!" replied the scientific mind. "In the first place, the machinery inside that infernal contraption generates a tremendous momentum, so that on a level stretch we can shut off the engine and use it for our motive power. In the second place, it will be the happiest experience of my life to watch the thing charging us to the tune of a few thousand dollars in the course of the trip and be able to laugh in its face. Here we go!"



"THE NOISE CAUSED MR. HILLBURY TO JUMP AN IMAGINARY HURDLE."

Hillbury cranked. The engine coughed, expectorated, sighed and became silent.

"Hm!" remarked Hillbury. "It's on the half center. We'll coast down to the river road. That's three miles. What's the use of wasting gasoline, anyway?"

He jumped aboard and released the brakes. The machine glided toward New England with the noiseless impressiveness of an electric runabout.

"Splendid coaster, this!" said Hillbury. "Great! We've gone two dollars and eighty cents' worth and it hasn't cost a cent. Now watch that meter take us over this level stretch."

But the meter fell down dismally. The car stopped gracefully, and on a crossroads leading into a popular touring thoroughfare. Hillbury manipulated the levers and got out. He gave the crank a turn. The engine started, so did the taxicab. The born inventor jumped ahead.

"Hannah, reach through the window and do something to some of those levers!" he shouted.

Mrs. Hillbury did her best. She inadvertently threw in the high gear, and the speed of the car increased considerably. Mr. Hillbury lost his scientific head. The only thing he could think of to do was to run, so he ran. Mrs. Hillbury was cool. She decided to experiment no further with the levers, but, instead, grasped the nearest point of the steering wheel, pulling at it bravely and hollering, "Whoa!" Fortunately, the high-speed record of the vehicle was a number of seconds less to the hundred yards than Mr. Hillbury had done both in college and later as a commuter, and he skipped merrily along, meanwhile trying to invent a way out of his dilemma. Some strange instinct guided Mrs. Hillbury and she kept the car in the middle of the road with the skill of a graduate chauffeur. Accidentally her hand touched a button on the wheel, and the squawker bellowed raucously. The noise caused Mr. Hillbury to jump an imaginary hurdle, also to generate an idea. He slowed down to ten miles an hour, and at the psychological moment hopped straight upward. The hood of the car passed under him while in mid-air, and he found himself in a sitting posture upon it. This was not so bad. He sat there, panting for breath and not daring to move, gazing helplessly at the

(Continued on page 20.)

SPRING BLOSSOMS

THE MODERN WOMAN

Suffrage Snapshots.

By IDA HUSTED HARPER.

ONLY a few weeks ago a distinguished alienist filled a page and a half of the Sunday papers to show that, because women's brains weighed less than men's, they could never hope to reach man's intellectual height. Now it is announced that the brain of one of the country's most noted physicians, who has just died, weighs less than that of a child. Can't the scientists come to some agreement as to the exact brain weight necessary to great achievement, so women may know whether to try or not? But, come to think of it, their brains couldn't be weighed till after they were dead, so they'll have to keep right on carrying off college prizes and professional honors, just as if their brains and hands and feet were as big as a man's.

□

At the recent presidential primaries in New York County, only about half the Republicans went to the polls. In an election district on Long Island, just one man voted. In an Illinois town, five votes were cast, but four were found to be illegal. Similar reports come from all parts of the country. President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt say that when the majority of women show that they want the ballot they should have it. The women will accept this condition when it is provided that the men who have the ballot and don't use it shall be disfranchised.

A Florida woman writes to the National Suffrage Association for permission to organize a troop of cavalrywomen, arm them with light rifles, and send them to the Legislature to get a suffrage bill. The Southern women have been rather slow to get started on this question, but when they do they will go on horseback where the Northern women have gone on foot.

A "straw" vote at Tufts College, Boston, resulted in a majority of the boys for Roosevelt and a majority of the girls for Taft. One at Columbia, New York, gave Taft a majority from the boys and La Follette from the girls. This is a very fair example of the way men "represent" women.

Proverbs for Suffragists.

By E. L. SMITH.

It takes two to make a family.

Too many men spoil the nation.

The early word catches the public.

Time and women wait for no man.

While there is strife there is hope.

The woman who hesitates is bossed.

The laws that men bungle live after them.

Anti-suffragists hear no good of themselves.

Man is jack of all trades, but master of no woman.

Half the approval of a husband is better than no vote.

LAWS FOR MEN AND WOMEN MADE BY MEN ~~ONLY~~ and women
LAWS FOR MEN AND WOMEN ENFORCED BY MEN ~~ONLY~~ and women
MODERN JUSTICE
LOU ROGERS

CORRECTING AN ERROR.

A suffragette's stone gathers no bail.

One Legislature does not make a victory.

Where there's a woman, there's a way.

Men rush in where women would tread softly.

Necessity to vote is the mother of invective.

Boss is a good dog, but co-operation is better.

It is said that barking "Antis" seldom bite.

Do not count your reforms until the laws are patched.

When women's rights are in the West, frightened menfolk rule the best.

An Abiding Faith.

Senator Bailey, of Texas, recently defaced the *Congressional Record* with the following story, told on the floor of the Senate:

A suffragette, who had suffered many trials and tribulations, had gone to a leader of her political faith to confide her woes and ask for help.

"My dear," said the second suffragette, "put your trust in God. She will help you."

A Suffragist Catechism.

Question. Where is a woman's place?

Answer. On the inside.

Q. Where is the inside?

A. It was once on the inside. It is now on the outside.

Q. Where is the outside?

A. It was once on the outside. It is now on the inside.

Q. How can a woman stay on the inside when the inside is outside and the outside is inside?

A. Ask the anti.

Q. Who is the anti?

A. One going forward with feet turned backward.

Q. What is a vote?

A. The shortest distance between two points.

Q. What is the "silent influence"?

A. An endless prayer without an answer. —*Lou Rogers.*

Results attained in California will be equaled in other States.

The Skyscraper That Leaned.

A Tale of 2000 A D.

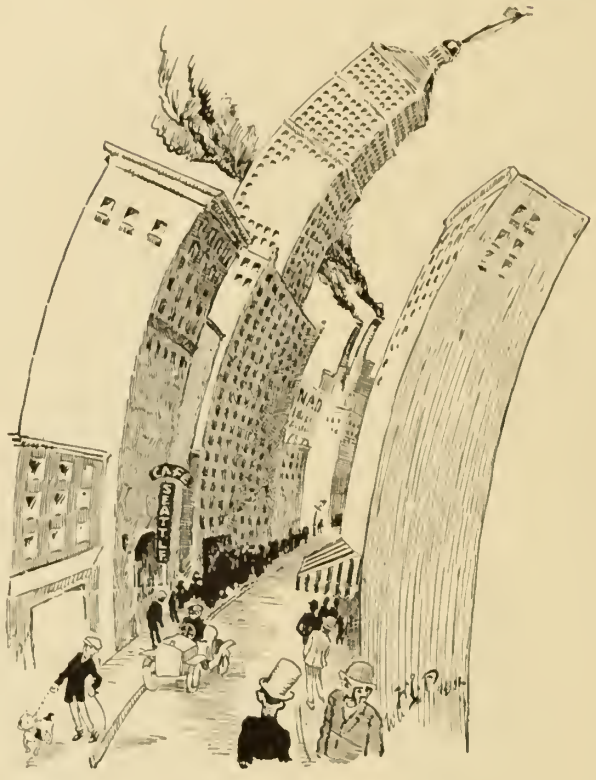
THE STORY of the terrible heat experienced during July, 1925, has come down to us of the twenty-first century as a matter of history. Few of the present generation, however, have heard of the leaning building of Seattle, now the world's metropolis, and the peculiar effect that it had upon society.

For fifteen consecutive days the thermometer in the usually temperate Puget Sound city had registered 140 degrees. Asphalt streets had melted and become seething canals, so that the city, from passing airships, resembled the Venice of a hundred years ago. Glass in the windows melted, while the lakes in the parks turned to steam and disappeared. The population in a body sought the bathing beaches, and their lives were preserved only by their remaining immersed and subsisting on compressed-food capsules.

By far the strangest freak of the heat monster was its effect upon the International Wireless Building, a structure of seventy-eight stories, above which rose a mammoth tower, its flagpole being fifteen hundred feet from the earth. The sun, intensified by the reflection from the Sound, gradually melted the steel girders that formed the skeleton of the tower, causing it to list to one side in a most uncanny manner. Each day of the intense heat saw it bend a few degrees more, until, when the cool wave finally arrived, it resembled an arc of a huge circle, listing twenty-five degrees from its original upright position. When the people returned to their homes, they gave the leaning tower a wide berth. For days the streets over which it hung were untrodden. Finally, as no catastrophe came, business in the vicinity was resumed, and engineers, entering the tower and carefully examining it, pronounced it as safe as when in its original position.

One by one the tenants of the thousands of offices in the colossal tower returned. Ingenious artisans reconstructed the elevators and the office furniture to conform to the new lines of the building. As the elevator cars were of necessity curved, the passengers gradually became accustomed to standing in a corresponding posture of twenty-five degrees from the normal. The legs of the chairs and tables were made to fit this general bend, while the mirrors were patterned after the concave affairs seen in the amusement resorts at that time.

It was only natural that the curvilinear condition of things in the gigantic tower should have its effect upon those who came in contact with it. Gradually the occupants began to bend at the waist line in conformity with their environment. Tailors found it necessary to build trousers with one leg longer than the other for their clients who occupied suites in the building. A special form of suspenders had to be constructed to meet the needs of the unequal shoulders that were developed. The influence spread far beyond the confines of the monolith. The curved tower was visible in all parts of the city, and insidiously the propensity to bend extended, the angle varying with the distance of the bender from the tower. Horses, dogs and cats were affected, and even the neighboring buildings slid out of plumb in sympathy with the popular movement.



"INSIDIOUSLY THE PROPENSITY TO BEND EXTENDED."

If the strange effect of this architectural accident had stopped with physical manifestations, the incident would hardly be worth while recording. But matters went further. Soon a mental crookedness commenced to develop. Draftsmen found themselves unable to draw straight lines, and plans of buildings were turned out specifying steel girders of a twenty-five per cent. curve pattern, while lumber mills were called upon to furnish boards in the shape of the letter C. Business men found themselves unable to carry on their transactions in a straightforward manner, and court procedure was of no avail, as the general malady extended all the way to the supreme bench. Petty and grand larceny were rampant. People were unable to walk from one point to another in a straight line, and the consequent loss of time made the keeping of appointments well-nigh impossible. Wireless messages intended for New York insisted on traveling in a circle and returning to their starting point. Trains and trolley cars ran off the track wherever straight stretches were encountered, and the roads were operated only on curves, a procedure which was found anything but convenient to commuters.

Matters grew continually worse, until finally a mass meeting was held and it was decided to condemn and dynamite the source of the trouble. Here arose a problem. Millions of dollars' worth of property lying in its path would be destroyed by its fall. An ex-President, known as the Solomon of his time, came to the rescue. He suggested that a charge of explosive be used large enough to blow the tower into such small atoms that they would be removed by the wind. This scheme was successfully carried out. The offending tower was removed from the building and scattered to four the winds, the ex-President himself lighting the fuse with a parabolic match.

It took a number of years for the population of the metropolis to straighten itself out. In many cases surgical operations were necessary. People who had left the city to escape the plague returned, and politics and commerce gradually assumed a normal state. There are few living to-day who remember the occasion as here recorded. The metropolis has lived it down and proved the truth of the adage that time heals all things.

—*C. G. Garrison.*

Uncle Sam's Boss Glad Hander.

By ROBERT D. HEINL.

SECRETARY KNOX, on his trip through the Central American republics, was interested to learn that Costa Rica was not much of a country for long speeches. Gentlemen who insisted upon indulging in lengthy after dinner orations were regarded with particularly bad favor. All this pleased our Secretary of State, who sometimes has to weather seven or eight speechified banquets a week in his own country. In fact, he was so overjoyed to learn of the Costa Rican custom that he immediately announced his intention of living there.

Some curious petitions were presented to Mr. Knox en route. Anybody who had a grievance attempted to get it to him in some form or another. In many cases it came to him in the form of badly battered English. While he was going through one of the most southern of the Latin-American republics, a handbill was put aboard his train. The writer appeared to be friendly enough to the United States, but what he said about his own government should have been printed on asbestos. At the end of the protest, the man presenting his troubles meant to urge the Secretary to be sure to keep the matter in mind. He might have succeeded except for a fall down in his lingo at a critical time, as he had written in large letters at the bottom of the sheet:

PLEASE DO NOT REMEMBER THIS.

Individual attention shown to various persons by the Secretary of State as they were presented did much to give the Central Americans a more intimate acquaintance with the distinguished visiting official. He had some particular comment for everybody introduced. No matter how long the line was or how the thermometer stood, the greatest personal interest was always shown. In San Salvador, at the President's reception, one of the ranking guests was Mr. Dawson, the postmaster-general. Mr. Knox did not catch his title at the first hreath, but came back strong a minute later with, "Oh, yes—I understand now! Mr. Dawson is the Salvadorean Hitchcock."

When the wardroom officers of the U. S. S. *Maryland* gave a dinner in honor of Secretary Knox, the newspaper correspondents in the party were called upon for speeches. Edward McKernon, of the Associated Press, after describing the delights of the countries visited, said that, nevertheless, after hearing the farewell address of the Secretary, he always experienced a feeling of having missed a great deal. Mr. McKernon suggested that, for the benefit of the less observing newspaper men, the Secretary of State reverse his policy and deliver his farewell eulogy on the opening rather than the closing night of the engagement.

Apropos to the extended cruise, Colonel Gorgas, sanitary officer of the Panama Canal zone, told Secretary Knox about the seasick man who had arrived at Colon a few days before. His ship had been tempest tossed from the time the Virginia Capes were passed. The invalid, after parting with most of his meals, was about ready to give up the ghost when land was finally sighted. As he came ashore at Colon after five days at sea, he sighted one of the Panama Railroad box cars marked conspicuously, "P. R. R." With an effort the man gasped, "My heavens! Why didn't somebody tell me the Pennsylvania Railroad ran down here?"

No longer are foreign servants allowed on our warships. The order meant the sending ashore of the Chinese and Jap helpers, who had shown themselves particularly well adapted to service as stewards in the wardrooms and other parts of the vessels. These employes were all sworn in and had certain drill duties to perform. It was up to them to move as lively as the enlisted men at the time of an emergency. Lieutenant W. C. Barker, Jr., of the cruiser *Washington*, conveying Secretary Knox down from Key West, recalled what splendid workers the Chinese were and how loth they were to stop work even at a time when they were needed on deck. An example of this was a laundryman on one of our battleships in the far East. The bugle had sounded for the "abandon ship" drill, but Mr. Chinaman did not show up to take his station at the lifeboat. The officer in command waited a reasonable time for the Celestial to appear, then he sent a guard below to bring the absentee to time. The Chinaman finally came to the surface, smiling and calm, with scrubbing brush still in hand.

"Velly busy to-day," was his suave explanation. "Not so busy to-morrow. I surely come then."

Prior to leaving Washington, one of the newspaper men in Secretary Knox's party called Dr. Albert Hale, of the Pan-American Union, by 'phone, to ask him if he knew of a concise and accurate English guide to Latin America. Dr. Hale, who is always obliging, named over several. The title of one of the books, "Practical Guide to Latin America," sounded good to the inquirer, and he asked for more information about it. Dr. Hale seemed a trifle reluctant.

"If you say it is O. K., I will get it," the man on the telephone persisted.

"Do not understand me as recommending it too highly," Dr. Hale pleaded, "because the particular book about which you are inquiring I myself am the author of."

Illustrating the easy-going disposition of some of the growers in the tropics, W. E. Mullins, general manager of the Costa Rican branch of the United Fruit Company, tells about the planter who wanted to be shown the advantage of cultivating land for the raising of bananas. The native inquired particu-

WHEN THE SUFFRAGETTE MOVEMENT HITS THE FRONTIER!

larly as to the remuneration and general prospects of the labor.

"After putting the first block of land under cultivation," Mr. Mullins explained, "with the profit gained thereby you could take over a larger piece."

"And then what?" the prospective grower asked.

"After that, a still greater area could be added, which would mean much more profit."

"And then what?"

"Decidedly more profit."

This didn't arouse any particular enthusiasm from the inquirer, who languidly inquired again, "And then what?"

"Then you could retire and take things easy."

THE FIRST TALKING MACHINE.

"Oh," said the Spaniard, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I do that now."

Joseph Bucklin Bishop, secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission, recalled the visit of certain congressmen to the home of Colonel Goethals, boss canal constructor. One of the members asked how much the house cost, receiving a prompt reply that the amount was about $28,000. The member opined that the cost of the homes of employes was in proportion to the salary the men were drawing. He was told that was correct.

"Then if I were living down here," the congressman went on, "I would get a house suitable for a man with a seventy-five-hundred-dollar salary."

"If you were living down here," Colonel Goethals is said to have retorted, not being particularly impressed with the ability of the man talking, "you would not be earning seventy-five hundred dollars."

A Tragedy.

Susie had a little bite—
  She got it from her poodle—
And many kinds of abject fright
  It caused within her noodle.
She wouldn't let them cauterize,
  For fear that it would hurt;
And now poor Susie's body lies
  Far underneath the dirt.

Warned in Time.

A recruit who for the first time was placed on guard at a Western army post knew little concerning military duty.

About three a. m. the officer of the day was making an inspection of the guard, and, approaching the post on which the recruit walked, was challenged:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"The officer of the day."

"Say, you'd better get over to the guard house as quick as you can! The sergeant of the guard has been watching for you ever since taps!"

If Dr. Osler's suggestion of chloroforming elderly people was carried out, what excuse could the baseball fans offer to get off?

HOW THE TORTOISE GOT THERE.

HE THOUGHT OF LEAP YEAR.

She—"I am going to propose"—
He (nervously)—"Why---er---I never suspected that"—
She—"I am simply going to propose that you say 'good night.' I hear father on the stairs."

Pa Tries a Paper Bag.

By ARTHUR POWELL.

"THIS meat," ses pa, chewin' vicious, "is tough as a elephant!"

"Well, I can't help it, Alvin," ses ma. "You are alwus talkin' economy an' tellin' me I pay too much fer what I buy, an' if you will have the cheap cuts, you must expect to get 'em tough."

"Not at all!" grumbled pa. "It's not the meat's fault. It's all in the cookin'. Trouble is you don't know"— –

"Oh, I don't, eh?" ma chops in, grim-like. "I don't? An' I suppose you do? I'd like to see you tackle the dinner some time—only I'd want to send Joe" (I'm Joe) "outer the house first. I'd hate to have him hear you cookin'!" an' she tossed her head suppersilious-like.

"I'll – – grump—grump—cook it termorrow!" ses pa, with empasis.

Pa wus havin' a vacation. So wus I. That's how I'm able to tell you all about it.

Next day, when it come time ter start the cookin', pa wus absorged in his paper, an' he didn't take a bit kind to ma's remindin' him of his promise—his threat, she called it.

"Whatcha got?" he asks suspiciously.

Ma names over the ingreedyunts.

"Ugh!" grunts pa. "It's a pity the women of ter-day can't run a oven without callin' on the men folks to show 'em how. Well, if I got to"——

Ever throw the reflection from a piece of lookin' glass onto a wall? A smile flickered over ma's face just like that. But pa never saw it.

He went out inter the kitchen. So did ma. So did I.

"Don't git in my way, son," ses he.

"No, sir-re, pa!" ses I.

"Now, then, Ader," ses pa, "got any paper bags?"

"Any what?" ses ma.

"Bags—you heard me—bags!" roars pa. "Paper bags, I said!"

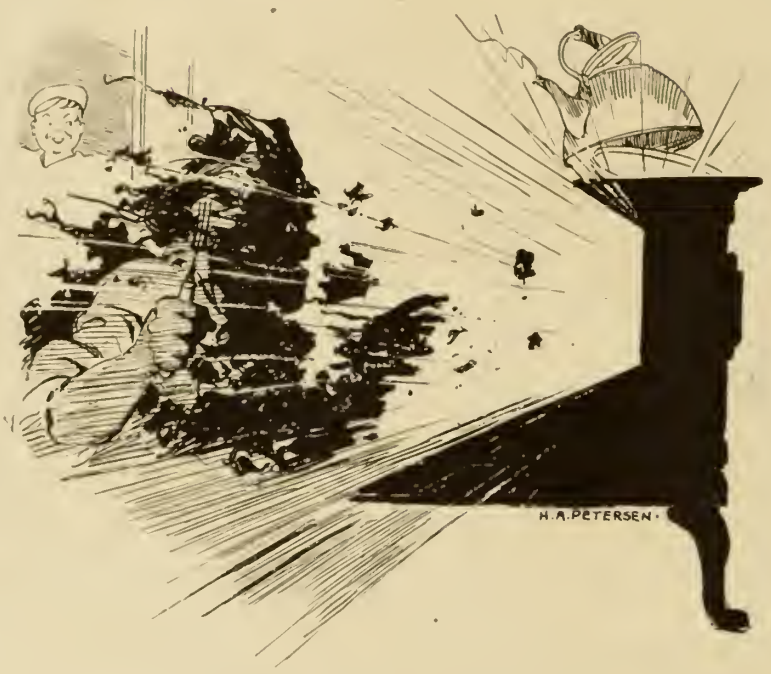
"You'll find plenty in the corner of the pantry next the winder," ses ma.

"Well, get me a good-sized one, woman," ses he, "an' don't stand yawpin' there, doin' nothin'."

Ma brought him a couple to select from.

"This'll do," he ses. "Now watch me. This here's the new, economical, tasty way of cookin'," ses he. "You put the stuff inter a paper bag, an' the bag inter the oven, an' there you are. No dirty cookin' utensils to wash, no loss of flaver, no waste; everythin' tender an' juicy an' suckleunt. Got a good fire?"

"Fire's all right," ses ma, "an' the oven's good an' hot."



"'PA LEAPED AWAY FROM THE OVEN WITH A GOOD PORTION OF THE DINNER STICKIN' TO HIS FACE.'"

"That's right! That's good!" ses pa; an' he takes some meat an' the vegetables ma had fixed, an' a little water, an' dumps 'em all inter the paper bag.

"Now, quick!" ses he, "an' open the oven door!"

So ma opens the door an' pa pops in the dinner, bag an' all.

"What's the time? Half-past eleven? In forty minutes it'll be done ter the queen's taste—that's you, m' dear!" chuckles pa. It alwus makes pa happy-like an' jokey when he does anythin' he thinks is real clever.

So pa goes back to his paper, an' once in a while he hollers out a funny story to ma. Bime-by he gets a little restless.

"Can't you smell somethin' burnin', Ader?" he ses.

"I should think it might be the bag, Alvin," ses ma.

"Guess we'd better have a look at it!" he ses, jumpin' up.

He opens the oven, an' there sets the bag, sayin' nuthin' ter nobuddy, but turnin' black in the face, all right.

"Hum!" ses pa, pickin' it with his finger, sort of doubtfully. "Looks all right ter me!"

Then he lets out a howl an' a wicked word, an' dances an' shakes his hand, 'cos he'd touched the hot oven with it an' got some burn, I tell you!

Ma soothes him down, shuts the oven door, an' fixes his burn up with some soap. Some irritated, he resoomed his paper.

A bit later he got worried again about the dinner, an' back to the stove he goes.

"Hold on, Alvin!" ses ma. "Better let me open the oven. I'm used to it. You might burn yourself again."

"I guess I know what I'm doin'!" snaps pa. "Trouble is this stove isn't built right. I told you so when you got it."

"I don't remember that"—begins ma; but he had the oven door open, peerin' at the bag.

All of a dreadful sudden there wus a bang like a automobile tire blowin' up, and pa leapt away from the oven, with a good part of the dinner stickin' to his face. That kitchen wus a awful place, I can tell you, for the next five minutes! Scalded, half blind, an' rippin' out the most frightful language, pa pranced up an' down the floor, wipin' the stuff out of his eyes. Ma follered him back an' forth, scared fifteen ways ter Chrismus, an' askin' him every second or so if he wus hurt. Me? Well, I figgered under the table wus the safest place fer me!

Laugh? I couldn't 've helped it if I wus ter have died fer it! I laughed fit ter split—but quiet-like, so pa wouldn't

hear me. I figgered he wus in no condition ter see me fer a good while. But that's where the figgers lied.

"Joseph," he bellers, "Joseph, you walk right along upstairs, an' when I get outer the hospitle I'll give you the hottest lickin' you ever had in your life!"

When pa shouts up like that, you'd better get out. I went up to my room an' rolled on the bed, an' laughed with my mouth until I wus cryin' at the eyes, an' then whooped her up some more, till I began to wonder where dinner wus comin' frum. Later I found ma had rescued somethin' frum the wreck an' had finished it in a stewpan, civilized fashion.

When everythin' wus ready an' pa bandaged up an' quieted down, she calls me. We sat down, with a smell of burnin' in the air, an' begun ter eat. Nobuddy said nothin' fer the longest time. Finally pa ses, in a chastened tone,

"Ader, what does this taste like ter you?"

"Well," ses ma, kind of weighin' the question, "I should say the flavor wus half charcoal an' half paper bag, Alvin!"

"Huh!" ses pa, with infinut disgust.

Wife—"What is a referendum?"

Husband—"Search me! I don't know whether it's a soft drink or a part of an aeroplane."

Sleeves.

Oh, are they short or long this year?
And are they large and puffed,
Or tight, so that fat arms appear
Like sausages, well stuffed?
Whatever else their shape may be,
A protest we would utter
'Gainst huge puffs at the wrists, that we
Drag surely through the butter.

WILLIE ELEPHANT (looking at sign over scales)—"By jingo, old man, I'll go you! Here's yer nickel."

No Cinch.

Lulu's mother heard a great splashing in the bathroom, and, upon investigation, found her little daughter standing in the partially filled tub, in a most bedrabbled condition.

"Why, you see, mamma," she explained, "I've been trying to walk on the water, and it's no fool's job, let me tell you!"

Appropriate.

Willis—"Why do you call your machine a 'she'?"

Gillis—"It is said to be the 'last word' in automobile construction."

On the Free List.

She was a stately and important-looking dame, quite accustomed to holding a high hand; he was a customs inspector, who refused to have any of his rights and duties abrogated.

She—"Just wearing apparel in these bags; nothing dutiable, sir."

He (tumbling about silk dressing sacks, toilet articles and traveling accessories, brings out a bottle of cognac)—"You said wearing apparel!"

She (with a withering look)—"My husband's nightcap, sir!"

Taking No Chances.

"Be careful in selecting a husband, girls!" cried the noted lecturer. "After all, man is somewhat like a balloon. He"——

Before she could continue with the simile, a sweet young thing near the platform called out,

"I'll take a dirigible!"

Binks—"What verse in the Bible best describes the college student?"

Jinks—"'They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'"

Show Time.

When Jimpsy's dressed for Sunday,
He is beauty fine, I
Guess!
You ought to see the flounces
And the laces on his
Dress!
And baby pins and ribbons,
All the dainty pinks and
Blues!

The cutest little stockings
And the dearest pair of
Shoes!
Oh, my! but he is handsome!
And his daddy's mighty
Proud!
And all the other babies
Are a homely little
Crowd! *Irving Juntim.*

THE FIRST ROBIN

"But what did you mean by tooting the horn?"

"Nothing. Only I've finally got it to working. Listen! (Honk - honk! Toot - toot!) Isn't that great?"

Marital Success.

FIVE years ago he said to me, when I was blushing twenty-three, "Oh, won't you spend your life with me?"

"Dear heart," I answered him, "I will the round of life with you fulfill, love, honor, and obey until"——

So we were wedded rather soon and passed a blissful honeymoon, alone, together, and atune.

Five years ago—you'd rather wince at such an odd coincidince—I've really hardly seen him since!

We're married still, it's very true, and really quite devoted, too; but, then, we've both had much to do.

At first it was just business that kept hubbie always at the bat, while I ran Mary and the flat.

Next, family funds to reimburse, high finance marked him with her curse, while I had baby and her nurse.

And, after that, he undertook to "boost" new projects; I forsook things generally to keep the cook.

As president he's in demand; a maid and butler I command, a chauffeur, footman, and a band.

A captain now of industry, you read of his philanthropy; but home's the sphere for little me.

Our paths diverge—it seems they "have ter." It really is a thought for laughter—"They both lived happ'ly ever after."

Bakery or Beggary?

"What line is poor old Slippup in now?"

"Last I heard he was in the bread line."

JOHN S OBJECTION

Wife—"I m afraid mother is not well. I don t quite like her looks. Do you. John?"

John—"No I never did."

An Innovation.

The raven deposited food and drink at Elijah's feet.

"So far as I know," quoth the bird to the prophet, "this is the first time the consumer has been dealt with directly, thus saving the middleman's profits."

If He Had Only Mr.

There once was an amorous Mr.,
Who on meeting a girl always kr.;
But one night, at the gate,
He found, when too late,
He'd been kissing the chauffeur's black sr.

The Prize Grouch.

An Ohio town has a prize grouch, who refuses to believe anything that does not lie within the range of his own knowledge. He doubted the word of an acquaintance who told him about seeing a number of robins during a recent cold snap in that section.

"There ain't no robins around here at this time of the year," he said, "and no one can make me believe they seen any."

At that very moment a robin happened to fly into a small tree near at hand, and the friend pointed to it.

"Doggone it!" growled the positive one. "You'd do anything to make me out a liar, wouldn't you?"

Before and After.

He called her his *ideal*,
Ere he and she were wed;
She soon proved his *ordeal*,
And he wishes he were dead!

One Look Did It.

"How did the aviator come to fall to the earth?"

"He was flying over Boston and happened to look down on the crooked streets, and became dizzy for the first time in his experience as a sky navigator."

A Nautical Feast.

"Shiver my timbers!" cried a shipwrecked tar.
"We'll starve, there is no doubt!"
"Not," cried another, "while this wind
Blows foul and chops about!"

The story from Cincinnati to the effect that a man there found six pearls worth $900 in a fifteen-cent oyster stew might be accepted in that town, but it was not worth exportation. Pearls that have been cooked are fit only to cast before swine.

A CHOICE LINE OF ANTIQUES

"AND HE FELL AMONG THIEVES!"

Johnnie's Primer Lesson.

By HARROLD SKINNER

Topic—Cooks.

C—O—O—K, Cook. OH, see the jol-ly Cook! Is the Cook roast-ing the goose?

Oh, no! the Cook is not roasting the g o o s e. The Cook is roast-ing me!

Is she try-ing to cook her goose?

Nay, nay! she is try-ing to cook *my* goose! The Cook is mad. She is put-ting on her hat. She has quit.

GEE! How will we get our sup-per, then?

We don't get any sup-per. We have to g e t another Cook.

How will you get another Cook?

I will buy another Cook.

Will she cook after you have bought her?

No, she will not c o o k. She will quit before she will cook.

Then what will you do for a Cook?

Buy another one.

How will you keep the other Cook?

Give her forty dol-lars a week, the use of the draw-ing room and the piano, al-low her to take six aft-er-noons off d u t y e v e r y week, and a com-mis-sion on the house bills. Then I will send my wife to the coun-try, drown the cat, give the poodle to the dog catch-er, take all of my own meals across the street, and pre-sent the new Cook with a nice red tour-ing car for her birth-day.

What will she do when you give her the car? Will she cook?

No-oo-oo! She will go out to hunt another job!

"LAND ON OUR PORT QUARTER, SIR!"

(As it might have been on the morning of October 13th, 1492.)

Retribution.

"Since the revolution Chinamen have taken to wearing European clothes."

"Good! Now that Chink who has been putting saw edges on my collars and cuffs will get a dose of his own medicine!"

The Other Extreme.

"Going to see the play?"

"What is it?"

"Clothes."

"No; I think I'll take in a burlesque show."

1492 1912

THE RETURN VOYAGE.

A Literary Expose.

By HENRY EDWARD WARNER.

VERSE riveting and joke hammering have been regarded for a long time as intellectual tasks, calling for genius bordering on the occult. It's about time to strip pretense and come out with the solemn truth. Anybody can rivet a verse or hammer a joke. It's easier, far easier, than mixing a fruit cake.

To write verse you provide yourself with pen, ink, paper, and a dictionary of rhymes and synonyms. Proceeding to the first step, you dip your pen into the paste pot. Quickly discovering your mistake, you wipe it off and try the ink.

Then, consulting your rhyming dictionary, you set down terminal words, as, for example:

blue
sky
you
eye
true
die.

You then start your metronome, or, if you haven't a metronome, the tick of grandfather's clock will do. Measuring your feet and accent by the clock's tick, you fill in thus:

Your nose is red, your eyes are *blue*—
As blue as summer's *sky;*
I think that I could marry *you*
And never bat an *eye.*
If this is not exactly *true,*
I hope that I may *die.*

The first six or seven times you may have difficulty making the sense hitch; but, like driving nails or playing a piano, that's merely a matter of practice. After you've got the hang of it, after you've learned to differentiate between a couplet, a triolet, a quadruped, and a sonnet, you simply sit down any time you're not doing something else and rattle 'em off.

Joke hammering is a distinct trade, allied with verse riveting only as a sort of second cousin. It is a trifle more difficult, unless you get into the swing of never writing anything really funny. If you write anything funny, some editor will go and buy it, and, of course, that spoils it as a joke.

To hammer a joke, you just think of something funny and put it in (a) conversational form, (b) verse, or (c) narrative. To get ideas, make a practice of attending serious sessions of sages, such as the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Take almost any sentence in a patriotic speech, separate it from the context, and you have a joke Another fruitful source of merriment is the home circle, as follows:

1. Mother-in-law coming to visit.
2 Wife waiting upstairs on club night.
3. Sister bribing small brother not to tell suitor about her hair and hips.
4. Cook thinking g-a-s-o-l-i-n-e spells coal oil.

Example:

Mrs. Smith—"Mother is coming to live with us, George."

George Smith—"Oh, joy!"

Now, you see, that is a *real* joke, the idea being that George doesn't want his mother-in-law at all! And, again:

Eve—"If you don't behave, I'm going home to my mother!"

Adam—"Aw, g'wan! You ain't got no mother!"

Garden of Eden jokes like the above sell readily in a low market. But it's just as well not to push too far back into Biblical history, because the present generation may recognize only its favorite authors.

Generally speaking, poets and jokers are born, not made. For that reason, some people favor race suicide.

Referring again just for a moment to verse riveting, attention might be called to several distinct advances in rhyming words, product of the decade. For instance, home rhymes own, love rhymes enough, pose rhymes clothes, lemon rhymes woman, man rhymes ham. You won't find these examples in Tom Hood's little book, but you'll find them in the lyrics of "Everywoman," and the comic opera and musical play lyrics are full of them—which is sufficient authority for any twentieth-century poet.

This expose is necessarily short, but we stand ready to challenge doubters and produce cumulative evidence that verse

riveting and joke hammering are easy trades and not, oh, *very* not, at all difficult.

(The author will give lessons to beginners; guaranteed course by mail; verse or joke mangling, ancient or modern; pupils must furnish their own hypodermics.)

Esprit d'Corps.

A flutist who joined a drum corps
Played his part out of time morps and morps,
Till the drum major said,
"Please remember, dumbhead,
That the time is toot-two, not forps-forps!"

A Youthful Solomon.

A school inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply the text, "No man can serve two masters."

THROUGH JUDGE'S OPERA GLASSES

These girls so fair, who dance and play
Along the Weberfieldian way,
Might for the Muses nine be posed
If in more classic dress inclosed.

Each charmer, in a solo part,
Would agitate the hardest heart;
And when combined, as they are here,
They 'll set on fire all hearts, I fear.—*J. A. W.*

THE FYFS HAVE IT.

THE MODERN WOMAN

Suffrage Snapshots.

By IDA HUSTED HARPER

MARY JOHNSTON, having had such good luck dealing with fiction, thought she would try the Virginia Legislature. She asked for a woman-suffrage bill and said women were tired of traveling in an ox cart, while men went by airship. The legislators said she was mistaken about the airship, and they could never, never drag lovely woman down to their level. Mary concluded that by comparison with this level the ox cart itself was really an airship.

□ □

Perhaps in the United States women should not vote because they cannot fight, but the man who said this in England would have to run to cover.

□ □

The New York "antis" have hied them to Ohio to keep woman suffrage out of the new constitution. They stirred up the Columbus "antis" to go before the committee, and, as a result, as soon as they went out and shut the door, it voted, twenty to one, to put in a suffrage plank. Now they are circulating a petition saying that "to force the franchise on an unwilling electorate would be dangerous to the State." If they were so unwilling they didn't use it, there would be much less danger to the State than if they did. Their motto is: "The womanly woman does not wish to vote." No; all she wishes is to go over the country making anti-suffrage speeches, organizing clubs, addressing Legislatures and conventions, getting up petitions, and spreading the gospel that "woman's place is at home." She would not vote—oh, no!—not until she got a chance; and then the suffragists would have to rise early to get to the polls first.

□ □

A bill providing that men in workhouses shall be allowed wages, which will be paid to their families, will be submitted to the voters in Colorado. It is not hard to guess what the women will do with that bill. The longer they can keep a husband in the workhouse, the more money it will be in their pockets; and if he doesn't behave when he comes out, they can afford to send him right back.

The big anti-suffrage meeting in Albert Hall, London, was crowded with the nobility. About the same time the delegates to the Labor Congress, representing a million and a half members, voted to stand by the suffragists. As long as they can depend on the workingmen, they needn't worry over little things like lords and ladies.

□ □

The Men and Religion Forward Movement is imploring women to persuade the men to go to church, and a Baptist minister in Philadelphia says that any kind of sensationalism in a sermon is justifiable if it keeps the men of the congregation awake. If everything else fails, how would it do to try women in the pulpit?

WHY FEAR HIM?

Bogie—"Politics is no place for women."
Enfranchised woman—"Why, girls, it's nothing but straw!

Repartee at a Street Corner Meeting.

Scoffing man—"You suffragettes ought to live in those European countries where women and donkeys hitched together draw heavy loads. Then you'd be of some use."

Suffragette—"Are you married?"

Scoffing man—"Of course."

Suffragette—"Evidently the custom you mention is not confined to foreign lands."

Winners in Judge's "Ten Reasons" Contest.

FIRST PRIZE, $10.00

MRS. OLIVE H. RABE, 6715 Southport Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Five Winners of a Year's Subscription Each:

CORNELIA GREENOUGH, 4810 Trinity Place, Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES LINCOLN, Box 17, Back Bay P. O., Boston, Mass.
ROBERT C. FINK, 231 Biddle Street, Kane, Pa.
MISS ANNA G. ROCKWELL, New Britain, Ct.
FREDERICK G. SWANSON, Gorgona, Canal Zone.

Fifteen hundred replies were received as a result of His Honor's invitation to his readers to submit their reasons why women should vote. Every corner of the globe was heard from. The ages of the contestants ranged from fifteen to eighty-six. Many, in their enthusiasm, failed to heed the 500-word limit; others either did not reach or overstepped the mark in the number of reasons given. The judges, chosen from among the most able of the suffrage leaders, found theirs no light task. They sifted the immense pile of letters slowly and carefully, and their final decision may be looked upon as eminently fair and unprejudiced. His Honor thanks them for their excellent service.

The winning ten reasons appear on page 18 of this issue. The five next best will follow in succeeding issues.

A Suggestion.

When schools have been provided for the children in the streets,
When the little ones no more are made to toil;
When sweatshops are no longer and the race has been made stronger,
When the law does not defend the grafter's spoil;
When aid is freely given to the needy, worthy poor;
When recompense is made for every hurt;
When the time is resurrected that a woman, unprotected,
May not find her path obstructed by a flirt;
When the shift of fifteen hours in the factory and shop,
Whereby hope and light and joy are made remote,
Has been completely ended; when helpless are befriended—
Then the woman will not ca the vote.

"THERE ARE IN EXISTENCE SOMETHING LIKE THIRTY MILLION PRESCRIPTIONS FOR A COLD."

A Cold in the Head.

By W. KEE MAXWELL.

IF ANDREW CARNEGIE will listen to some kindly and disinterested advice from a man who knows all about getting rid of surplus capital without hiring extra help, he will quit throwing money at that elusive bird called the dove of peace and utilize a part of his wad in endowing a cure for a cold in the head. I do not know of any one thing that would cause as much peace on earth and make Mr. Rockefeller so jealous as for Mr. Carnegie to find a cold-in-the-head remedy that will rem.

I read the other day about some surgeon in New York who made a new stomach for a man, and it seemed like a great triumph of science; but that same man may sit in a draft to-morrow and die of a cold in the head. The surgeon that did the cutting may step in a pile of slush on his way home and die the same ignominious death, with all the doctors in New York powerless tostop him.

It does seem that, in these days of wireless telephones, loveless marriages, and clothesless dancers, we ought to have progressed far enough to do something about a cold in the head. But we haven't. The doctors are inventing new diseases every year and designing novelties in surgical operations hand over fist, but colds in the head continue just as common as if they had no competition at all.

A cold in the head is so cheap and democratic that most everybody has one or two every winter, regardless of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. This may be one reason why doctors pay so little attention to it. If Mr. Carnegie would hire some one to give it a four-syllable name and invent a five-hundred-dollar operation for it, a cold in the head might get some medical attention.

Nothing awakens one to a realization of the seriousness of a disease of this kind so much as having it. Ordinarily, I confess, the sight of an able-bodied man sneezing like a Russian anarchist making a stump speech moves me to inhuman merriment. But at present I do not feel thus. I am overflowing with tears of sympathy for the stricken ones, for I have it myself.

How many people go down to watery graves every year from colds in the head I cannot say offhand, and I am too busy with a private project to stop and figure up. But when I recover (if I do not sink, with all on board), I am going to put the office-boy at work with the adding machine and have him make me a lot of statistics. This is the only subject in the world which has not been statisticked, which is another proof of scientific neglect by the investigators.

While science has been very negligent in dealing with this matter, the lay population has devoted a good deal of time to it—so much so that there are something like thirty million prescriptions for it in existence. Doubtless there are many more than this, but these are all that have been told to me personally since I acquired my present cold. People are selfish about a good many things in this material age, but I have never yet met a man or a woman who kept a prescription for a cold in the head locked away in greedy exclusiveness. Many a man will get up out of bed on a cold night and walk five miles to tell you how to cure a cold in the head, and some women will wait patiently all winter long for you to catch one so they can try out a new recipe on you.

WHAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND.

There is an etiquette about this business that should not be ignored. Whenever a man thrusts his prescription upon you, ask him to kindly write it down. Then go home and drink your whiskey as you had originally planned. If you are a man to hold a grudge, lay for him, and, when his turn comes, insist upon prescribing his own prescription for him.

I am a very tolerant man in ordinary things. I concede to every man the right to worship his favorite baseball team according to the dictates of his own conscience, I am willing to admit that there may be other children in the block as remarkable as my own, and I will not deny that some thermometers may be more accurate than mine, though I doubt it; but, hereafter, I will stand on my rights as an American citizen and use my own remedy when I get a cold in the head.

This conclusion is forced upon me as a matter of self-preservation. As a result of trying to follow the instructions of all my sympathizing friends and kindred in dealing with my present cold, I am full not only of doubts as to all remedies, but also of onions, quinine, hot lemonade, wood ashes, Jamaica ginger, bird seed, rock candy, potato water, coal oil, vaseline, calomel, plaster of Paris, goose grease, olive oil, prune juice, catnip tea, powdered alum, pink pills, red eye, tar, pitch, and turpentine.

I cannot smell the red flannel pack of fat pork around my neck nor the coating of skunk oil on my nose, but I know that they are there. And perhaps I ought not to complain of the ice compress on my bosom, for it helps to strike an average with the hot-water bag at my feet

I was told that these things were good for a cold in the head, and I think they are; the cold is thriving nicely. But the next time I have a cold in the head I shall gently but firmly decline all prescriptions. I shall simply don my life preserver and go to bed.

Well Done.

Brown—"What did the doctor say when your son died of typhoid?"

Green—"He looked at the ditch alongside the well and murmured, 'Sewer-side.'"

Easily Seen Through.

May—"I wonder why Maude doesn't wear her new silk stockings?"

Fay—"Maybe she is saving up for a rainy day."

Breakfast-food Literature.

Browne—"There's lots of food for thought in this magazine story."

Greene—"Full of meat, eh?"

Browne—"No. It's a serial."

The Detective of Modern Fiction.

By CAROLYN WELLS

MY FACE is long and lean and chalk-like;
My eyes show true deductive guile.
I have a nose that's thin and hawklike,
And mystic, Mona Lisa smile.
Though evidence be false or truthful,
Though clews be simple or abstruse,
My nature is so very sleuthful,
Amazing secrets I deduce!
Obscurest clews are plain to me
As simple English A B C.
To my predetermined theory
All discovered facts I fit;
Then, in accents bored and weary,
Languidly I say, "You're it!"
For I read men and women all—
My power is subliminal.
Whoever may commit the crime,
I commit the criminal!

Of course I'm clever at deductions—
I'm such a shrewd and subtle sleuth!
Although it causes awful ructions
Because I hit upon the truth.
It makes the average woman wake up
And fly into an awful rage,
When, from her dress and weight and make-up,
Correctly I deduce her age!
Or, if she's fair and sweet and young,
Of nature rare and highly strung,
I look to find a love note in her
Jewel casket safely hid;
Then I deduce that handsome sinner,
Politely called the "Tertium Quid."
Oh, I'm a deuce of a deducer!
I know it all! And I tell you, sir,
Whoever may commit the crime,
I put the criminal in the noose, sir!

Johnnie's Primer Lesson.

Topic, Doctors.

OH, SEE the sad little fel-low with the plug hat! Is he the under-taker on his way to a fu-ner-al? No; he is a law-yer on his way to de-fend a crim-i-nal.

What has the crim-i-nal done?

The crim-i-nal has broken the law, and the law-yer has broken the crim-i-nal.

But why doesn't the poor fel-low get a doctor, then?

Because the law-yer is the only fel-low who is al-lowed to doctor the law.

Is he a Doctor of Laws?

Oh, no! but he doctors the laws just as if he were a reg-u-lar prac-tition-er. His business is to de-fend the ac-cused.

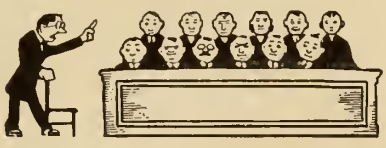
How does the law-yer man-age to defend him, if he is guilt-y?

By get-ting his fee first.

Then, what does he do with the crim-i-nal?

Oh, tells him to plead guilt-y, so as to save the State the expense of a tri-al.

Then what does the law-yer do for the crim-i-nal?



He makes a clos-ing ad-dress to the jurymen.

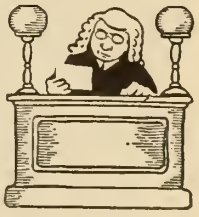
What are the jury-men?

The jury-men are a group of men, sitting on bench-es, chew-ing to-bac-co.

How funny! Do they have to pay for sit-ting on the bleach-ers?

Oh, no, indeed! They each receive two dol-lars a day for listen-ing to the speech of the law-yer.

After he is through talk-ing, what does the law-yer do?



He goes over to the Uni-vers-i-ty Club for lunch with the judge.

Who is the judge?

The judge is the man that ad-min-i-sters the anes-thetic, while the law-yer doctors the brok-en law.

OH! But where do the jurymen go?

They go to a German res-tau-rant, as soon as they get their money.

How queer! But what be-comes of the poor crim-i-nal?

Oh, he goes to the pen-i-ten-ti-ary to study ge-ol-ogy.

— *Harrold Skinner.*

ENVY

A Household Necessity.

By DONALD A KAHN.

"MR. SQUIRES?"

The farmer admitted his identity.

"Mr. Squires," began the salesman impressively, "Mr. Squires, Boggs is my name—J. Benjamin Boggs. I represent the Anyold Aeroplane Manufacturing Company."

Mr. Squires arose from his seat protestingly. "You haven't got anything against me," said he. "I ain't shot up no skyrockets, an' I ain't permitted my boys to fly no kites. I ain't trespassed on your property. You own the air, firmy is good enough for Mandy and me for a while yet, I reckon. No, young man, 'tain't no use. I'd be skeered to venture up in one of them things."

"You don't get me," objected the salesman. "You buy this machine for six hundred dollars We throw in an air license from the Air Corporation You purchase the machine and the local newspaper gives you at least a column of free publicity. You're the first owner of an aeroplane in Praps County. You have a picture taken of self and family about to start on a mile-high journey—great souvenir for the parlor album and to send nephew in the city! Show him you're up to date, even though you do live on a rural route. Of course you don't fly in the machine—it wasn't built for that purpose."

NOT GOOD FOR WHAT AILED HIM.

Friend—"What 's the matter, old man, don't you feel right?"

Chronic dyspeptic—"No; I just ate a meal that agreed with me"

THE ONLY WAY

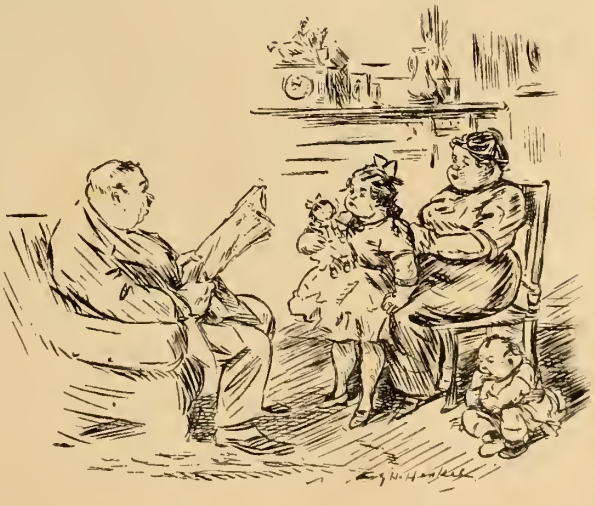
"I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat, or gristle."

"Ye 'd better buy an egg, mum."

but I'm sure I gotta right to breathe if"——

"No, no, Mr. Squires!" Boggs assured the farmer soothingly. "You're mistaking me for the Air Corporation, Unlimited. I am here as the sales representative of the Anyold Aeroplane Company. I have come to interest you in our Model T airship—the machine that's equipped with the famous Olio engine—the kind with the sleeve valve—no timing gears, cams, or valve stems to bother with. Open the throttle and away she flies. Now, this aeroplane does away with"——

"Hold on!" interrupted Mr. Squires. "I don't want to buy no aeroplane. My old limmyzine is in good condition yet, and terry



OBVIOUS.

Husband (who has been reading about a scandal in high life)—"Well, Maria, we may be poor, but at least there are no skeletons in our family."

Mr. Squires objected. "I can't pay six hundred dollars jest for a ornament," said he.

"Ah!" The salesman beamed. "That's the beauty of our machine. It was built, not for use, but for utility. Look!"

He drew from his pocket a blue print of his product.

"Here you've got detachable canvas wings. Use 'em to cover the hayrack in rainy weather, or they make good stable blankets. Here you've got the steering wheel. It will make over into a first-class wheelbarrow. Here you've got the patent detachable seat. A little tinkering with a hatchet and saw will convert this into a comfortable porch swing. This Olio motor runs the feed chopper, grist mill, churn, meat

chopper, vacuum cleaner, and coffee grinder."

"But how about that whirligig at the back? That ain't good for nothin'," objected Mr. Squires.

"That," explained Boggs, "that, hitched onto the same motor that runs the farm machinery, acts as an electric fan in summer and makes an efficient device with which to automatically shoo flies away from the dinner table."

Mr. Squires scratched his head. "Wa-al, put me down fer two of 'em, if you want to," he decided finally. "Say what you will, the modern airship is sure a great invention."

As of Old.

They put Noah up for the Mariners' Club;
But, in face of his well-known trip,
He was blackballed unanimously, they say,
Because he had grounded his ship!

Justified.

"The hour of twelve has struck!" hissed the ghost.

"I don't blame it," replied the materialist. "It was worked to death long ago."

A Slur.

"See, I am familiar with your music," remarked the amateur at the musicale the other evening.

"It seems so," replied the popular composer. "You are taking liberties with it."

NOT TO BE INTERRUPTED.

"No, Ethel, I won't be able to go calling with you this week. I 'm frightfully busy."

Preachers.

"I NOTICE," said Shagbark Jones, "that when a church goes into the show business, it drops into the ten-twent-thirt class right away, so far as the show is concerned. They wasn't built for that. Not that I want back the old gloom-and-grief kind of preachin'. No, sir! A mournful preacher ought to be sent missionary to the untamed cannibals, with a knife and fork tied round his neck, and a pure-food label pasted right under his necktie.

"I don't blame the preachers for tryin' to get full churches. A desert island ain't interestin' to nobody until there's some people on it; but it sort of seems to me that, as soon as they began puttin' pews in churches and puttin' numbers on the ends of the pews, the good clothes begun crowdin' out the poor ones. There's never been a theater succeeded yet unless it had a gallery where you an' me could sit and feel at home.

"One trouble is the preachers is everlastin' whalin' their congregations. I've got a mighty clear notion myself that I'm a miserable sinner, but it braces me up once in a while to have somebody tell me I've got a couple of good points left. A feller don't want to be whaled all the time. I knew a boy once that whalin' cured, but he was about the only one. His teacher whaled him for bein' late at school, and it cured him from bein' late. He was never late at school ag'in. He stopped goin'."

Ellis Parker Butler.

Baker—"Any new ideas at the Bullions' motor dinner?"

Barker—"Yes; in the middle of the table a fountain of gasoline was playing."

Those Thin Skirts.

The wintry winds are keen, I wot,
As across the streets the women go.
Warm coats above—but, oh, great Scott!
It must be awful cold below!

A Careful Young Man.

"You want to marry my daughter?"

"I'm not certain, but I'd like an option on her hand, sir."

Differences.

Progress is the difference between present-day monarchs and the people they claim.

Cold steal is the difference between your scales and those of some icemen.

Soul—brief or otherwise—is the difference between wit and vulgarity.

Failure is the difference between one and one's egotism.

—Charles C. Jones.

T. R.'s Favorite Song.

KathleenManeuvering,
It may be four years,
It may be for ever.

Shooting Affray.

This is how a Kentucky editor, who is too busy to be a funny man, fixes up a local item:

"Tom Stewart and Charlie Liddan engaged in a shooting affray at short range with Winchesters on Monday afternoon, near town. They fired four shots, Charlie killing the dog on the fourth. They had it tied to a fence post. The dog belonged to John Garner and looked mad before it was killed."

Her Furs and Feathers.

Phil writes a check for Phyllis's furs—
From Philip bursts a sigh:
"Peace to your ashes, little brute!
You were not skinned as I!"

Phil writes a check for Phyllis's plumes—
From Philip breaks a cry:
"Strut on, old bird! Hold up your head!
You were not plucked, but I!"

Variation of an Old Maxim.

Eternal partisanship is the price of political patronage—*The Office-seeker.*

IF
Your father did not object.
I were rich.
I could write a "best seller."
I could foretell the stock market.
the cost of living were lower.
my salary were higher.
YOU would only take a chance.
London Rogs

AT THE GATE—THAT LITTLE WORD, "IF."

Fables in English

by AMBROSE BIERCE

WITH PICTURES by GEORGE L. CARLSON

The Threatening Weather

AT AN out-of-door meeting a demagogue was making a passionate plea for monkey suffrage, when an angel looked down from heaven and wept upon him. He lifted his eyes to the sky for a moment, then, observing the husband of his laundress occupying

a seat on the platform, said to him in an earnest whisper,

"Run home and tell your wife to take in all her washing from the drying line—I am about to advocate the initiative, the referendum, and the recall."

A Weak Attachment

A POLITICAL boss, who, having been eschewed by his party, was appointed to the highest office in the gift of its real leader, met a dog's tail, which was in an attitude of dejection between the animal's hinder legs.

"My unhappy friend," said the de-

posed boss, "what is the matter with you, and where does it hurt?"

"This ungrateful dog," answered the tail, "has thrown me off—that is where it hurts."

"But," said the other, "you are not off; you are on."

"Only stuck on," the tail explained, cautiously attempting a deprecatory wag. "The beast's master did that."

Ever thereafter, when the dethroned statesman listened for the voice of hope, he heard only that of despair, reminding him that he was only stuck on.

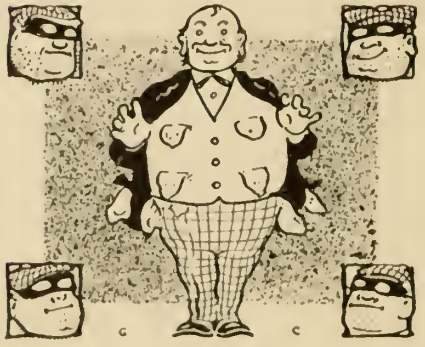
The New Method

A CITIZEN whose property had been taken by political thieves was bewailing his untoward fate.

"You meet and greet them socially, do you not?" inquired the observant neighbor.

"Their crime is the greater for that," was the reply.

"Possibly," said the observant one; "but it is also the easier. Henceforth,



whenever you take the hand of a thief, a decent regard for the interest of your pockets requires that you keep it."

Always afterward, when the citizen took the hand of a thief, he was so reluctant to let go that all thieves thought he loved them, and, by way of adding the charm of ingratitude to the advantages of thrift, they plundered him with a special and particular assiduity.

The King and The Genius

A GENIUS who had built an airship was asked by the king why he did not send it up.

"Alas!" replied the genius, sighing; "having lived a blameless life, I have no enemies to man it. Perhaps your Majesty will supply a captain and crew

from among your own enemies."

"No," said the king. "I, too, am destitute of enemies."

"I beg your Majesty to forgive me," the genius said. "I spoke without reflection. You also have lived a blameless life."

"Well, no," said the sovereign, thoughtfully scratching the royal head where it did not itch; "that is not just the way of it. The fact is, all my enemies have died a blameless death."

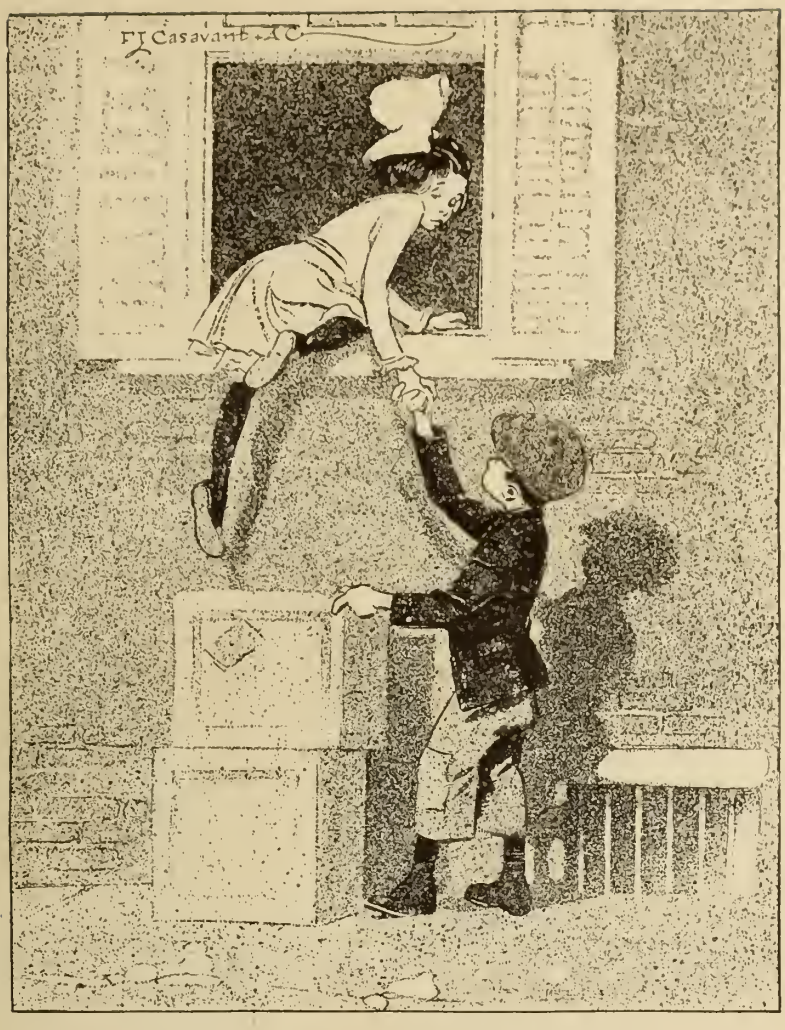
Threes

THE GREATEST man in a congressional district met a pig and had the condescension to say, "Good-morning, my humble friend!"

"Sir," said the pig austerely, "I am the greatest hog in all this region!"

As the two passed on, an adjacent philosopher was heard to murmur, "One small pair."

Nature, who had just completed a politician, an ass, and a dog, said, "Not good."



SIR LAUNCELOT RESCUES THE MAIDEN FROM DONJON KEEP.

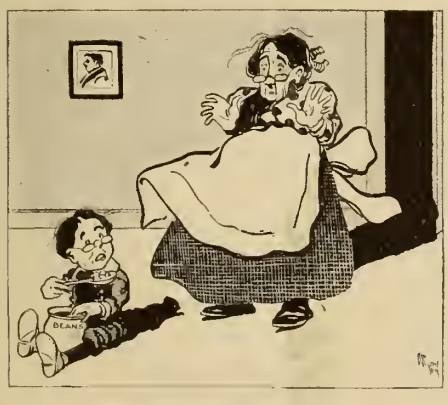
Johnnie's Primer Lesson.

By HARROLD SKINNER

Topic—Guests.

C—A—B.

Oh, see the cab! Go, go! cab, go, Will the cab go by!



RECIPROCAL.

Grandma—"Why, Frederick, I 'm surprised!"

Frederick—"It 's mutual, grandma It 's mutual."

No, the cab will not go by. The cab will stop at our door, and then it will go by.

LOOK! LOOK! What is that fun-ny old thing in the cab? Is it a wom-an going to the train?

NO-OO-OO! It is a wom-an coming from the train. The woman is a guest. She lives in the country, some-times.

What is the guest doing in the cab, then?

Rub-ber-ing!

What is she rub-ber-ing for?

She is rub-ber-ing for our number. She must have found it in the tele-phone book.

SEE! SEE! She is twist-ing her lit-tle throat!

That is not a lit-tle throat. It is a lit-tle neck and long.

HOW QUEER! Is she a Lit-tle Neck oyst-er?

NO-OO-OO! She is a rub-ber neck lob-ster! Ho, ho! She is stretch-ing her neck like a crane!

Will she break her neck?

Oh, no, in-deed! It is made of rub-ber.

But she isn't rub-bing any-thing, is she?

Not yet. She is wait-ing to rub it into me.

Is she com-ing to stay for three or four days?

NO-OO-OO-OO! The guest is coming to stay for three or four months.

Why does she do it?

GOODNESS KNOWS!

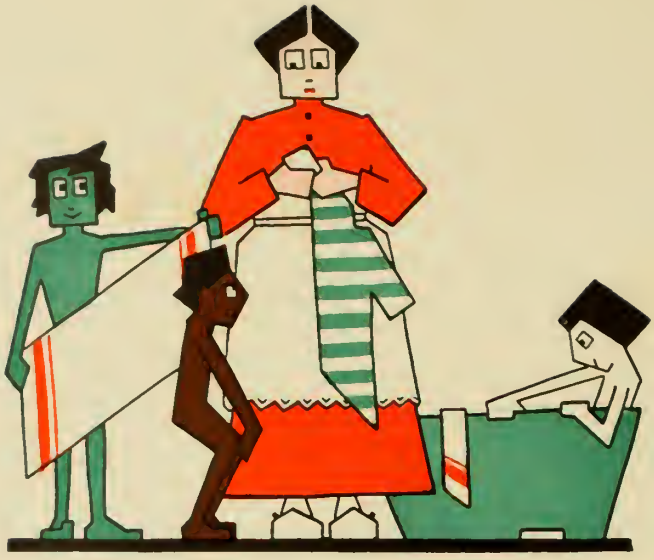
SHE IS

'Is the lady of the house at home?"

Mistaken Identity.

Some folks are everlastingly being mistaken for others. Governor Carey, of Wyoming, discovered, on a recent visit to a city of considerable size in New York State, that he was a dead ringer for the mayor.

"The fact was further impressed upon my mind one night on the street," Governor Carey goes on, "when, just outside of my hotel, I was hailed by a large policeman, who said, 'Mr. Mayor, may I help you home to-night?' I replied that I was feeling very well, indeed; and as the policeman turned away I overheard him remark to another patrolman, 'The mayor is certainly behaving himself better lately than he used to do.'"



A CHANGE NEEDED.

"Come on in, Johnnie, you 'd look better as a wash drawing."

A CHAMELEON.

"When I don't go out in comp'ny I 'm so blue, and when I do, I get so red, 'cause I 'm so green."

THE RED ABOVE THE GREEN.

"Madam, this red hat reduces your years by abou' ten."

"Yes; and I suppose you 'll add the amount on to the bill."

Bye-bye.

Buy-buy.

ALWAYS THE SAME CRY.

THE MODERN WOMAN

Suffrage Snapshots

By IDA HEUSTED HARPER

WATCH New Jersey wake up! The Legislature gives a hearing on a bill for woman suffrage! When, in 1897, over 75,000 men in that enlightened and progressive State voted against giving women in the villages and rural districts the privilege of voting for school trustees, the suffragists went away back and sat down. It never seemed worth while to get up until the movement in New York and Pennsylvania applied the galvanic battery to New Jersey. Now they are up to stay.

It's just one—blessed—thing after another in the Wisconsin suffrage campaign. No sooner had the brewers agreed that they would not make any organized fight on the pending amendment than the New York Anti-Suffrage Association announced that they would send their strongest speaker up there to defeat it. But cheer up! It is to be the same woman they sent out last fall to defeat the amendment in California!

Senator Hinman ought to have known, when, as chairman, he voted against the woman-suffrage bill in the judiciary committee at Albany, that he invited disaster. Sure enough, when he stood on the platform waiting for his train, he was hit by a baggage truck.

Woman suffrage has struck Chicago's Four Hundred. First it was a ballroom meeting at Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor's, and then another at Mrs. Cyrus McCormick's, with preliminary dinner parties and midnight suppers, just as if it were grand opera. This is a great deal better than looking upon it as opera bouffe, and this has always been the trouble with the suffrage movement—the public took it as a joke. It has been this fact, more than all others combined, that has kept the masses of women out of it. Here, then, is the mission of "society"—to make it so popular the women will fall over each other to get in. Then "society" can turn to a new fad, and the leaders of the movement, with an army around them, will do the rest. Society men do not count at all in this phase of the question. When it goes to the polls for final settlement, it is the men at the other end of the line who will win the victory for women.

The six States where women will vote this year will have thirty-seven votes in the electoral college. Six Presidents, including Cleveland, were elected by this number of votes or less, so it behooves about two Republican and four or five Democratic candidates to find out where they really do stand on the question of woman suffrage, because they'll have to stand somewhere, and that pretty soon.

HIS MISTAKE.

There doesn't seem to be any particular reason why four or five women should have been guests of honor at the annual banquet of the Police Lieutenants' Benevolent Association, but they just sat up there and sang, "We're here because we're here." And that isn't the worst of it—they're going to be everywhere else, and the men who don't like it will have to go to the edge of the earth and jump off.

The actors and the commercial travelers are demanding that some provision be made for them to cast their votes when they have to be away from home on election day. Haven't they read Colonel Roosevelt's recent article in the *Outlook*, in which he says the suffrage isn't anything like as important as people think it is? Of course he was talking about suffrage for women; but what is sauce for the goose—only women are not such geese in this particular case as they used to be.

The wife of Congressman Taylor, of Colorado, says the women of that State have found that it does not take as long to vote as it does to match a piece of silk. It is to be hoped not, or the worst fears of the "antis" as to the neglect of the home and family would be more than realized.

To the Anti-Suffragist.

You say you do not want it forced upon you—
That suffrage is a bother and a bore;
You say you have enough to worry over,
Without adding extra burdens to your score.

Well, it doesn't matter much that you don't want it;
You're going to get it, just as sure as fate!
So why not *help* to get it—get the power
To vote it off again, before too late?

Can't you see the flaw in your position?
Can't you see the glaring paradox?
You wouldn't have things rudely thrust upon you,
If only you could use the ballot box!

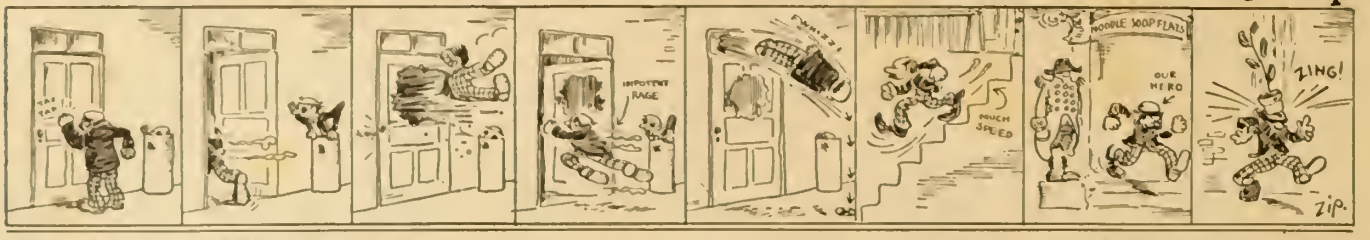
—*Elizabeth Munger.*

THE "TEN REASONS" CONTEST

His Honor's offer of a prize of $10 for the ten best reasons, why women should vote, brought 1,500 replies. These are being judged by members of the suffrage party well qualified for the task, and the result will be announced in the next issue.

EVENING INFERNAL MAGAZINE SECTION

That Bunch Next Door. (No. 61241) They haven't much sense, what? Copy writed by the Infernal ◆ ◆ ◆ By Zip



Syndicated Phoolosophy

By John Mulligan

LACED makes waist. A rolling stone is a total loss.

There's many a dip 'twixt the slip and the ship.

A bird in hand sometimes pecks you with his little bill.

A beer-full waist is what the joyful want.

A nickel saved is a schooner spurned.

Never take off till to-morrow what you're wearing on a warm spring day.

Where Reno brings us bliss, 'tis folly to have wives.

The crazy fan gives the most pains.

You never drink the water till the growler runs dry.

Our Daily Gemlet

By Casper W. Kist

There's Company Coming

There are visitors coming
to the house to see us;
The sign of the cat, knife, and fork,
which is a true saying.
There are company coming to visit,
For the cat is washing her face
with her little velvety paw;
She is cleaning herself with her little
tongue;
She is sitting at the door
waiting for the company to come.

A man is coming at the door.
For the cook has dropped a knife on
the floor.
A woman will pay a visit as soon as she
can,
For a fork fell out of father's hand.

There is going to be company
coming this way,
For auntie had her fortune told;
She said: That the cards says,
There's company on the way.

The Most Wonderful Story That Will Ever Be Written

The Mystery of Miss Terry

By Julius Dingding

To-day's Paragraph

Chapter 666 (continued.)

And then Reginald gazed into Octavia's liquid eyes and watched her mop her fevered brow, pulsating with the secret she dare not tell. Words would not come, although he had ordered them C. O. D. How long he stood there unconscious he never knew, but when he came to he murmured, "Octavia, I knew your brother. He has told me—told me that"——

(Continued in to-morrow's Infernal.)

Daily Fashion Hints for Women

By the Sporting Editor

Clocks are being worn on silk stockings. They strike one whenever they are seen, and may be bought on tick at all stores that advertise with us.

The latest thing in millinery is the rush-hour collapsible hat. When spread out, it measures a yard from tip to tip; but in crowded street cars it may be closed like an umbrella, falling over the face like a veil. A strip of isinglass is inserted in the portion covering the eyes.

Checks are occasionally seen this spring, and are growing larger as Easter approaches. If you find that your checks are no good, stripes may be substituted.

Chatelaines are coming in again. A fully equipped kit contains a manicure set, cheval mirror, a quart can of powder, pair of opera glasses, alarm clock, telephone directory, and a gum case. It may be carried in the hand or by a messenger boy. There is little danger of losing it, unless it is dropped from a ferryboat or into a coal hole.

Narrow skirts are being sold in pairs. They may be worn one at a time in polite society, but for athletic purposes one may be placed on each limb.

Among Us Girls

By Clarabel Bluffem

Girlies, I received a thousand letters from you this morning. How I wish I might answer them all to-day! But that would be difficult in the small space allowed me, would it not? So I have opened a few at random. Here is the first:

Dear Miss Bluffem—Can you tell me a good recipe for preserving peaches? Alice Newlywed. I would suggest a good facial cream, a skillful dressmaker and hairdresser, and a long walk every day.

Dear Miss Bluffem—In entering a theater, should a man follow a lady? Carrie Bean. It depends on who the man is. If he is a licensed detective, he has a right to. If he is a bill collector, it would be much better for him to wait until the next day. If he is simply a flirt, he should be checked at the door.

Dear Miss Bluffem—Should a man propose to a girl on his knees? Archie Bald. If you have proceeded so far that the girl sits upon your knees, it would be a serious breach of etiquette if you did not propose to her.

Dear Miss Bluffem—How can I make my biscuits light? Clara Bell. I would suggest that you open the window and carefully drop them out, being sure that they do not light upon the heads of any of the passers-by, as this would be assault with a deadly weapon—a very serious offense.

THE HAT HE SHIED INTO THE RING

Egged on at Easter; or the Caprice of a Cruel Coquette.

By ROY L. McCARDELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE STRANGER'S SECRET.

"HIST!"

These words fell from the lips of a tall, distinguished-looking man, rather commonplace in appearance and not over the average height, who glanced around the crowded aisles of Higgle & Sniggle's mammoth emporium, during a marked-down sale of colored chalks and a special drive in harness to mark the joyous Easter.

What could it mean?

Perhaps Edgar Eastlake, the elevator boy, knew. But, if so, he said nothing, except to glance suspiciously at the stranger who stepped into the elevator.

"Dogcake department," murmured the latter hoarsely.

CHAPTER II.

THE SIREN'S SPELL.

Cora, the cash girl, was one of those faultlessly beautiful girls who have golden hair and peachblow complexions all seasons alike, regardless of the expense.

She was but a sub-cashier in the employ of the great firm of Higgle & Sniggle, but for twenty years she had been known as the cash-girl coquette. Whispers of her great beauty had been wafted abroad, and the haughty Duke of Dedbroke had sworn she should be his.

"'DOGCAKE DEPARTMENT.'"

He reckoned without Ed, the elevator boy, a lad who was bound to rise, and with whom Cora, the coquette, had plighted her troth.

The duke had halted her now, and, as she was making change for a customer during the rush hours, she was in no hurry and paused to parley with the nobleman in her usual blithesome way.

"'FOR THE LAST TIME, WILL YOU MARRY ME?'"

CHAPTER III.

FROM POVERTY TO THE PEERAGE.

"For the last time, will you marry me?" hissed the proud scion of a race of belted earls under Marquis of Queensbury rules.

"Are you a real duke?" she asked listlessly.

For answer, he opened the dress-suit case he carried with him and took out his title, and, disentangling it from the soiled haberdashery in which it reposed, unrolled it before her eager eyes.

One glance showed the heartless coquette that the title was guaranteed by the Title Guarantee Company.

"Aubrey, I am yours," she whispered softly. And, faithless as she was fair, forgetting the troth she had plighted Edgar, the elevator boy, forswearing her promise to love him through all his ups and downs, she fled to become the proud bride of a ducal coronet.

* * * * * *

As for Edgar Eastlake, he said nothing; but, by his grim and determined air, it could be seen that it were not well if the Duke of Dedbroke crossed the path of the pale, imperious elevator boy.

One day he disappeared, and it was rumored that he had become a plumber. "He will move in the same social circles as his royal rival," his friends said significantly; "then heaven help Aubrey, the Duke of Dedbroke!"

CHAPTER IV.

EGGED ON AT EASTER.

The years had waxed and waned, and once again Easter came with crocuses and chills, and Nature donned her new spring garments of green, and all over the world fair femininity was fain to be eke and likewise newly garmented.

The fair Duchess of Dedbroke petulantly paced her boudoir in the east wing of Hankypank Towers, the old ancestral seat of the Dedbroke family.

In vain the duke besought her to be patient.

"Have I not bought you a duck of a bonnet, a bird of a hat?" he asked.

"HE UNROLLED IT BEFORE HER EAGER EYES."

"You only say that because you have seen the bill!" she said sneeringly.

"Ha!" he cried. "You wrong me! I only judged it by its wings. But does it not show that I have laid at your feet all that money could buy or refinement could wish?"

"No!" Her eyes were blazing now. "You have squandered my dower, the change of a waiting customer, when I listened to your honeyed words. For you I threw over Edgar Eastlake, the elevator boy, and crushed his proud spirit. For you I came away from the glad glamour of my girlhood days in Higgle & Sniggle's Mammoth Emporium; and what is my recompense? I am immured in a moldy old castle"—here she paused and added impressively—"the plumbing of which has been condemned!"

The duke mused a moment at these cruel and cutting words. "I care not for the consequences!" he said, with bitter emphasis. "Aye, even if it means a tiled bathroom and hot and cold water on every floor of Hankypank Towers! She must—she shall be happy!" And, crossing the room, he seized the bell rope and yanked it violently.

"Send for a plumber, and at once!" he said, with tense earnestness, when the answering menial appeared.

CHAPTER V.

FATE IN FUSTIAN.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Ha, ha!" These words were uttered by a man clad in diamonds and a cardigan jacket. It was no other than our old friend, Edgar Eastlake, an elevator boy no more, but a proud and prosperous plumber, estimates cheerfully given.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WEAVING OF THE WEB.

Little more remains to be told. Unable to pay the bill brought in by Ed Eastlake, the demon plumber, the Duke of Dedbroke saw a mechanic's lien put upon his ancestral halls of Hankypank Towers.

At the sale the property was bought in by the ex-elevator boy—now a plumber beyond the dreams of avarice—and in a few weeks the last of the Dedbrokes had drank himself to death like a gentleman, although the papers said he died of a broken heart.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEADFALL OF DESTINY.

Ere yet another Easter brought the blossoms of springtide, Ed Eastlake wedded the fair Cora, Duchess of Dedbroke. With the wealth at her new husband's command, she assumed the position in society for which she was so eminently fitted and for which she had so long aspired.

Yet there are some who hold, even now, that it was all a deep-laid plot, in which Aubrey, the last Duke of Dedbroke, was the dupe.

But who can read a coquette's conscience or a plumber's purpose?

THE END.

Fashion's Penalty.

The tears were raining down his face;
The wife feared 'twas a desperate case.
"At last! At last!" the husband cried.
"I've washed my face—it must be dried!
No Turkish towels on the rack;
They're in your gown—alas! alack!
Thus to your shoulder now I flee,
To wipe my face. Well, don't blame me!"

Barely Noticed.

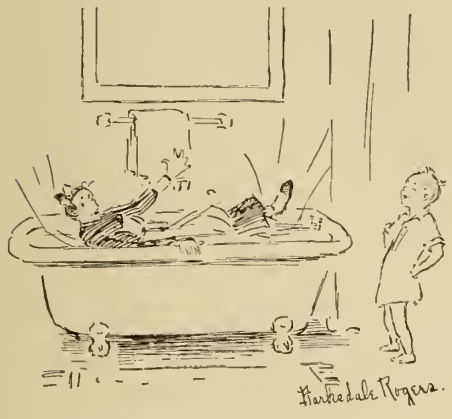
"What did Miss Dashington wear at the dinner party?"

"Blue. I dropped my napkin and was able to look under the table."

"Paw, what is an optimist?"

"An optimist, my boy, is a woman who thinks that everything is for the best, and that she is the best."

A Day in the Life of a Child.



JOHNNY wakens, cheerful—
Playful little cub!—
Nursie filling, clear full,
Johnny's morning tub.
Johnny, quicker than a flash,
Throws her in, to hear the splash.

Breakfast bell is ringing;
Johnny takes his place.
See him gayly flinging
Mush in mamma's face!
Papa shakes his head and glares;
Johnny throws him down the stairs.

Off to school with Willie,
Fearing to be late.
Johnny, acting silly,
Brains him with his slate.
Rattlesnake in Johnny's desk;
Teacher's antics picturesque.

Homeward through the village,
Johnny turns his toes;
Arson, theft, and pillage
Cheer him as he goes.
So to bed, at close of day,
Wearied with his childish play.

Reader, if this sounds absurd,
If you rather doubt my word,
If you scornfully insist
Such a child could not exist,
Buy a paper, Sunday next—
Yellow paper, lurid text—
Read the comic section through!
See if I have lied to you!

—*Drums Taylor.*

EASTER WORSHIP

ALLOWANCE FOR BREAKAGE.

C. Abler—"I wish to send a cablegram in Russian. What are the charges?"
Operator—"Four dollars a word and damages."

WHERE IT IS.

"John, get me my pocket-book, like a dear. If it isn't on the kitchen table, or in the cut-glass bowl on the sideboard, you 'll probably find it under one of the sofa cushions in the sitting room."

The Vinculum Wife Insurance Company.

MEN, attention! Is your wife insured? You insure your life, your house, your motor car. Why not your wife? Do not delay! Insure in our company!

This company is incorporated under the laws of the United States and is controlled by a capable board of directors, including some of our best known novelists and playwrights.

Eligibility: Every husband of sound body and sound mind (except for the slight trace of dementia shown in getting married at all), and whose replies to the appended questions are satisfactory, is eligible to membership.

Prohibited risks: Men who are married to suffragettes, to bridge fiends, or to members of the theatrical profession are not eligible, and their applications cannot be considered.

To obtain a policy, subscribe your answers to the following questions:

Are you (a) handsome, (b) fairly good looking, or (c) plain?

Are you of a jealous disposition?

Do you give your wife enough money?

(a) From her point of view?

(b) From yours?

Do you always let her have her way?

Do you ever contradict her?

Do you compliment her cooking?

Do you compliment her clothes?

Can you hook up her gown without swearing?

Do you let her buy your neckties?

Do you ever praise other women in her presence?

Do you employ a lady stenographer? (If so, state her appearance. Append photograph, if possible.)

Do you bring her flowers and candy as often as before you were married?

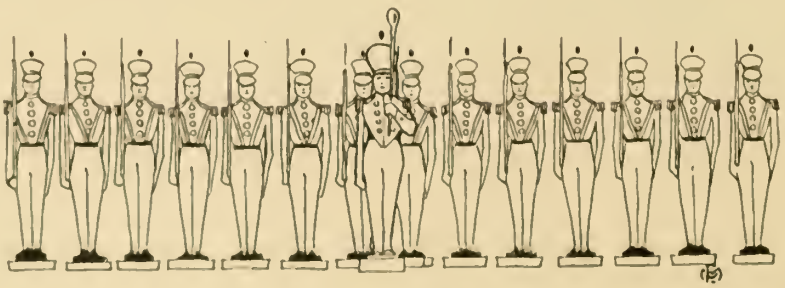
Do you call her pet names?

Do you let her buy all the hats she wants?

Applicants answering these questions satisfactorily are entitled to policies in our company. So far we have taken but few risks, but we are prepared to swing a large business if we can secure the policy-holders.

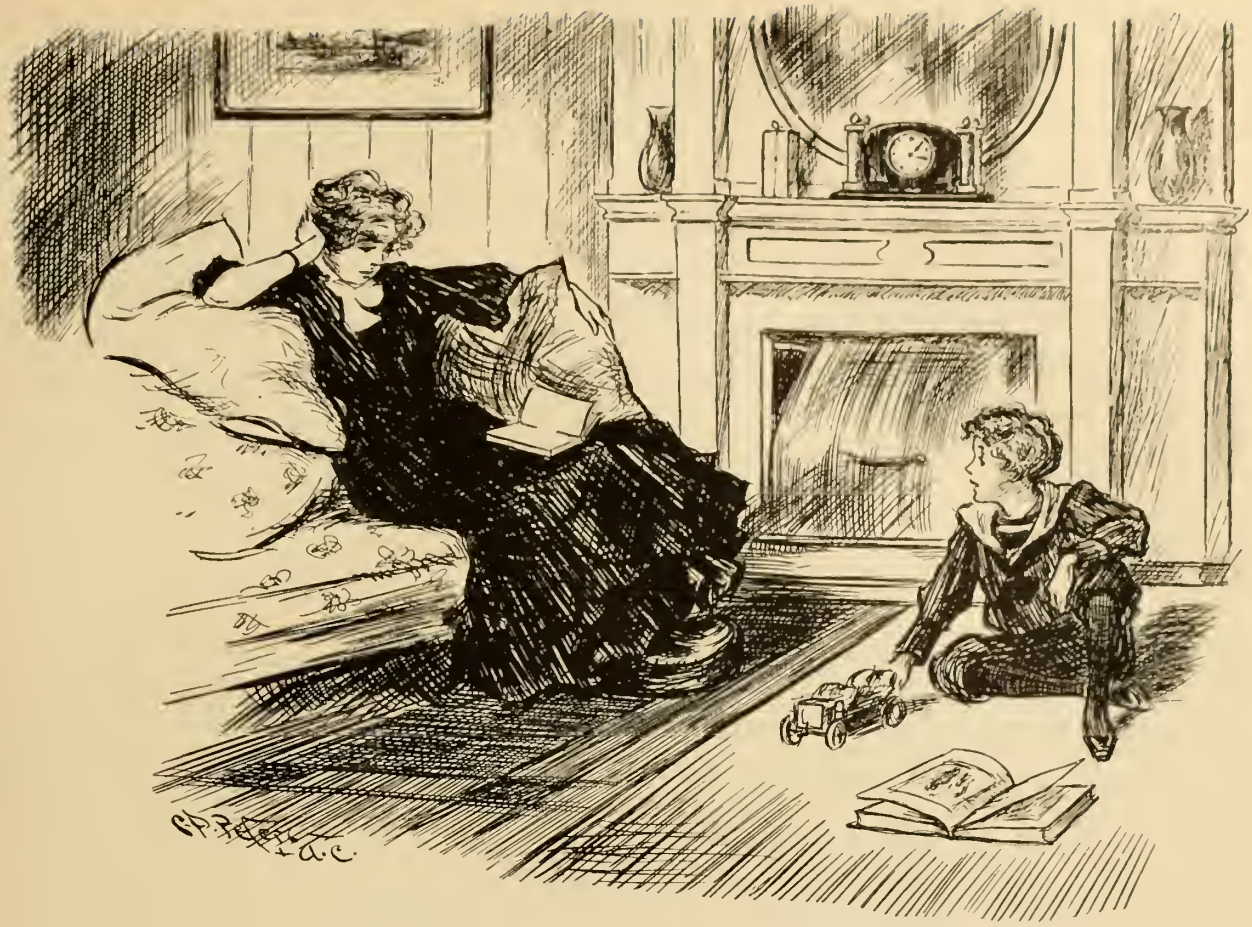
Address, Vinculum Wife Insurance Company, Darby Benedick, Agent.

— *Carolyn Wells.*



A RANK JOKE.

Never trouble "bubbles," or "bubbles" 'll trouble you.



NOT OVERREACHING.

"Tommy, are you tall enough to reach that package on the mantelpiece?"
"Not if it is my cough medicine."

John Smith.

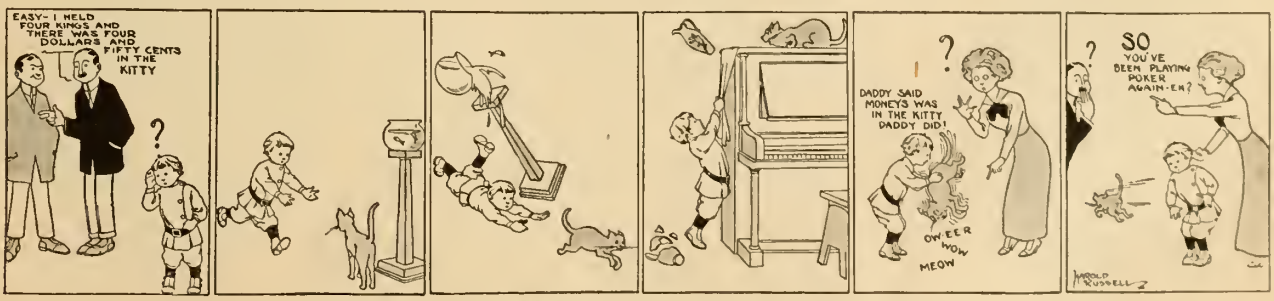
By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

JOHN SMITH, president of the colony of Virginia, 1608–1609, was a member of the proud and exclusive Smith family, of which only eight million three hundred and forty-four thousand six hundred and thirty-two members were living at eight o'clock last night. He was a descendant of Black Smith, one of the early English iron magnates, whom Longfellow has celebrated in his verse, "Under the spreading chestnut tree."

Little is known of the life of John Smith except what was written by himself, and this, unfortunately, reads like an autobiography prepared especially for publication in "The Prominent Citizens of Scott County, Iowa." There seem to be touches of a vivid and untamed imagination in John Smith's autobiography. Whenever he came to a dull spot, he thought up something interesting and put it in, thus making his story thrilling and likely to be a best seller. An autobiography of this sort is snappy, but wouldn't please Mr. Roosevelt. John was too prone to take the cold facts and wallop the hide off them. He was the sort of man that could go to church to hear a missionary, and come home and tell his wife he had been to the North Pole and got tangled in the equator there, escaping with his life only by grabbing the equator back of the ears and breaking its neck.

For that reason, I, with many other eminent authorities, am inclined to look on his story of Pocahontas with suspicion. I have studied the eight existing

(Continued on page 19.)


EASY- I HELD FOUR KINGS AND THERE WAS FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS IN THE KITTY
?
DADDY SAID MONEYS WAS IN THE KITTY DADDY DID!
OW EE R WOW MEOW
SO YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING POKER AGAIN-EH?
HAROLD RUSSELL

IT DON'T TAKE TOMMY'S MOTHER LONG TO PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER.

THE MODERN WOMAN

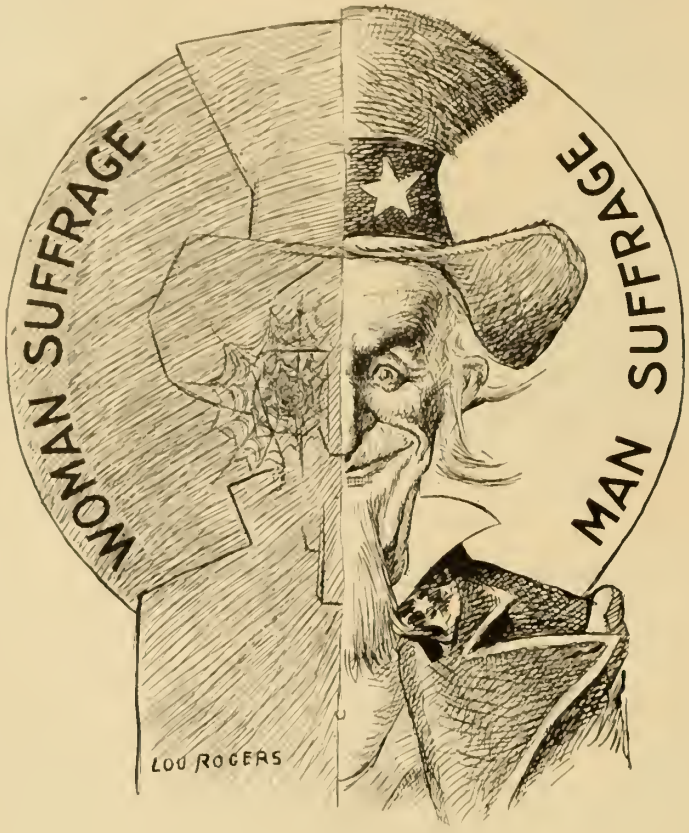
Political Rule of Woman.

By IDA HUSTED HARPER

A CANDIDATE for the Nobel prize, given for the greatest service to humanity during the year, announces his claim in the New York *Sun* of recent date. He has made a discovery! "The reason the woman suffragists are spending so much money and making so much noise is because they are striving for the greatest prize this country affords—the political control of men." How are they going to get it? Just read the census returns. "In 101 cities of over 25,000 inhabitants and in seven States are more women than men, and they could take command whenever they chose if they had the vote." And, alas! they are not so well prepared for statesmanship as men, he says. Of course men are displaying great "statesmanship" in their management of our cities—but let that pass.

"Woman suffrage is an expedient for changing this country from a man-government to a woman-government," says this rival of Dr. Cook in the field of discovery. Well, why not? After men have had the upper hand for 130 years, isn't it women's turn? But would they get it, even through the ballot? The census report of 1911, which naturally the alarmist didn't know was available, gives a majority of about 2,692,000 men in this country, and a surplus of women in only five States. It also shows that this surplus is steadily decreasing.

Another anti-suffrage scarecrow bowled over! Gone to join its little brother, who chanted the refrain for half a century, "Women wouldn't vote if they had the suffrage!"



A ONE-SIDED DEVELOPMENT

The Logic of the Voter.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Suffragist," said the politician, "we men would be glad to give the vote to efficient and capable women like you; but how would you feel when your cook took a day off to go to the polls?"

"I have not experienced much difficulty in that respect," replied Mrs. Suffragist. "He has been voting for several years."

Literary Suffragism.

Little pupil—"What is an anti-climax?"

Suffragist teacher—"The mayor who asks a delegation of modern club-women 'if their husbands know they're out.'"

What She Wants.

'Tis not alone the equal vote she's asking,
Nor equal right to govern her affairs,
Nor privilege to gain a freer tasking
Outside and in the home—in all she shares.

'Tis not to shirk her part as wife and mother;
'Tis not to ape the man—and work alone—
Neglect one precious duty for another—
Usurp his work and thus renounce her own.

It is to share the freedom of the nation.
She challenges the boast that we are free,
While half the people have the regulation
Of what the other half shall do and be.

So it is to feel, indeed, the freedom—
To have an open field—to make her choice—
To be admitted to the nation's household,
On equal footing and with equal voice.

On Dit.

Mr. Roosevelt's next campaign problem is: What sort of saddles ought to be used by the women voters who join Rough Rider campaign regiments in the suffrage States?

☆

It is rumored that the antis who have survived defeat in California are worried lest the gender of the Pacific fleet's men-of-war be changed by legislation. Well, they must worry about something.

MRS. MAY WILSON PRESTON,
A successful artist and ardent suffragist enthusiast.

MRS. PEARCE BAILEY,
President of the Equal Franchise Society of New York, and an important contributor to suffrage literature.

'Twixt the Cup and the Lip

A man, a miss. Ecstatic bliss!
What could be more divine than this?
'Tis not amiss that he should kiss,
And yet it is, forsooth, a miss.
But paradoxes do abound
Where'er the god of love is found.
"There 's many a slip?" It matters not,
Whene'er lips meet the cup 's forgot.

A Consumer's View of the Stage.

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING.

NEARLY everything printed about the stage has been written from unimportant points of view. There is a mass of flubdub from the professional critic, often done in collaboration with the manager of his business office. There are the views of actors, which, were they only half as sincere, would be

"SCRATCH THEIR EARS WITH THEIR HIND LEGS WHILE THE PRIMA DONNA IS TRILLING."

worth about as much as a manicure's. There are confessions and complaints from stars and soubrettes; reminiscences from producers, describing how they managed on any amount of capital from a shoestring to a small fortune; and reams and reams of views, reviews, and interviews, for which the sole responsibility rests with press agents. But never is there anything from the contingent most concerned, that honorable legion to which the Rest of Us belong —plain persons known as consumers.

This is what's the matter with the stage: 1, Playwrights; 2, actors; 3, critics. Battered and honeyed in all of his waking moments by representatives of these three extra-eloquent professions, the producer is deceived into believing them real sources of information about what we consumers like to hear. Then, as if to make sure of deluding himself as completely as possible, the producer loves to scatter a heavy-handed claque around in the audience, and thus keep himself from discovering whether or not the consumers are applauding. If it weren't for our box-office reproofs, the poor fellow wouldn't have a chance in the world to guess at the facts

It is nothing short of marvelous that, in spite of all these barriers on the trail to truth, a few producers have been suspecting lately that you and I are a little dissatisfied. And that is why, in an earnest attempt to please us, they have taken to slaughtering important stage traditions. Thus we have seen Belasco scourge the orchestras from his theaters, to give us the play tune-less. Just before each act he had a half-pay xylophone artist run the scales on some Japanese dinner chimes. The effect was to make the consumers hungry. Then he would ring up the curtain instead of serving something to eat. Bernard Shaw believed he was getting close to our innermost when he deleted the tender sentiments from his manuscripts and gave us plays that were love-less. (He urged the critic-less, also.) Yet he went wrong as far as did Ben Greet, who stowed away all the curtains and sets and strove to please with the scene-less. The New Theater in its house beautiful offered the drama star-less. Ibsen sent over some plays that were mirth-less. Scores of other deluded persons financially interested in the stage then tried to reach us with the art-less, sense-less, or the plot-less. Isadora Duncan's young brother Raymond tried out the hat-less, shoe-less, and shave-less. He succeeded in expressing a lower order of emotion by wiggling his toes; but the face of him, in the shimmer of footlights without grease paint, appeared cadaverous. And the latest is "Sumurun," the word-less.

"BELASCO GAVE US THE TUNE-LESS PLAY— SENT THE ORCHESTRA HOME AND SUBSTITUTED THIS DINNER CHIME."

Ah, me, friend producer, listen for once to a word from one of your consumers. If your idea of giving us something new is always to slaughter instead of to augment, if you *must* lop off, please make first some lesser reforms instead of these rash, wholesale butcheries. Really it is only a good plot, an interesting story, that we ask. Just that and little more. 'Tis all we ever have required, from the days of the Garden of Eden to these of the Garden of Allah. Not the wit-less—only the gag-less. We are insurgents, not bloody

"THE SAVAGE CONSUMER KEEPS HOPING SHE WILL BREAK IN TWO—BUT SHE NEVER DOES.'

anarchists. We pray not the love-less —only the gush-less. Not the set-less, the tune-less, or the shave-less; rather the claque-less, dog-less, burntsugar-less, smoke-less, and eat-less. Remove the claque and find out whether we care to applaud your show or don't. Take us out of agony by keeping your greyhounds in their kennels in the backyard or in the cellar, instead of lashing them to a property tree to scratch their ears with their hind legs while the prima donna is trilling. Chuck the decanters of burnt-sugar and water. Stage drinking isn't realism; we common folks pour ours from jugs or flasks. Don't allow your prodigal actors to throw away so many cigars and cigarettes half smoked. Good tobacco deserves better treatment—particularly in public. Don't feed your troupe on the stage during an act. They never consume enough food to do them any good, and the Rest of Us feel insulted and uneasy while we watch them.

COUNTING THE COST.

"I do wish papa would let his garden grow. But he says things are high enough as it is."

It is for slight favors that we are thankful, as for the suppression of bombast from melodrama, the final exit of the eccentric king from comic opera, and the fact that the fat comedian dressed as a woman is becoming scarce. Our hearts leap up when we behold a grand piano that isn't labeled with yellow letters on the side: "This is a Gloomingdale Grand." We are thankful—profoundly, sir—to observe that a villainess nowadays may wear another color than scarlet, that heroines need not be blond, that stage money is being better conserved, and that a musical show may end without a patriotic song and a display of red, white, and blue. Mangling a popular stanza—

Oh, friend of ours, producer friend,
  You shouldn't worry so;
What we have missed of joy
  We couldn't have, you know!

So please not to grow frantic. Please not to order any more great massacres before consulting the consumers. First eradicate such annoyances as the vain young fop with a small mustache who dances on table tops, and the young lady who doubles herself backward over his arm under the delusion that she is dancing. This type of girl, we all have discovered, never breaks in two, as the sometimes savage consumer keeps hoping she will do. You have fooled us long enough on this. Take her away. Suppress forever the local allusion. Also the song about dear old Broadway. Reduce the average of unnecessary profanity. Prohibit the red electric light fireplace. It may go in England, where nobody appears to have heard about the invention of stoves and furnaces; but it makes a poor impression in a land which is intimate with steam heat. Recall that a recent production in New York shattered all traditions about fireplaces by having a young woman rescue The Papers with tongs. While you are about it, annihilate the young man who gambles on the stock market and rushes onto the stage, at least once every act, and screams, "I *must* see father!" If ever again you feel particularly bold, give us not another word-less play or something worse in the direction of worth-less, but some such genuine novelty as a drama in which nobody wears a dress suit or flourishes a revolver.

REVERIES.

Speaking of Numbers.

Tell me not in Roman numbers,
  When you speak of corner stones,
Or the dates that mark the slumbers
  Of some famous crumbling bones;
For I will not get you clearly—
  I'm confused by Ms and Cs.
If you tell me, do it merely
  In plain figures, if you please.

Shall We Never Know?

The uncle of the King of England has visited New York, and the tumult and the shouting has died, as Kipling puts it. And yet the momentous question of the century is no nearer a solution than it was before—Who and which are New York's Four Hundred? On mature consideration we have decided that we can still get a full night's sleep without knowing the answer.

Gruff customer (looking up from the menu card)—"Have you brains?"

Timid waitress (confused)—"No, sir. That's the reason I'm working here."

The courting swain in days of old
Was satisfied the hand to kiss
Of her to whom his love he told;
But 'twixt that distant day and this
Full many changes have been wrought.
We scorn mere paltry finger tips,
Preferring kisses of the sort
That need, forsooth, two pairs of lips

The populace who used to dwell
In days when reigned the tarantelle,
To-day would witness with a shrug
Our "turkey trot" and "bunny hug."

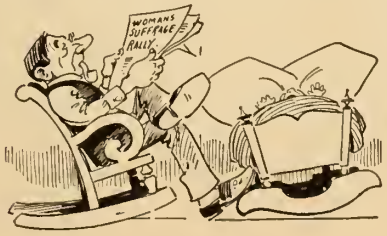
AMERICAN UNREST.

Bonaparte—Napoleon.

MR. BONAPARTE celebrated his initial birthday at Ajaccio, Corsica, in 1769. He passed the day quietly in his own home, making friends with the family, faces at the nurse, and plans for the future.

Being somewhat poor, he had little to spend in his early days except his youth, and this he did lavishly. At the tender age of ten, he was sent to a school where scientific scrapping was the initial number on the curriculum. Here he amused himself by standing the other pupils in a row and knocking them over, as one does dominoes. Tiring of this quiet life, he became an officer in the regular army, and one day, in a moment of enthusiasm, decided to conquer the world. This occupation kept him busy most of his time and he had little opportunity for exercise. His only recreations were posing for his photograph in a triangular hat and a far-away look and sighing for more worlds to conquer.

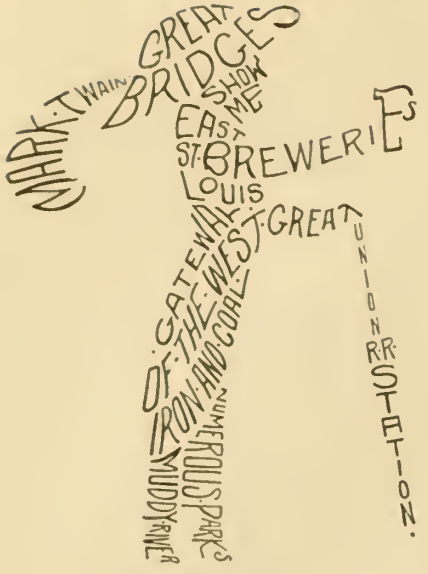
He occasionally spent a week-end crossing the Alps and became very expert at it. Being small of stature, he was able to jump from Alp to Alp with agility. Mr. Bonaparte was received with ovations wherever he went, and spent his time pleasantly until he had a little misunderstanding at a small station on a branch line called Waterloo.



This changed his plans entirely. His family physician sent him to a summer resort for a vacation; but finding the place infested with mosquitoes, knockers, and gossip, he hurried back to the city. Shortly after his return he was arrested for fighting without a license and sent up to do time on the island. Here he spent the hours gazing out over the sea with folded arms and hunting through his pocket for his return ticket.

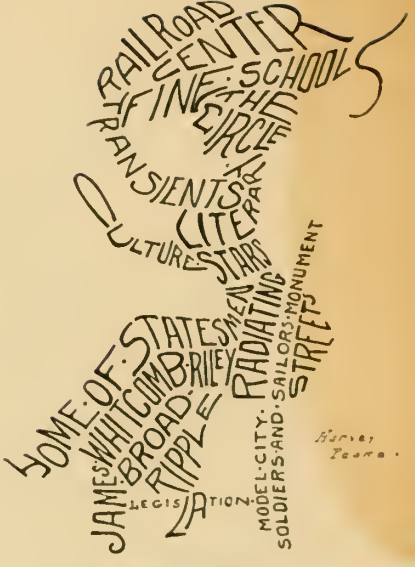
A Broadway restaurant is a place where people go who are not hungry, to eat things they don't like, for which they pay prices they can't afford.

UNCLE SAM'S DAUGHTERS.



MISS ST. LOUIS.

MISS CINCINNATI.



MISS INDIANAPOLIS.

Turning Censure Into Praise.

WHEN the "Girly Widow" was tried on the dog in one of the New England cities, it provoked this caustic comment from one of the local papers:

"The 'Girly Widow,' as performed last night, is full of dullness. There are situations that might be turned into good comedy, especially in the second act; but the incompetent members of the company do not seem to be able to easily rise to the heights necessary to carry out the author's witty intentions. In spite of the cost of its production, it will certainly not be good for a year's run when it reaches Broadway.

"Mr. Walker Strutt, in the role of the young lieutenant, sings his lines without distinction and seems not to have a clear conception of the part's requirements.

"Miss Byllee Buster, in the title role, is not refined in her methods and does not do the character justice.

"The chorus was good in spots, but they were a lot of awkward, raw girls at best, and there were many homely faces among the few fine lookers.

"The only good thing that can be said of the orchestra is that it did not have to play often.

"The shortsightedness of Mr. Smythe in putting his opera into the hands of the Tie Trotting Opera Company is to be deplored. Commended though he was for his previous work, this one will not add much to his dramatic stature."

"Oh, that is fine!" said the manager, looking over the adverse criticism next morning. "Without altering a word, I can turn this into a rattling good send-off. A little pruning is all that is necessary. Now, just watch your Uncle Fuller!"

And after he had crossed out a few superfluous words and phrases, the scathing criticism was made to highly praise the production. And the New York press published the manager's abridgment of the play's premiere, which read as follows:

"The 'Girly Widow as performed last night, is full of ~~dullness. There are situations that might be turned into~~ good comedy, especially in the second act; ~~but~~ the ~~incompetent~~ members of the company ~~do not~~ seem to be able to easily rise to the heights necessary to carry out the author's witty intentions. ~~In spite of the cost of its production,~~ it will certainly ~~not~~ be good for a year's run when it reaches Broadway.

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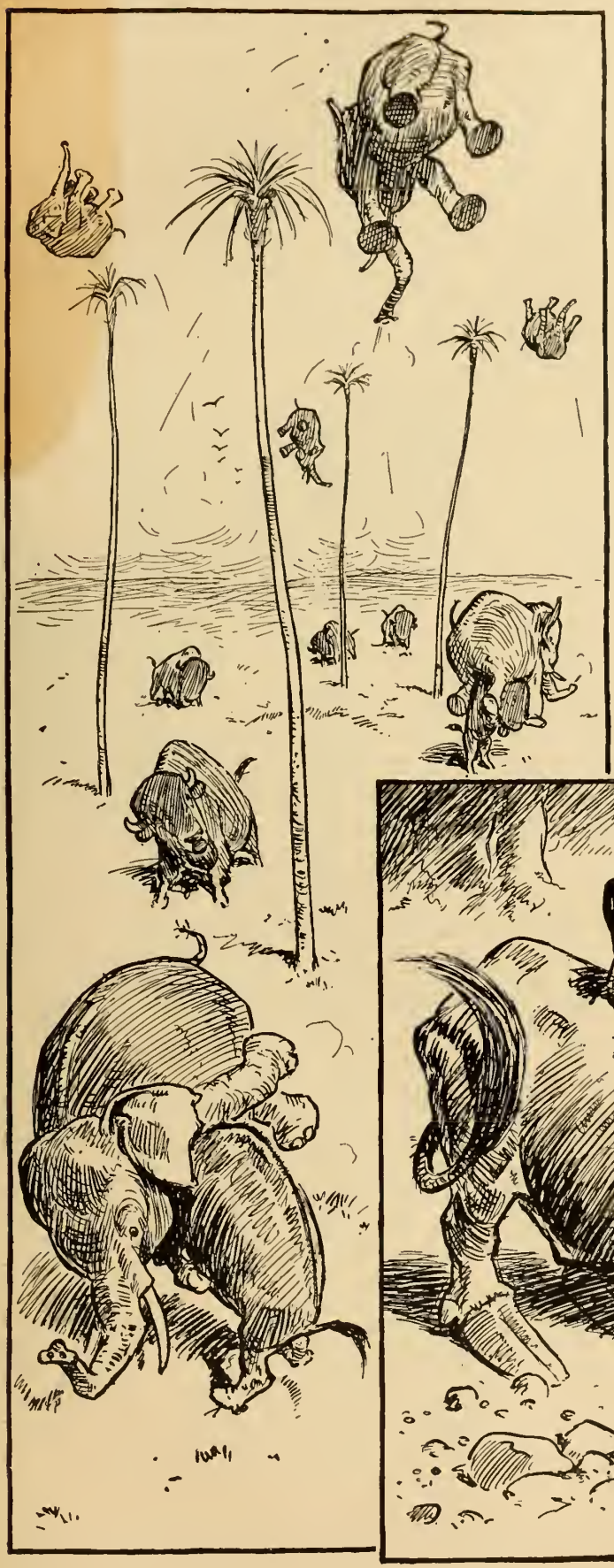
—*Harvey Peake.*

THE ONLY REQUISITE.

To be a hit in vaudeville
And have your name in lights,
Just spend three hundred for a gown,
You 'll pack 'em mats and nights.
Don't worry what to start with—
To get a lasting hand
Just finish up by howling
"Alexander's Rag Time Band"!

UNNATURAL HISTORY LESSONS.

The Buffalo.



THE BUFFALO is a four-footed quadruped which derives his name from a large city near Niagara Falls. He is a strongly constructed beast with many peculiarities. His head is large and heavy; so heavy in fact, that were it not for the weight of his long tufted tail he would be continually tipping up and standing on his muzzle. This would interfere with his eating, as the buffalo is a muzzle-loader, so we congratulate him on his heavy tail. The buffalo wears a large amount of hair on his head and face. This hair, instead of commencing at the skin and growing out, commences a number of inches away from the skin and grows in. He has very little hair around the waist, but there is a sizable beard on the lower end of his tail. The buffalo has only thirteen pairs of ribs. This is an unlucky number, and was perhaps the cause of the buffaloes' inability to continue their residence on the western plains. Buffaloes have horns, but they cannot blow them. They use them to annoy their enemies with. It's said that a buffalo in good working order will toss an elephant over the highest tree in the prairie. But as there are no elephants or trees in the prairie we may put this down as a canard (meaning hoax; ridiculous fabrication.) In India a species of bird perches on a buffalo's hide and seeks the little ticks that are wont to tickle him. This is the way the game of hide and seek originated. You should never get buffalo and the bison mixed. The bison is an American make, while the buffalo is imported. Buffaloes are by no means shy, but as they injure the furniture by scarring it with their horns they are not cultivated as domestic pets.

What it was. What it is. What it may be.

THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE

The Social Scale.

WHEN I proposed, she answered, "No;
The man I wed must have the Do."

When next I piped my plaintive lay,
She said, "Of hope there's not a Re."

Again I made my fervid plea—
She cast a withering glance at Mi.

She met my fourth with cool "Aha!
This matter's gone a bit too Fa."

Five times I sought to gain the goal.
Said she, "You are a patient Sol!"

The sixth, she said, "Go ask papa.
Perhaps he'd like a son-in-La."

So, armed with lengthy pedigree,
I bolted forth, her dad to Si.

* * * * * *

"She's yours, young man! Such nerve, I know,
Will make up for your lack of Do."

MORAL.

Young man, don't mourn your dearth of kale.
Just persevere—you'll run the scale.

Suspicious.

Mrs. Talkalot—"Mrs. Dashaway says her house is full of antiques."

Mrs. Pneurich—"I knowed it was full of something. I seen 'em sprinkling insect powder around the other day."

Yesterday—— ——and to-day.

THE FARMER

A Flight of Fancy.

If people with a mental twist
The doctors cannot fix,
Supposed to be in Luna's power,
Are known as lunatics,
The man that has a flying bee
Amid his brain machinery
And loves among the clouds to stick
Must be an aeroplanitic.

Not Like Mother Made.

Johnny and his mother were dining with a friend. The first course was chicken soup with macaroni in it. The hostess watched Johnny as he sat quietly gazing into his plate. Finally she asked, "Why don't you eat your soup, Johnny?"

"I don't care for it, please, ma'am."

"But your mamma said you liked chicken soup."

"I do like mamma's chicken soup, but she don't put the windpipes in."

On a Diet.

Quizzo—"I understand that your friend Bronson is a vegetarian."

Quizzed—"Yes. He has such pronounced views on the subject that he married a grass widow."

Their View.

Mrs. Wayupp—"She says their family settled in Boston."

Mrs. Blase—"Not to hear the tradesmen there talk."

A Soft Berth.

Sympathetic lady—"Where did you sleep last night?"

Weary Wiggles—"In a coal bin, mum."

Sympathetic lady—"My gracious! How did you stand it? Wasn't it an awfully hard bed?"

Weary Wiggles—"No, mum. It wuz soft coal."

At Palm Beach.

"Seems to me it's awfully stupid here," remarked the transplanted Broadwayite. "Can't you rake up a little excitement?"

"Well, I might let you have your bill," suggested the hotel manager.

The Silenced Pretender.

Bilts—"Did you know that the oldest of Price's seven daughters had eloped?"

Siffert—"No. How was the old man affected?"

Bilts—"Oh, he took on dreadfully at first; then he found out that every one knew he had bought the girl's railroad ticket."

In South America.

First senorita—"She belongs to the most exclusive societies."

Second senorita—"Yes; she is a D. S. A. P.—Daughter of South American Peace. She can trace her descent from ancestors who lived in the two years when we didn't have any war."

REFLECTED GLORY.

Visitor—"Well, my little man, who are you?"
Little man—"I 'm the baby's brother."

Tabloid Sermons.

Be on the square—because it's right,
And then you sleep well, too, at night.

Here is a hint I'll give you cheap:
"Uneasy is the swindler's sleep."

Be patient, my son, as you go along;
But not too patient—or you're in wrong.

Of things gone "flui" and things passe,
The deadest of all is Yesterday!

If you would roll in coin and pelf,
Just keep your secrets to yourself.

—*Berton Braley.*

His Occupation.

Farmer Hornbeak—"What's your nephew, that graduated from college a spell ago, doin' now?"

Farmer Bentover—"Still colorin' a meerschaum pipe."

Innocent.

Poverty is a crime of which we cannot accuse the wealthy of being guilty.

A MAN OF LOVE LETTERS.

He—"I always had an ambition to become known as a man of letters."
She—"And never gratified it?"
He—"Oh, yes. But I didn't know how famous I was until my productions were read at a breach of promise case trial."

The Wonderful Kangaroo.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

THE KANGAROO is a large, able-bodied animal with an adipose tail and an anxious, care-worn expression of countenance. When standing the kangaroo sits on its hind legs and doubles up its forepaws like the fist of the wooden

"IT IS ONE OF THE MOST HOME-MADE LOOKING ANIMALS."

cigar-store Indian that grasps the neatly carved hunk of wood that is commonly supposed to represent either twelve cigars or a dozen stalks of short brown asparagus. The forelegs of the kangaroo, instead of trailing on the ground like the forelegs of the horse, are attached to the handsome beast up somewhere near the second story, just above the mezzanine floor, and are about as useful as the buttons on the tail of a coat.

The young of the kangaroo are smaller than the female adult. This is one of the most far-sighted provisions of nature, since the lady kangaroo wears on the front of her *robe de nuit* a pantaloon pocket into which the young kangaroolets hop when danger approaches. If the young of the kangaroo family were larger than the adults they could only enter the pocket with extreme difficulty, and the appearance of the graceful mother kangaroo would be sadly marred.

In the scale of beauty the kangaroo ranks between the wart hog and the toad. It is one of the most home-made looking animals. In general effect it looks as if the batter had not been quite thick enough when the kangaroo was put in the oven to bake.

Botanically, the kangaroo belongs to the hop family. Nothing is sweeter than to see a large swarm of kangaroos hopping over the steppes and mesas of their native Australia, the whole vast flock rising and falling in unison, while the playful kangaroo children leap from pocket to pocket.

Those who have studied the hopping apparatus of the kangaroo pronounce it a most perfect piece of mechanism. In hopping, the kangaroo presses its large and virile tail against the ground, digs its toes in the sand, takes a short reef in its back, and prepares to hop. It is then ready. At the moment it feels a hopping impulse, it pushes the earth with its tail, undigs its toes, unreefs its back, and away she goes, hoppety hop—hoppety hop—hoppety hop. Such thoughts as these make us marvel, indeed, at the glorious prodigality of nature, and such things.

The kangaroo can sit on the lower link of its left hind leg and scratch itself in the back of the head with its right hind toes. I have seen an otherwise staid and respectable kangaroo do this, with my own eyes. Even Theodore Roosevelt must pause and ponder before he attempts this feat, which is as nothing to the guileless and untutored kangaroo.

We should study the kangaroo before we allow ourselves to become proud and haughty, puffed up with ideas of our human superiority. This gentle creature

"HOPPETY HOP—HOPPETY HOP—HOPPETY HOP."

needs no baby carriage. It can sit down while standing up. Its eye is mild and its manner modest, and yet it can lift up its hind leg and kick a window in a Missouri mule before the mule has time to breathe its song of battle. The kangaroo is a gentle, guileless creature, and yet one side swipe of its tough tail

"'THAT'S NOTHINK BUT THEM SIXTEEN LAST GROGS YOU AND ME HAD.'"

could crush a red-headed dock-walloper into a plain, mushed-up desuetude.

The kangaroo was first discovered by Captain Cook in 1770, in Tasmania and eastern Australia. Upon discovering it, Captain Cook turned to his first mate.

"Hi say, Bill!" he said, with emotion. "Bally-lookin' hanimals a cove sees in these yere latitudes! What?"

"Right, oh, cap'n!" said the first mate heartily; "honly that ain't no hanimal. That's nothink but them sixteen last grogs you an' me had in the cabin this mornin', a-workin' to the surface."

For a few minutes the captain watched the young kangaroos jumping in and out of the mother's vest pocket, and then watched the whole cargo go loppety-lopping off across the plain.

"Plain water for me arter this, Bill!" he said solemnly, and from that day until his death he never touched another drop of grog.

That mysterious underground volcano discovered at the Culebra cut of the Panama canal is nothing but hot air escaping from the bottled-up wrath of Colombia.

NEARLY CORRECT.

"Look at the airyplane, Josh!"

"'Tain't no airyplane, Ezek; one o' them incorrigibles, I think they call 'em."

An Up-to-date Reason.

By CHARLES C. JONES

I CANNOT sing the old songs—
The songs of long ago;
My heart cries out for bold songs—
Familiar songs, I know.
But I don't sing them ever,
All blissful as of yore;
From them I'm forced to sever,
And thus it is I never
Poetically soar.

For Phyllis dotes on flying,
And so, with head awhirl,
I see—all else denying—
The aviator girl.
But lest, where wings are stinging,
She fly from me some day,
I'm forced to cease all singing
And learn to do my winging
In the new-fashioned way!

Cursory.

A huntsman called on Hodge to settle for damage done by a run to hounds, and found only Mrs. Hodge at home.

"Has your husband," he inquired, "m de an examination yet?"

"That he have, sir!" replied Mrs. Hodge, with a curtsey.

"Rather a cursory examination, I suspect?"

"Oh, dreadful, sir! Such langwidge I never heerd—never!" And the good woman held up her hands at the bare recollection.

Definitions.

Weather—A convenient handle with which to take hold of a conversation.

Collar Button—The pivot around which a man's toilet revolves.

Sausage—The link between man and beast.

Corsets—The straight and narrow way.

Ragtime Music—The universal slanguage of mankind.

A Woman's Hotel—A hencoop.

Thoughts—Things for which we would be arrested if they were known.

1912 Weddings—Examples of the efficiency of leap year.

Vaudeville—The hash of the dramatic bill of fare.

Foods—Groundlings with aeroplane ambitions.

Spring—The muzzle season for young poets.

Age—The sediment clogging the pipes of the fountain of youth.

Newspaper Enterprise.

City editor—"Hi, Sims!"

Sims (the reporter)—"Yes, sir."

City editor—"Go down to the hotel and interview that magnate and get his denial of the interview at the same time. Scoot, now!"

"OH, MAMMA! HERE COMES A SANDWICH."

An Elaborate Dinner.

"Was it an elaborate dinner?"

"Very."

"Plenty of champagne?"

"Flowed just like water. But that wasn't the chief display."

"That so? Were the favors unusual?"

"They were of solid gold. But what really attracted the most attention was that there seemed to be an unlimited supply of butter."

Sonnet to My Waiter.

Oh, minion, fleet as Mercury of old,
Who greetest me with smile and scrape and bow,
Thou art a man of mighty skill, I vow;
Insistent, yet not freshly overbold.
Thou sayest, "You really that must choose,
And this to-day is cooked extremely well";
And, though my eye on cheaper eats would dwell,
I dare not thy suggestions to refuse.
I would not have a waiter think me small
Or well-nigh broke, for then, mayhap, he'd sneer
Behind my back. I have a mortal fear
Of waiters' scorn. I can't stand that at all.
Come here, garcon; you've really served me right.
Please take this tip. (I'll foot it home to-night!)

"This is a dead beat," said the cop, as he made the rounds of the cemetery. And it came to pass that the graves yawned.

Beauty and Genius in the Theater.

The Magic of Maxine and the Necromancy of Sarah.

MAXINE ELLIOTT

WHEN Beauty exerts her charm on the stage—the noun should always be feminine—the critical notion that "art" should dominate dissolves in the witnessing mind, unless some atrophied critic, obsessed by younger memories, should be inclined to cavil at it. What do we know of the Peg Woffingtons, the Mistress Bellamys, and the Mistress Bracegirdles beyond what the enthusiastic portrait painters of their times have handed down to posterity? There are women on the stage to-day that type these and other physical marvels of the past, and they do not require to be strictly or dominantly artistic to be acclaimed—as long as beauty lasts.

An example? Well, who can say that Maxine Elliott shall not figure to future generations as the belles of the stage of older time figure to this generation? Miss Elliott has been prominent ever since she divorced that versatile dabbler in matrimony, Nat Goodwin. She was accepted in the theater before the Goodwin episode for a dazzling beauty; and Goodwin is a connoisseur. In the light of her physical radiance, critics as well as the public forgot to think or say anything very definite about her histrionism. Miss Elliott has long aspired to be "just an actress," and still in the intervals of her holiday-making aspires to be one. Where is she at the moment? Possibly coming back from the Durbar, to become an incidental ornament of which she was invited by distinguished persons not remote from royalty. What should she care, really, whether she is accepted as an actress or whether the mass privileged to do so merely gazes upon her and is thrilled by other means? Her more domestic and hardly less handsome sister, Gertrude, is appearing in a play called "White Magic." What a term that might be for the beauty of a fair woman! Maxine's name identifies a million-dollar theater in this capital. She maintains a great city house uptown, so near Fifth Avenue that it assimilates the atmosphere of that proud thoroughfare. She has a mansion in London, and her entourage might excite envy in the favorite of an Eastern potentate. White magic, indeed!

And yet there are women who get along very well on the stage without inspiring portrait painters to depict mere beauty or causing the public to forget that really there is something else legitimate to the theater. Who, for instance, will care to refrain from seeing Great-grandmother Bernhardt when she comes again next year, as probably she will, to renew her impressions of America and the revenues of her son Maurice? On May 20th, 1880, as she was breaking the traditions of the Comedie Francais by leaving that historic institution to earn more money—she received there but thirty thousand francs a year—she remarked that the thirty thousand might do very well for persons "who will play twenty years, forty years, or fifty years"; but that when one did not want to grow gray at the theater, it was necessary to earn more "and to live more rapidly." She asked if she should be one of these people "in twenty years," and said she didn't want to "grow old before the footlights." Ah, vanity, vanity! And yet Bernhardt is almost as young in spirit as she was thirty years ago, when she was moved to climb the masts of ships, to hunt big game, to fondle a growing tiger as other women would a lapdog, and to sleep in a coffin. One still hears of manifestations of her

SARAH BERNHARDT.

artistic temperament, but the tiger has grown up and naturally has been banished from the boudoir. The coffin? Well, the years work wonders.

Those Auto Horns.

Oh, these auto-squawkers' noises!
From their tooting and their shrieking
Soon we'll lose our equipoises
And asylums we'll be seeking.

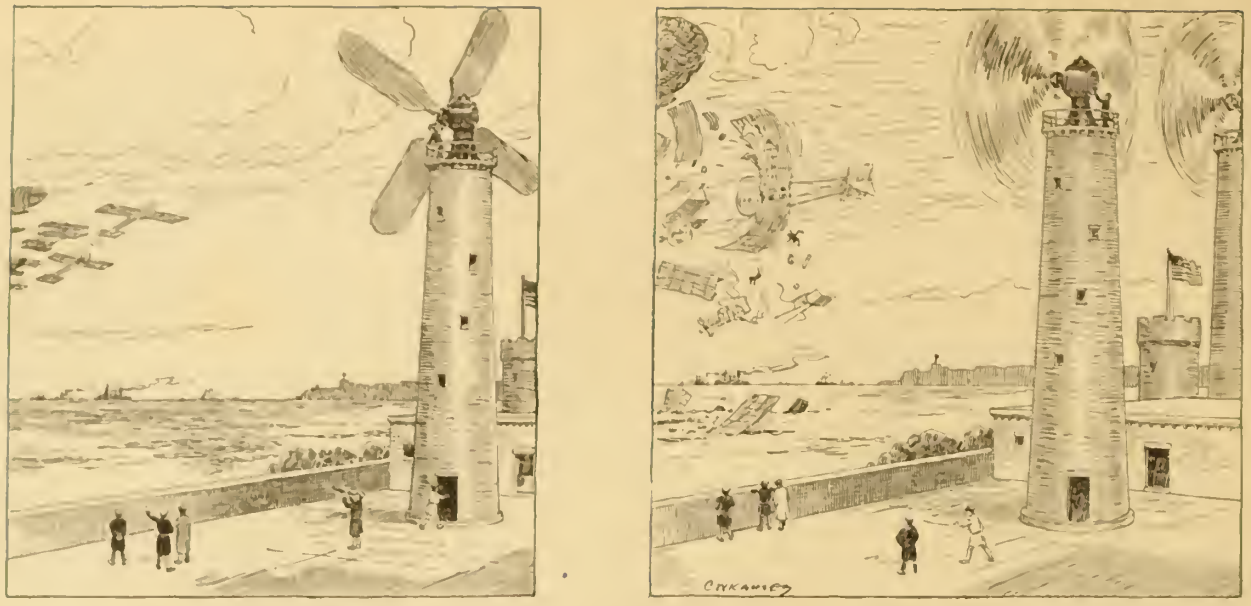
Honk horns with their bulbs of rubber
We can stand; they're not infernal,
But we're prone to sob and blubber
When from sleep, in hours nocturnal,

We are waked by raucous whistles;
And we long those auto drivers
To o'ertake with leaden missiles
And with tortures dire and divers.

When they reach the lower regions
And have ended earthly revels,
Let us hope that many legions
Of Old Nick's assistant devils

Each will take some sort of hooter,
That on earth now all the rage is,
And forninst their ears will toot 'er
Down through all the coming ages.

THE NEXT STEP?



COAST DEFENCE OF THE FUTURE—WINDING OFF A FLEET OF HOSTILE AIRSHIPS

Uncle Silas Goes to Grand Opera.

"HAOWDY, Silas?" said Lem Gilstrap, the postmaster and general merchant of Stringtown, as the person addressed entered his emporium. 'Heerd ye went tew the opery while ye wuz tew Noo York visitin' along Hiram's folks."

"Wall, I shud calklate I did," said Uncle Silas; "en I wunt never fergit it—no, sirree!"

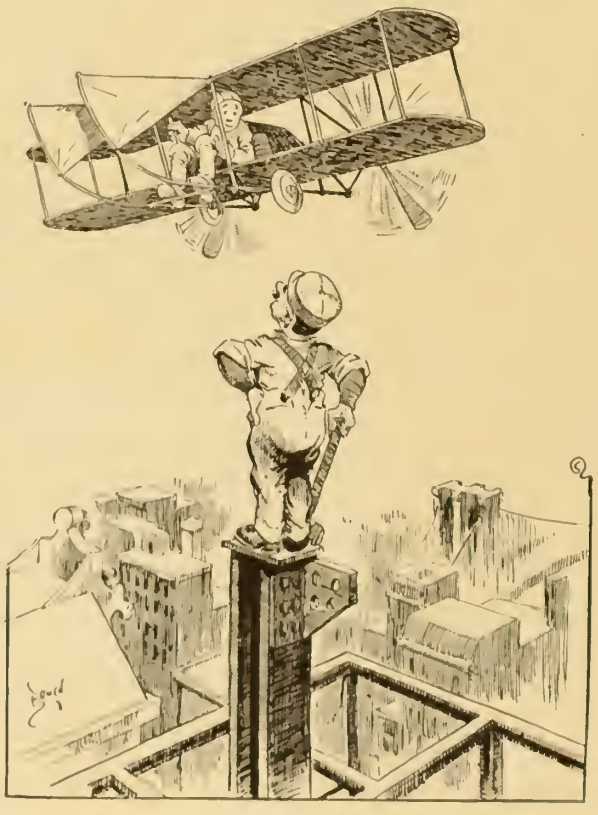
"What wuz it like? Can't ye tell us abaout it?" Lem asked. This suggestion was echoed by a half-dozen other Stringville citizens who were grouped around the comfortable-looking stove in the rear of the store, where they daily congregated in the winter season for the mental recreation gotten from the interchange of profound ideas

"What wuz it like?" repeated Uncle Silas, seating himself on an inviting and centrally located nail keg "It warn't like nothin'. It wuz the tarnationest lot uv crazy carryin's on thet I ever heerd tell on. Cum purty nigh supper-time, Hiram, he sez tew me 'Dad,' he sez, 'I hev tew tickets fer the opery to-night; hut ye can't wear them cloze,' he sez. 'Ye'll hev tew hev evenin' cloze.' The nearest thing I hed tew evenin' cloze wuz night cloze, but I sez, 'I've got a biled shirt in the valeese thet yer ma done up last year. I've only hed it on five er six times, en it hain't dirty yit,' I sez. 'I'll put thet on, en turn my vest back under my gallusses, en pin up my black meetin' coat soz it'll look jest like yourn.' I sez But Hi, he sez we'd hev tew go to a costoom rentin' place en hire one.

"Wall, I faound one thet wud a fit me fine ef it hadder ben 'haout six sizes bigger. The pants wuz so tight yew cud see my verricose veins clean through 'em, en the sleeves uv the coat quit so high up et purty nigh all uv my knit wristers wuz showin'. Ef they'd a ben white 'stid uv red, it wouldn't a ben so bad. 'Baout eight o'clock Hiram he hired us one uv them taxin' cabs. They wuz a little dingus onto it tew tell us haow far we wuz travelin', en I'll be durned ef we didn't kiver eighty miles in less'n ten minnits Jeerusalem, haow them things kin scoot!

"The opery house wuz purty nigh full up when we got thar, but the manager knowed Hiram en I wuz comin', I reckon, cuz they'd kep us tew good seats The manager, he sez, 'Cum right down in the orchestry'; but I tole Hi I didn't want tew set with the fiddlers en all them, so the manager he giv us seats in the front pew instid. He sez, 'Ere, gentlemen, you're in Hay.' Thet made me a little mite mad, but Hi, he sez the feller wuz an Englishman en hed his aitches dislocated, and thet he meant A I wuz sorry thet he hed tew be managin' when he hed thet trouble, but I didn't say no more abaout it.

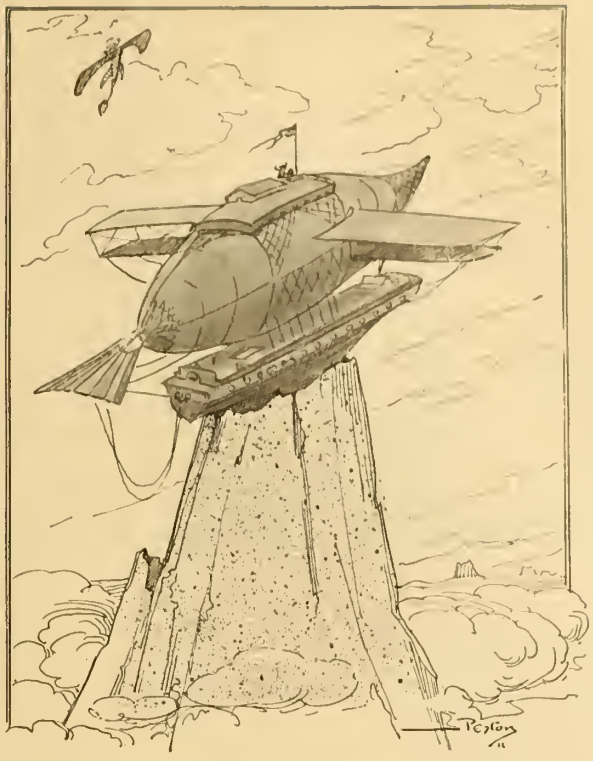
"Wall, they wuz a woman settin' in front uv me thet purty nigh spilt the hull opery. When she'd tuck off her coat she'd made a mistake en took her waist along with it She hedn't a stitch left onto her back but a pair uv silk galluses, but she didn't seem ter



BOTH—"Gee! what a nerve he has"

keer a durn. I thot mebby she wuz so excited 'baout seein' the opery thet she didn't know what she'd done, en I wuz goin' tew tell 'er; but Hi, he sez tew leave her alone, so I hed tew set thar en watch the show over her bare back. I'd a hated tew see Mirandy settin' thar like thet.

"Then the opery commenced. It wuz the drattedest thing I ever see. The actors en actresses kep' singin' while they wuz actin'. You cud a heerd them a-singin' frum yere up tew Stringtaown Corners. Hiram, he sez the name uv the opery wuz 'Twist 'Em en a Soldier,' er sum sech fool name like thet. They didn't sing no toons, en one wouldn't wait 'tell another got done. Sometimes they wuz six singin' tew oncet, all different. One fat feller nigh busted, he got so mad at a woman 'et kep' singin when he wanted her to quit. I reckon he wuz full. They say them actor folks drinks like fishes. Sometimes most on 'em 'd go aout, en leave one feller en his woman. Seems like they wuz lonesome, cuz they'd commence bawlin' en kissin'. It didn't do 'em no good tew try tew talk, cuz they wuz foreigners, en cudn't onderstand each other nohow. Them folks kep' up their didoes fer nigh onto three hours, en I got tarnation sleepy; but ever oncet in a while some one'd let out a war-whoop, then I'd open my eyes en glanct at thet woman's naked back in front uv me, en the shock'd keep me awake sum time.



THE RETURN OF THE DOVE—A.D., 3824

"Wall, they got tuckered aout en quit arter a while, en I wuz glad it wuz over. I heerd the woman in front uv me say tew her man, 'Isn't Gatticazzazi a lallapaloosa?' So the poor woman, I see, wuz crazy as tunket. Probly she didn't know she wuz ondressin' thetaway, en her man orter hev told her.

"Opery may be grand fer them as likes it, but I'd ruther hear our choir daown tew the meetin' house sing, 'When the Roll Is Called up Yender,' then tew hear en see all the grand operys they is in the hull kentry."

Diamond Dust.

The first step of bachelors to secure better quarters should be to look around for better halves.

Keep a friend—don't marry him.

None but the braids preserve the hair.

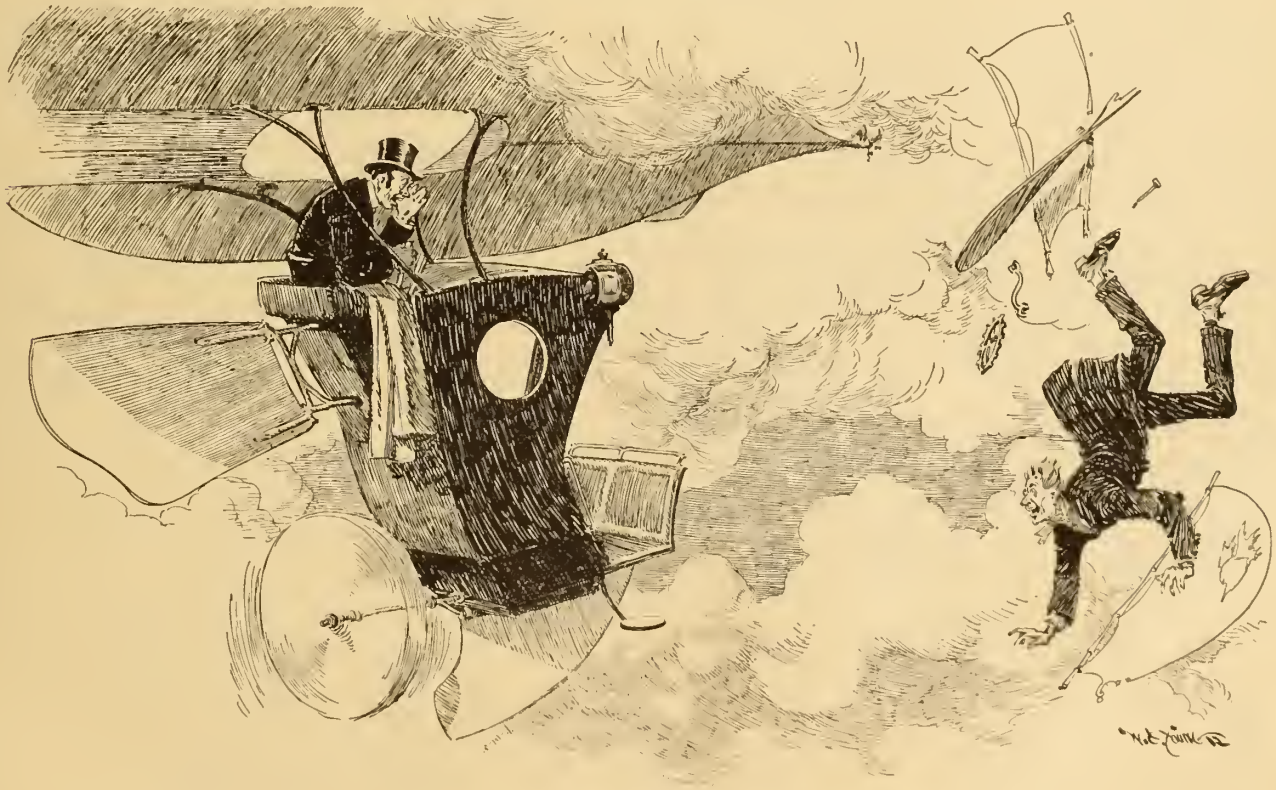
Beauty that is not skin deep will rub off.

It is often true that the dentist feeds himself better with your teeth than you do yourself.

It Usually Does.

"Has marriage brought about a great change in Bilkins?"

"No; it has made *small* change."



"CAB, SIR! CAB?"

HOW AGGRAVATING.

Brown—"I saw a man drop twenty stories the other day, and it was a caution the way he swore."

Greene—"Swore after dropping twenty stories?"

Brown—"Yes. They were in a magazine he had just bought, and he dropped it in the mud."

HOME FROM THE MASQUERADE.

Why Books Multiply.

IN THE first place, Scribbleton writes a book called "The Husbands of Lucy." It scores a big success, and a reporter from the *Daily Grind* interviews the author. Other reporters come, till the writer begins to wonder why he cannot do something in that line himself. He gets out another volume, "How I Came To Write 'The Husbands of Lucy.'" Then Littleman Lackcopy publishes one entitled "The Home Life of Scribbleton, Author of 'The Husbands of Lucy,'" and Susan Spoilpaper takes her pen in hand and produces "The Character of Lucy: Is She Typical?"

Next Albert Alsoran comes out with "Scribbleton—An Appreciation," and J. Jumpupp calls his "Is Scribbleton Overrated?" Scribbleton is pretty sure he is not overrated, and he likes the taste of royalties; so he tries again, calling it "Moonlight on the Highway: A Sequel to 'The Husbands of Lucy.'" In the meantime Oliver Goldsmith Sneakaround has published "The Debt Scribbleton Owes to Wrightenwell."

After a while Scribbleton dies and his wife breaks into print with "Some Unfinished Stories by Scribbleton, Edited by His Wife." Isaac Inkslinger perpetrates "The Scribbleton I Knew," and J. Jones Gumshoe "Scribbleton's Love Affairs." The reporter who first wrote him up steps to the front with "Scribbleton and Other Celebrities I Have Interviewed." Then appear "Scribbleton's Place in Literature," by Bookworm Research, and "Scribbleton's Letters," by Bronson Bodysnatcher.

There is no knowing how far it might go, but, fortunately, a new author appears, whose book makes even a greater stir than Scribbleton's; so Scribbleton and "The Husbands of Lucy" are relegated to the background, for the present at least, while the crowd goes through the same performance with the new man.

—*Walter G. Doty.*

Soft drink turneth away guests.

THE WORM AND THE BUTTERFLY.

SATISFIED WITH HIMSELF.

Scarecrow (proudly)—"Ha! I can even scare the big ones away."

The Passionate Aviator.

(Three hundred years after Kit Marlowe.)

Come, fly with me and be my love,
And we'll skyhoot through realms above;
We'll sail as high as we can go—
For love on land is now too "slow."

We'll take a spin among the stars,
And spend our honeymoon on Mars;
Then, when the year gets round to June,
We'll do our spooning in the moon.

For us Niagara has no charms;
Mundane resorts are "false alarms."
Let others hike to hills or bay—
We'll skim adown the Milky Way.

The Evening Star shall be our lamp,
And Sirius shall guard our camp;
Orion shall be there to keep
The Bears from breaking up our sleep.

In wind-swept space we shall enjoy
Our love without earth's base alloy.
So fly with me and be my love,
And we shall all the pleasures prove.

—*John Northern Hilliard*

New Variety.

Barely had the caterpillar settled himself to eat, however, than he was touched on the shoulder by an attendant, who held out a plate in a significant manner.

"What!" exclaimed the caterpillar indignantly.

The attendant pointed to an indicator. "This," quoth he quietly, "is a taxicabbage!"

Any Port in a Storm.

"But, George," said Mrs. Bjones, "I cannot go to the theater with you to-night. I have nothing to wear."

"That's all right, dear," said Bjones. "Put it on and we'll go to the opera."

Method in Their Modesty.

"Aviators appear to be a modest set."

"They probably appreciate the truth of the adage, 'Pride goes before a fall.'"

When Money Took Wings.

Comedian—"Did the ghost walk?"

Soubrette—"No; it was an aviation comedy, and the ghost flew after the first week."

LOVE'S VEHICLES

By J. A. WALDRON

WHEN Love his shining mark has set
For happiness on maid and man,
No opposition ever yet
Their plans has foiled since time began.

That fervid phrase, "Oh, fly with me!"
Has similars in every tongue.
It voices Love's emergency
Whenever sighed, whenever sung.

Eloping always is a game
That lovers play to lead the van.
Pursuers either pull up lame
Or figure with the "also ran."

Love's purpose in the olden days
Laughed at the drawbridge and the moat,
For there are always many ways
To get the opposition goat.

No night so dark, no road so rough,
No sun so hot, no day so cold,
But that the lover bold enough
Can conquer troubles manifold.

And on the backs of fiery steeds
Full many a pair has got away,
While wagons and velocipedes
Or other means have won the day.

In arctic regions dog-sleds glide
The fur-clad couples on their way;
And on the backs of camels ride
Your desert lovers as they may.

No land lacks locomotive means
When lovers make their plans to flee,
And naught effective intervenes
To head them off by land or sea.

But lovers now more favored are
Than lovers were with cruder aids.
For many use a motor car
And scorch away to happy glades.

And those who in the future fail
To find a horse or catch a train
Will simply look aloft and hail
Some traffic-seeking aeroplane.

Variations of an Old Maxim.

Eternal activity is the price of public notice.—*The Man Who Knows.*

Eternal straddling is the price of a second term.—*The Present Incumbent.*

Eternal contribution is the price of immunity.—*The In-bad Interests.*

Eternal invention of new issues is the price of existence.—*The Party Leaders.*

Eternal importunation for votes is the price of citizenship.—*The Voter.*

Eternal diligence is the price of the price.—*The Consumer.* —Louis Schneider.

Spring Love Song.

Model 1912.

Oh, love, my love, let us away
Along the pleasant roads of May,
To view the vernal scene!
New-model cars bloom freshly fair,
While mingles with the balmy air
The smell of gasoline!

Come, love, my love! The honk-bird calls
Away from city streets and walls
To rural stream and mead.
Youth's gay abandon in the blood,
We'll saunter forth by field and wood
At fifty h. p. speed!

Or, love, my love, if haply you
Some newer curves prefer to do,
My duoplane I'll bring,
And, rivaling the sylvan elves,
We'll do some Ariel turns ourselves,
This jocund morn of Spring!

Frederick Moxon.

The world exacts exorbitant space rates of advertised Virtue.

THE WHOLE WORLD TO THEMSELVES.

Womanly Intuition.

Mrs. Flatleigh—"The new family upstairs have a lot of money, but they used to be very poor and ordinary."

Mr. Flatleigh—"How do you know? Have you called on them?"

Mrs. Flatleigh—"No; but there was a half-eaten broiled lobster and a whole Camembert cheese in their garbage can on the dumb waiter this morning."

A Soft Answer.

He (triumphantly, reading from a newspaper)—"'Suffragist speaker heckled by geese at a county fair.' Ha, ha! Even the geese are against woman suffrage, my dear!"

She (contemptuously)—"That's because they *are* geese."

TAKING ON THE PILOT

D U M

E S (?)

When Princeton's Tiger on the field
Meets rivalry, then flies the fur;
But when the Princeton Girl he sees
His roars and growls turn to a purr.

A Leap-year Man to His Father.

Coteswold-in-the-Hills.

DEAR FATHER—When you pawned the last piece of the family plate in order that I might be suitably appareled for the Van Dyrck's house party, I realized that something must be done. I did it.

Last night, in a dim-lit corner of the conservatory, Senatoress Bardick laid her name and fortune at my feet. The sudden relaxation was too much for my overwrought nerves; I cried a little, and she took me in her arms and kissed the tears away, believing that I wept with happiness.

Though the Senatoress—Betty sounds too familiar—is more than twice my age, she is hale and hearty and very distinguished in appearance. Also she is brainy, chivalrous, and has a reputation for clean-living almost as good as that which she would demand of the man she married. Rumor says that she was perfectly lovely to her first husband—that he never had a wish ungratified. At love-making, the younger women are miles behind her. Gallant, solicitous of my comfort, exquisitely tender in her expressions of sentiment, she gauges my moods so accurately that she is never too ardent, nor yet too cold. I should not be surprised if I fell in love with her.

While we have not settled everything yet, the Senatoress has promised that I shall not have any domestic or paternal cares. We are to live at the Scaldorf-Wastorious, and travel as much as her official duties will permit. She is to settle a million dollars upon me, and I am to retain my latch-key and as much liberty as the conventions sanction. She solemnly promises not to be jealous, as old wives usually are of their young husbands.

I'm sure she will be good and kind to me, and I shall make her a dutiful husband. So we ought to be happy.

Good-night, dad. You can have sweeter dreams, now that my future is assured. Your affectionate son,

Percy.

Caught It.

One evening last week, when I called on Babette,
I found her with whooping cough badly upset.
She said, "It's unpleasant, now, take it from me!"
I did—and I'm whooping this morning, you see.

A Good Reason.

Jab—"Why do they call this brand of buttons 'Old Maid's Wedding'?"

Dab—"Because they never come off."

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

Flora—"I am positive George loves me and intends to make me his wife."

Dora—"Why? Has he proposed yet?"

Flora—"No; but he dislikes mother more every time he sees her."

Another Line of Business.

"For years and years I wrote poetry," remarked the affluent-looking stranger. "I wrote it until I was forced by cold and hunger to take up a commercial line."

"What was that?"

"Writing verses."

Careless.

He thought his little gift would please.
It only made her sore—
He hadn't taken off this tag,
"From five and ten cent store."

Presenting the Pessimist.

By CHARLES C. JONES

The pessimist is a serious sort of person. He attends all funerals in spirit—even as the little old woman in the black bonnet and shawl attends them in person. He proclaims to anybody who will listen that the coroner has sat upon hope, and that hope is deader than Pokeville on Sunday afternoon. Yet, in the gloomy shadow of the belief that there is no more hope, he hopes for the worst. He is the acme of inconsistency.

If any pessimist ever managed to get by Saint Peter—who was himself a pessimist of parts upon one occasion, but refuses to crow over it—he would kick because the light from his halo hurt his eyes. It is also probable that many pessimists complain of too much light in the other port of missing men.

The pessimist is sure that love is a delusion and bitter to the taste. He is just as sure that there is no such thing as love; yet he is, and has always been, in love—with himself.

There never was a sincere, consistent pessimist; because, if any pessimist be sincere enough to be consistent, he discovers immediately that he cannot be a proper pessimist without being optimistic about the possibilities of pessimism. When this happens, the pessimist ties his face in a hard knot and looks over his shoulder to see if anybody caught him at it.

In other words, a pessimist is an optimist who is afraid to laugh at himself.

Watered Stock.

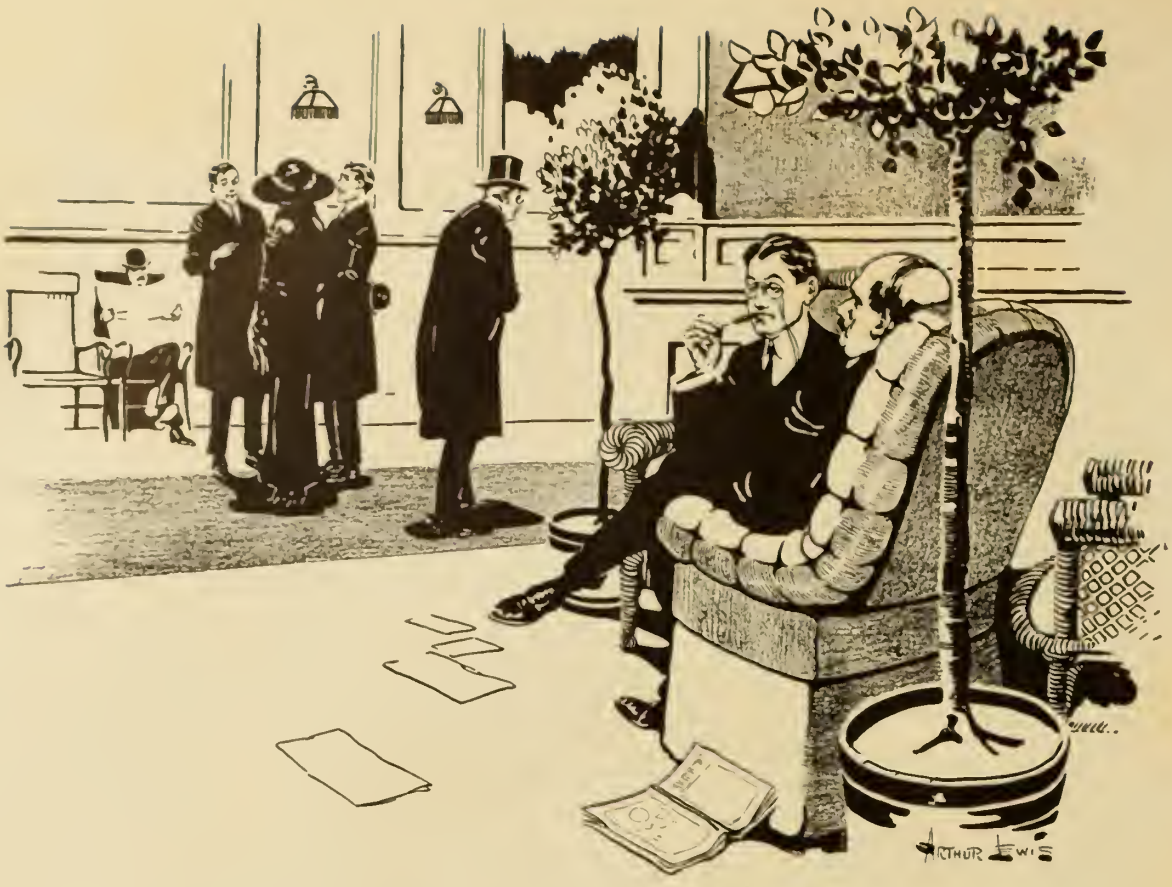
"Yes, I was once a member of a stock company that was put out of business in rather a curious way."

"How did it happen?"

"We had put on a tank drama, and one night the tank burst, nearly drowning everybody on the stage."

"Another case of too much watering of the stock, eh?"

It is rumored that the little German babies call for their "mudder" and "fodder" at the same time.



MADE AN ENEMY.

Bachelor—"There goes the Rev. Hitchem; know him?" *Benedict*—"Not since he married me to my present wife."

A Dramatic Critic's Confession.

I'M A CRITIC of the drama.
The absorbing panorama
On the stage enacted nightly do I witness sans expense.
Sometimes sadly, sometimes gayly,
I review them in my daily.
It is mine to make or break them—I'm a man of consequence.

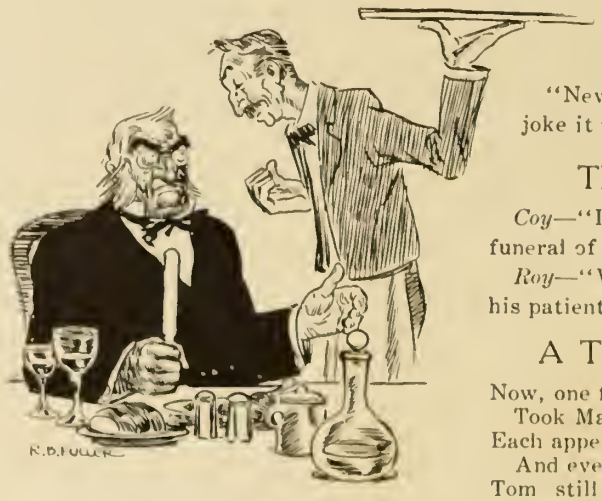
If I've had a royal dinner,
I am apt to dub a winner
The show that I attend that night, no matter what it's worth;
But if pained with indigestion,
There is very little question
But what my criticism will of mercy show a dearth.

I'm a man of moods a-plenty,
I possess eighteen or twenty,
And so I'm not responsible for many things I say;
But my catchy style of writing
Is satirical and biting,
And people like to read my stuff, though brickbat or bouquet.

So I boost 'em and I roast 'em,
And the public—well, I post 'em.
Each word I say they swallow, and accordingly they act.
Managerial ensemble
Do I cause to fear and tremble
(And sometimes they approach me with diplomacy and tact).

But I'm mostly on the level,
And in raising hob I revel;
I love to crowd the theaters, or empty them, at will.
And I'll make this revelation—
It's my own great reputation
That is first to be considered. And my conscience? It is nil.

—*Knarf Remlap.*



NO DESSERT.

Guest—"When was this chicken killed?" *Watter*—"We don't furnish dates with chickens, sir. Only bread and butter."

Looking on the Bright Side.

"George," she cried, putting her arms around his neck and sobbing upon his breast, "something awful has happened!"

"There, dear, don't worry!" he replied, patting her tenderly on the cheek. "What is the trouble?"

"The judge has decided that my former husband is to have possession of the children."

"Never mind, dearie. Think of the joke it will be on his wife!"

There's a Reason.

Coy—"How few people attended the funeral of Dr. Pillman!"

Roy—"Well, they do say that most of his patients went before him."

A Table d'Hote Dinner.

Now, one fine day, young Tommy A.
Took Mamie R. to dine.
Each appetite was keen, oh, quite!
And everything was fine.
Tom still ate steak when May had reached
Her demi-tasse cup.
Now, say, how long d'you think it took
For Tomatoketchup? —*Grace Pomeroy.*

BLIND TO THE WORLD.

A moment's respite from the pressure of business.

Keeping People Guessing.

"I AM not a candidate."

"But, colonel," I protested, "I don't give a rap whether you are a candidate or not; I want to know whether you will be one."

"Great Scott!" he retorted, with evident displeasure. "Haven't I told you plainly that I am not a candidate?"

One Better.

Nip—"Bones is speaker of the house, and only thirty!"

Tuck—"That's nothing! My wife became speaker of the house as soon as I married her, and she was only twenty-two."

Debutante (being introduced)—"Pardon me! Is it Miss or Mrs. de Long?"

Old maid—"Miss—by choice."

Pastoral Limericks.

A maiden yclept Adelaide
To climb up a peach tree essayed;
I chanced to be there,
And I really declare
That a very good showing she made.

Another one, known as Hortense,
Attempted to scale a high fence.
I was passing that way,
And I really must say
She displayed very poor common sense.

A lady's red skirt was turned toward
A bull who terrific'ly roared;
I saw it, did I,
And remarked with a sigh,
"That skirt will be beautifully gored!"

A lady, decidedly fat,
In a hammock contentedly sat.
I was motoring by,
And this comment made I,
"There is really quite something in that!"

—C. G. G.

He Got a Job.

Editor—"You seem to think that, because you were the champion hammer-thrower at college, you could fit into a magazine office. Why not try a blacksmith shop?"

Applicant—"I thought you might need me to help throw the poets downstairs."

Fountain of Youth.

Lovely woman is resourceful;
When she finds she's badly mated,
She hastens to Nevada,
Comes back happy, Reno-vated.

Impractical.

Coombs—"He is a very ingenious inventor."

Nallins—"But exceedingly impractical. His last creation is an automatic safety attachment for an electric chair."

E A R .

STAGE FOLKS WE ADMIRE

LILLIAN LORRAINE,

(With Eddie Foy, in "Over the River.")

Lillie, a source of unending delight,
Bewitching of figure, as spry as a sprite
'Twixt you and your charge there 's no
difference at all,
For you are yourself a most beautiful
doll.

CHRISTINE NIELSEN,

in "The Wedding Trip"

Merry maid of many wiles,
We like your ways, we like your
smiles,
This trip, of which we 've heard so
much,
Has surely gotten you in "Dutch."

SALLIE FISHER,

in "Modest Suzanne"

A winner are you, modest Sallie,
With cheeks like the rose of the val-
ley;
In the matter of fun
You 're a hit and a run,
In fact, a home run and a tally.

ANN MURDOCK,

in "Excuse Me."

No need to ask "How old is Ann?"
Your youth doth quite enthuse me,
That coal-black hair and profile rare
Fill me with — oh, excuse me!

IN PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

The Poets.

(With compliments to Mr. Kipling.)

By CAROLYN WELLS.

I'VE taken my lore where I've found it;
  I've read an' I've ranged in my time;
I've 'ad my pickin' o' poets,
  An' four o' the lot was prime.
One was in Sufi apparel,
  One was a club-footed Beau,
One was a parson named Carroll,
  An' one is a man I know.

Now, I aren't no 'and with the poets,
  For, takin' it all along,
You can't write like them till you've tried it,
  An' then you are like to be wrong.
There's times when you'll think you're a genius,
  There's times when you'll know as you're not;
But the things you can lift as their pages you sift
  Will 'elp you along quite a lot!

I was a young 'un at writin',
  Shy as a kid to begin;
A poet named Flynx got me goin',
  An' Flynxy was clever as sin.
Then I fell in with R. Browning—
  Some of 'is meanin's was dim—
But 'e came up to time with 'is rhythm an' rhyme,
  An' I learned about writin' from 'im.

Then I run up against Shakespeare—
  'E wrote quite jolly, I thought;
They called 'im a bard, an' I studied 'im 'ard,
  Till some tricks of 'is trade I had caught.
Kipling was also some useful,
  An' Pope, though 'is poems was prim;
But the way was more clear when I piped Edward Lear,
  An' I learned about writin' from 'im.

Then, next, I grew sort o' romantic—
  Yearned 'long o' Shelley an' Keats;
Jes' fairly wallowed in Swinburne—
  Reeled off the drivel in sheets.
Come 'long a feller named Dobson—
  He knew how to tinker an' trim!
An' another man came—we won't mind 'is name—
  But I learned about writin' from 'im.

I've taken my lines where I've found 'em,
  I've ravaged my favorite shelf;
But the more you 'ave loved of the others,
  The less you will care for yourself.

An' the end of it's sittin' an' scribblin'
  An' dreamin' of great things to be;
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not),
  An' learn about writin' from me.

What did the editor gentleman think?
  Nobody never knew.
Somebody asked the office girl,
  An' she told 'em true.
When you get to a pome in the case,
  They're like as a row o' pins—
For Mr. John Milton an' a spring poet liltin'
  Are brothers under their skins.

UNDER DURESS.

He—"I often kissed you when you were a baby."

She—"Well, I couldn't help myself then."

Back to Childhood, Nit!

A member of Congress from Ohio—nameless here by request—was complaining about his health.

"What's the matter?" inquired a friend.

"Oh, I don't know. I'm nervous, I guess, and I have the worst kind of time getting to sleep when I go to bed."

"Why don't you try the childhood method of counting sheep as they jump the fence? That will put you to sleep, all right."

"I've tried it, and it won't work."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, just as soon as I begin to count the sheep I get to thinking about Schedule K, and then sleep is out of the question. Give me an easier one."

About.

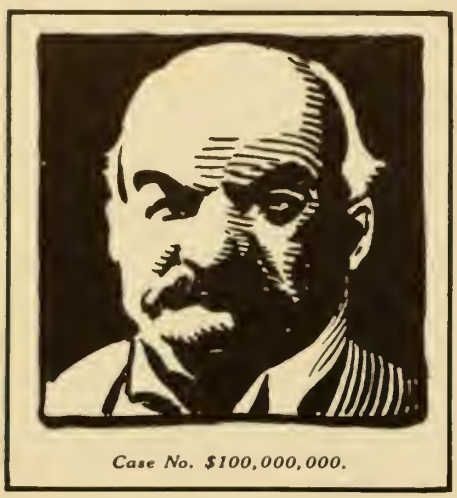
"What did Gabbley talk about, at the banquet last night?"

"It seemed about three hours."

C. G. NOSTERRAG, CHIEF OF DETECTIVES.

[Since the institution of this department, we have been overrun with requests to undertake the solution of public and private mysteries. We must draw the line somewhere, so would state that we shall not restore lost husbands, find mates for spinsters, or attempt to point out those guilty of bringing about the high cost of living. We shall hereafter confine ourselves to laying bare the secrets of the captains of industry, politics, literature, and scandal, and feel sure that if we do this thoroughly the entire time of our able corps will be utilized.]

CASE No. $100,000,000—Not a member of the Socialist party. Commenced life without a cent in his pocket, April 7th, 1837. Soon had to have accordion-pleated extensions built in all his trousers. Was never known to make any money, as he preferred to let others make it for him. Has always suffered from the disease of reorganizationitis, having reorganized everything from Sunday schools to a billion-dollar steel corporation. Can ride for nothing on fifty thousand miles of railroads and fifty-seven different varieties of steamship lines. The only work he has ever done has been in the line of collecting furniture, pictures, books, rugs, and other second-hand chattels. Much of this merchandise he has stored in the American Museum of Natural History, Metropolitan Museum, and other fireproof buildings. He could sell these things in any good second-hand store or pawnshop, but does not seem to need the money. Some time ago he built a large hospital in New York, but, finding that he had no personal use for it, he presented it to the public. He saved up during an entire year and bought a yacht, with which he won a spacious cup, an ornamental receptacle that is convenient in any household. This service has shadowed him for some time and found him sober, honest and a very present help to his country in time of trouble.



Case No. $100,000,000.

CASE No. 71265 — Nationality, Scotch. Occupation, steel and philanthropy. Hobbies, golf, libraries, peace, and repartee. Why JUDGE'S bureau should have been employed to shadow this case is a mystery. He has never had his picture in the rogue's gallery, nor has he been apprehended in any crime more serious than occasional assaults on the risibilities of grand jury investigators. His ambition to die poor may be looked upon as a species of insanity, but it is of a harmless type. By working evenings this busy man has succeeded in writing a number of books, and, contrary to precedent, he had no trouble in finding a publisher for the first one. These books may be found on the shelves of nearly all our public libraries, and feather dusters or vacuum cleaners will be furnished by the attendants. His attempts to ruin the gunpowder industry are looked upon with disfavor by the manufacturers of that commodity, and they may have been the source of the order for this investigation, as it was received anonymously.

Case No. 71265.

CASE No. 8654 — This man first began to make trouble in Primrose, Wis., in 1855. During the first year of his life he yelled and found fault constantly, and he has been at it continually ever since. He was found guilty of having a father named Josiah, but it was proved later that this crime was unpremeditated. He disliked hard work, so took up law. Later he fell still lower and became a politician. Having taken a course in manual training when a youth, he made himself useful by helping to frame the McKinley bill. He did a very artistic job and obtained special mention in his home paper. Later he was sentenced to the capitol of Wisconsin, where he served a term of seven years, being released in 1905 for good behavior, and at once broke into the Senate at Washington. The Senate took his little joke good-naturedly and taught him to do clever tricks for their amusement. In 1908 he had a narrow escape from being nominated for President. This experience affected him strangely, causing him to commit his most serious offense, that of giving public concerts with the aid of his own horn. This agency is attempting to have him placed under bonds to keep the peace.

Case No. 8654.

Father's Definition.

"NOW that you have seen the error of your ways," said the young man's father, "I hope that you will decide upon a new course."

"Oh, yes, I've made up my mind to do that."

"Well, what do you propose to do first?"

"I thought I might make a good beginning by getting you to let me have about a hundred dollars."

"That isn't a beginning. It's the limit."

Heredity.

"I knew her father when he used to go about with his trousers held up by one suspender."

"She must take after him, then."

"Why so?"

"At the opera, last night, she wore a gown that was held up by one strap, over her left shoulder."

Qualified.

"The man I marry," she said, making no effort to conceal the fact that she considered herself a patrician, "must have a family back of him."

"Oh, I can fulfill that requirement all right," he confidently replied. "I've gone away ahead of any of my relatives."

New to Him.

After he had tried for a moment to get his key inserted in the keyhole, he stepped back and leaned against the side of the vestibule. Then he scratched his head in perplexity and said,

"It'sh shtrange! I never knew before that we had one of theshe revolvin' doorsh here."

"Pretty close figurer?"

"I should say so! She tried to get trading stamps with her Red Cross seals."

Tom and Puss.

Dorothy was the sister and Freddie was the brother, but the order should have been reversed to have satisfied the characters of the two children, for Dorothy was a scream, while Freddie was only a whisper.

"Gracious, Dorothy!" exclaimed a visitor, after one of her audacious athletic stunts. "You ought to be a boy!"

"I am boy," she replied proudly; "a regular tomboy! Mamma says so."

"But Freddie is the boy of the family."

"Well," she sniffed in scorn, "if he is, he's only a pussy boy."

—*William J. Lampton*

The Reason.

On Nineteen Eleven we look with regret,
For Nineteen Twelve's but a youngster yet.

Every-day Buy Words

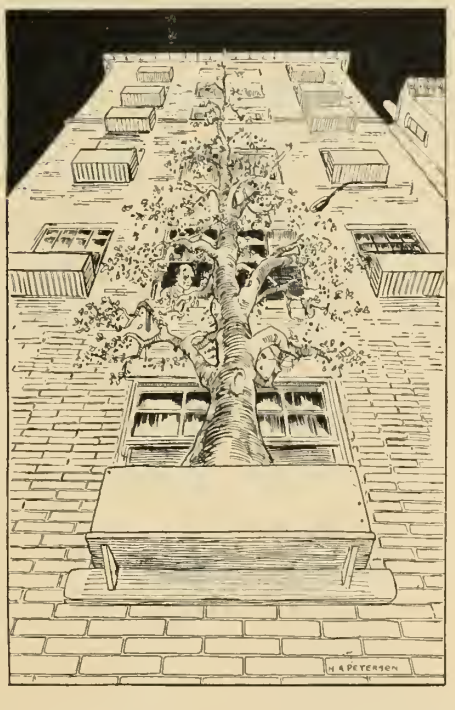
"What is it worth?"

A Bit of Batty Botany.

By CARLETON G. GARRETSON.

THE CHERRY.

THE CHERRY is a very decent little fruit, said to have evoluted from the prune—something that it was perfectly justified in doing. A Roman named Lucullus discovered the cherry when it was not doing very well, and introduced it into Europe, where it immediately bucked up and became respectable. One branch of the cherry family insists on being wild and has a penchant (pronounced pawn chaw) for Manhattan cocktails. You can sober up a Manhattan cherry by hanging it in the sun and letting it dry for a few weeks. After this treatment it should be fed to the chickens, as the children will not care for it. Those who contemplate propagating cherries in window boxes should choose a deep, light, loamy soil and a southern exposure. After the tree has been planted for a year, cut back each branch to about one foot in length. Encourage surface rootings by top dressings, preferably French or mayonnaise. If the cherries prove to be choke cherries, you should drive the tree back into the window box with a large wooden mallet and speak harshly to the florist who sold you the bulbs. Never attack your cherry tree with a hatchet, as this act would result in your being accused of plagiarism. When the tree gets one hundred feet high, it should be removed from the window box, as it will obstruct the view of the families upstairs and perhaps cause them to criticise you to the janitor. Candied cher-



ries are fashionable confections appreciated only by the manufacturers. The cherry is best when perfectly raw. When done up in a pie, both the pie and the cherry are ruined. Maraschino cherries are of foreign extraction and are interchangeable at par with gold nuggets, eggs, and other valuable curiosities. The class should now be able to tell a cherry, both anywhere and anything. Bibliography, any good unexpurgated life of Washington.

The following sonnetine may be used with telling effect as a toast in the early stages of a banquet. You have the permission of the author to state that you composed it yourself. In fact, the author dares you to so state.

Oh, cherry, in my cocktail deep immersed,
I'd hate to be as pickled as thou art!
I fear my power of speaking would depart
And I'd appear, forsooth, quite at my worst.
But, cherry, as I look at thee, I think
How thou hast done a kindly turn to me—
Thou takest space that otherwise would be
Booze-filled, thus tempering my drink.

They tell me thou art going out of style,
That folks of late prefer their cocktails dry
And cherryless. Let them thus choose, but I
Will still prefer thee swimming in my "smile."
Oh, cherry, though thou hast a stony heart,
I'm very prone to take thee as thou art.

WHEN VELMA READS.

When Velma reads the printed page
  Her thoughts are flying here and there;
For hers, forsooth's, the flighty age—
  Her mind is everywhere,

When Velma reads of course she thinks,
  Though little of her open book—
She dreams of dances, skating-rinks,
  Of drive and quiet nook.

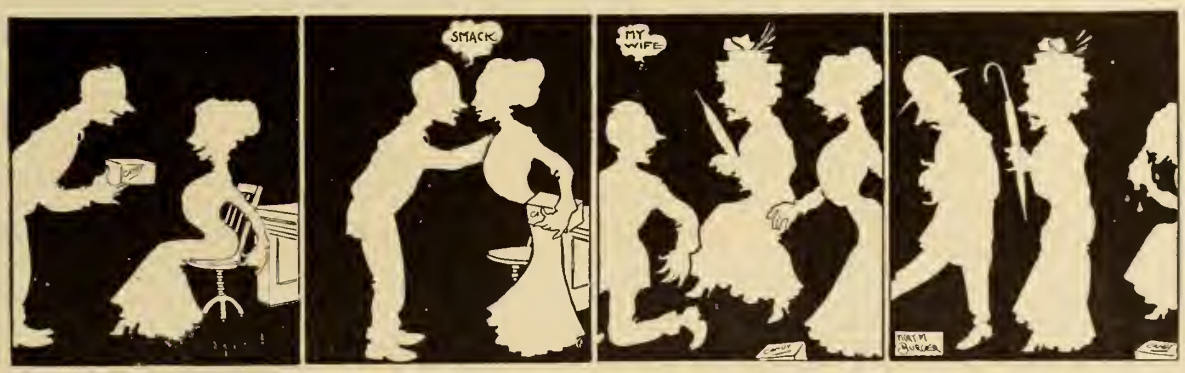
When Velma reads the thought-waves rise
  In telepathic symphony.
And each wave like a love-bird flies,
  Through barren space to me.

When Velma reads! Oh, fairest boon!
  Her thoughts with happiness are rife,
But she 'll give up her reading soon,
  For she's to be my wife. —*C. G. G.*

LITTLE TRAGEDIES OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Fascination. Solemnization. Dissipation. Separation.

Mail. Trail. Nail. Jail.



Infatuation. Osculation. Consternation. Constellation.

The Good Saint's Day.

CIRCUMSTANCES alter valentines.

Sending only the one girl a valentine is the best policy.

The ways of the anonymous valentine are past finding out.

People who have faults of their own shouldn't send valentines.

Too many valentines spoil the whole day for us.

We are all known by the valentines we receive.

No man is a hero to his valentine.

It's a wise valentine that knows its own sender.

The jilted man clutches at a valentine.

Valentines are sent us to show us what hypocrites we are.

The comic valentine covers a multitude of sins.

A little valentine is a dangerous thing.

Send a comic valentine in haste and repent at leisure.

Beauty continues to be her own best valentine.

We love only once, but we manage to find a new girl to send a valentine to every year.

The fool and his valentine are soon mailed. —*J. J. O'Connnell.*

Friend—"Now, as I understand it, you and I, instead of having unequal wealth, ought to have just the same amount."

Socialist—"Yes — er — that is — how much have you got?"

Valentine Vagaries.

Even comic valentines sometimes are humorous.

Valentines are a first aid to weak-hearted suitors.

On Valentine Day we see "oursils as ithers see us."

Men have been hanged for the perpetration of crimes far less offensive than valentine verses.

Delivering valentines in the stone age must have been a man's job.

It takes a comic valentine to pierce the armor of dignity. —*Vance C. Criss.*

Credit.

Church trustee—"Did you occupy your last pulpit with credit?"

New rector—"Entirely. There was never any cash connected with it."

A Future Financier.

A VERY nice young man was calling on his sister. To make things easy, he gave him a beautiful new penny, saying, "Save each penny, and soon you will have a dollar."

"I'll soon have a dollar!" replied the boy, with great eagerness.

The young man smiled good-naturedly, dug into his pocket, saying,

"Well, just how much more do you need?"

"Only ninety-nine cents."

He *soon* had a dollar.

As Times Change.

In days gone by,
If I remember rightly,
We d a n c e d l i k e t h i s,
And, oh! so lightly!
But now, when with a miss,
We d^{o} i^{t} s^{o,} and, oh! so tightly!

A Deadly Weapon.

The laundry workers in New York have gone on strike. It strikes us that this is a foolish weapon for them to employ, when they have so much more effective and deadly weapons within their grasp. Let us suggest that if, by previous agreement, every citizen of New York found that on a certain morning he had to put on a collar with a saw edge, the laundry owners would find themselves in the hands of an outraged and tortured mob that would fight the workers' battle for them. Unionism could be so much more powerful if it exercised more intelligence.

Of all mean words we'll ever know,
The meanest are, "I told you so."

Reform Needed.

Benham—"We need a reform in our banking system."

Mrs. Benham—"Yes; it's a shame that a wife can't overdraw her husband's account!"

THE CHOICE.

He—"Yes, I 'm going to apply my talents; but I don't know whether to go in for art or for poetry."
She—"Oh, poetry!"
He—"Oh, you 've heard some of my verses?"
She—"No; but I 've seen some of your art."

Serious.

"I would like to marry your daughter, sir. I realize that this is a serious matter"——

"You bet it is, my son! Very serious! You may have her, and the Lord be with you!"

Not as Recommended.

Uncle Eben—"You can take this old camera back."

Dealer—"What is the matter with it?"

Uncle Eben—"It's a fake. You told me I could take my own pictures with it, and I've snapped it over fifty times and it hasn't got a picture of me yet."

Jimpsy Tales.

I.—HURT TIME.

When Jimpsy has the colic,
Then his soul begins to
Quake!
It's awful for a baby
When he has a tummy-
Ache!
He howls like forty kittens,
And he doubles up his
Fists!
He wants to go to mother,
And he wiggles and he
Twists!
But when the storm is over
And the peppermint is
Down,
He is just the nicest baby,
And the merriest in
Town!

Lifelike.

Ted—"I'm going to send that old girl of mine a valentine—something that depicts her in her true colors."

Ned—"From what I've seen of her, you'd better get one of those hand-painted ones."

An Ounce of Prevention.

Divorce is reprehensible,
And so is alimony;
Yet both can be prevented by
Avoiding matrimony.

The apparel oft proclaims the man—in the very loudest of tones.

THREE ZEROS IN A LINE.

(Drawn with a ring's line.)

TO A MISER.

Fairest queen of myriad hearts,
  Always taking, ne'er returning,
By your many wiles and arts
  Causing sleepless nights of yearning;

Fairest queen of myriad hearts,
  Held in humble adoration,
Causing Cupid with his darts
  Almost constant occupation;

Fairest queen of myriad hearts,
  Quite devoid of imperfection,
Here 's where common sense departs.
  Pray add mine to your collection.

—*C. G. G.*

DISTORTED VISION.

Fred Clubber (after a night out) — "Now I wonder what the deuce (hic) they put me in for?"

As You Like It.

If you $\begin{matrix}\text{ever}\\\text{never}\end{matrix}$ have gone fishing,
You $\begin{matrix}\text{will}\\\text{won't}\end{matrix}$ know 'tis truth I say
When I make this two-edged statement:
Big fish $\begin{matrix}\text{always}\\\text{never}\end{matrix}$ get $\begin{matrix}\text{away.}\\\text{a weigh.}\end{matrix}$

— *Louis Schneider.*

How Did They Do It?

Willis—"The old pioneers were wonderful fellows!"

Gillis—"Yes. Just think of men founding cities without an advertising agent or even a slogan!"

The only thing of great value of which a man was ever possessed without bragging about it is—common sense.

A Husbandly Duty.

My wife cannot make dishes such as mother used to make.
Most horrible concoctions is she daily prone to bake!
And I try to bear it manfully, though tears come to my eyes
When I strive to penetrate her rolls and drink her lemon pies.

Diplomatic.

"How did you get your wife to forego her desire for that expensive evening gown?"

"Told her it was just the thing a plain woman needed."

Before Being Sheared.

Every black sheep to-day was once somebody's pet lamb.

The Suffragettes' Mother Goose.

By ALMA MARTIN.

Sing a song of suffragettes,
Stockings full of stones;
Four and twenty "bobbies"—
Struggles, cries, and groans.

When the jail is open,
The girls begin to sing.
Isn't it a pretty mess
For Parliament and King?

And then Engagement Was Broken.

Geraldine—"Would you die for me?"

Gerald—"Do you intend to be the death of me?"

Ted—"So she's very punctual?"

Ned—"Why, it's safe to call for that girl in a taxi!"

POLITICAL POSTERS.

THE "SUN THAT SHINES FOR ALL" IN CHINA.

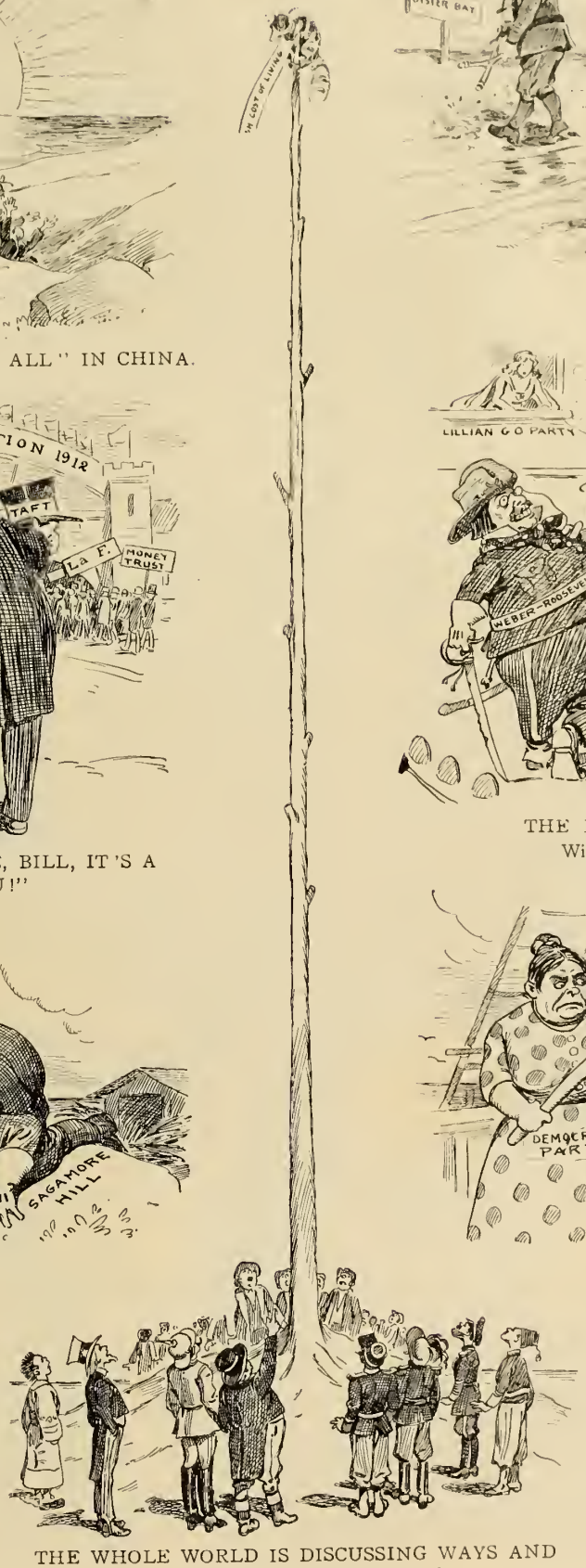
JUDGE—"TAKE IT FROM ME, BILL, IT'S A CINCH FOR YOU!"

HE IS NOT A CANDIDATE.

BAD BOY.

THE POLITICAL STAGE.
Will they get together?

THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS OF POLITICS



THE WHOLE WORLD IS DISCUSSING WAYS AND MEANS TO GET HIM DOWN.

OWNER SAW IT FIRST.

Noggs—"That 's a very dilapidated umbrella you have there, old man."
Boggs—"You 're right it is; unfortunately my best one was recognized."

PROOF POSITIVE.

"Pardon me, professor, but last night your daughter accepted my proposal of marriage I have called this morning to ask you if there is any insanity in your family?"

"There must be."

Flat Life.

THERE was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
And that she was crowded
Is certainly true.
She lived with her children;
But, even at that,
They found it more roomy
Than many a flat.

—*George B. Staff.*

Domestic Troubles.

Husband—"What's the matter, dear? Why do you look so worried?"

Wife—"Oh, I've just got everything all ready for Mrs. Meatleigh's visit. I've done up all the curtains and pillowshams and bureau covers and center pieces, and they're all spick and span."

Husband—"Well, if everything is in such apple-pie order, why look so disconsolate about it?"

Wife (bursting into tears)—"Oh, I just know, as soon as she sees them, she'll know I cleaned everything all up because she was coming!"

More to the Purpose.

Crawford—"I see there is a discussion as to the best place for a woman to keep her money without losing it."

Crabshaw—"What women need to be taught is how to keep their money without spending it."

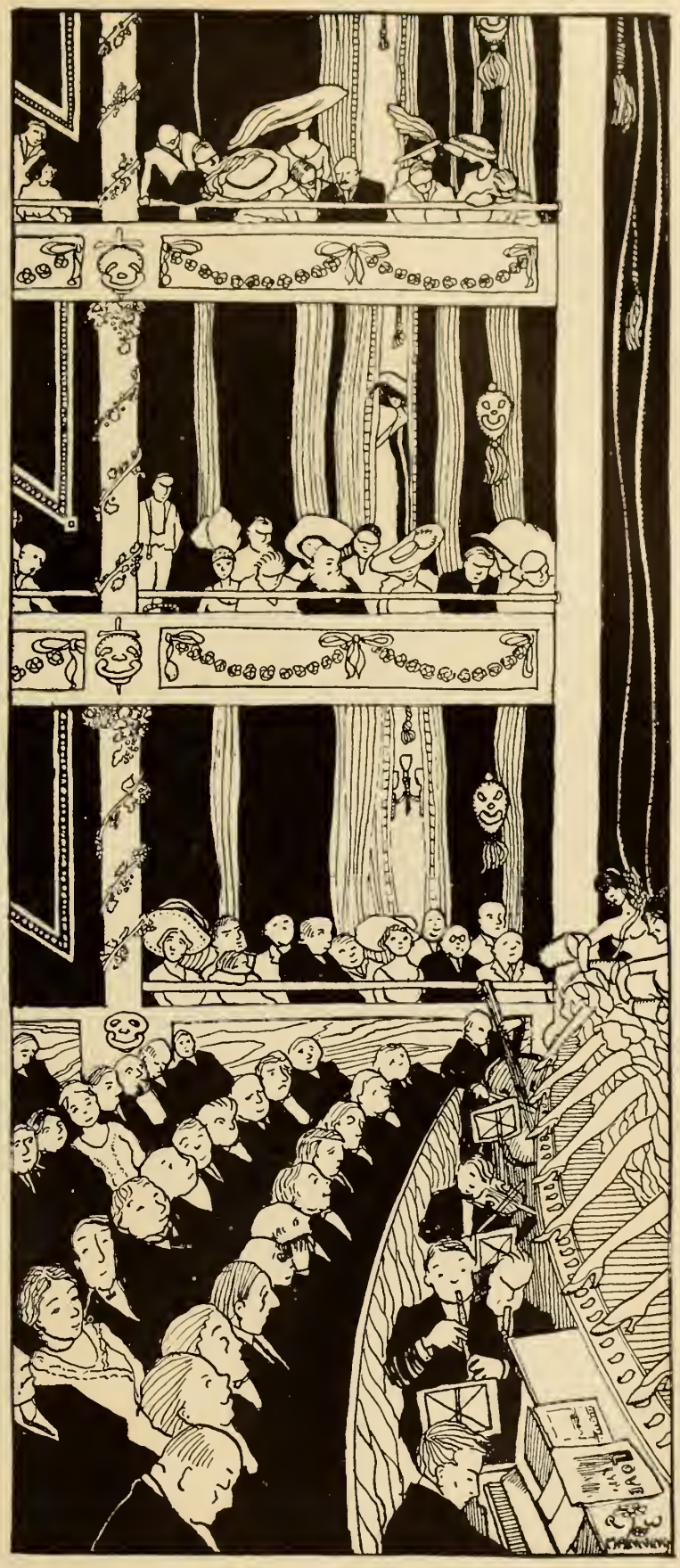
No Occasion To Sigh.

If a body need a "fiver,"
Need a body sigh,
When a body can obtain it
From an easy guy?

Almost Perpetual Motion.

"Some of these days," remarked the serious man, "I presume that perpetual motion will be demonstrated."

"Well, if you lived in my flat," spoke up the practical one, "you would realize that the family upstairs comes about as close to it as any one can imagine."



Gleefully the milk maids dance,
'Tis a pastoral truly,
And it is not by simple chance
That the calves become unruly.

A Misplaced Delight.

"There! That is the true way to get inspiration from the sky and the cloud effects!" said the art teacher, pointing to one of his pupils, who was intently looking upward from an open window.

"Grand! Isn't it?" he whispered, after reaching the boy's side.

"Great!" said the student, still looking out. "Best spiced pickles I ever smelt! Wonder who's cooking them, anyway."

Rather Large.

There was a maid in our town
Who was so wide and fat,
An umbrella o'er her head
Looked like a tiny hat.

Same Noise.

Mrs. Wayupp—"She is clever?"

Mrs. Blase—"Very. She kept her infant three months in the Race Suicide Apartments by telling the landlord she owned a grand-opera phonograph."

Shifting the Graft.

"How do you like running your restaurant on the no-tipping plan?"

"First rate!" replied the proprietor. "It enables me to raise the prices ten per cent. on the bill of fare."

Getting Back at the Men.

Mrs. Crabshaw—"My husband says that women shouldn't have votes because they wouldn't understand the tariff."

Mrs. Dorcas—"You just tell him that the men don't seem to understand it, either."

Human Nature.

Crawford—"Do you approve of selling vegetables by weight?"

Crabshaw—"Yes, if you'd get more that way."

PLAYERS WE MEET ON THE RIALTO.

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S LATEST ENGAGEMENT.
MAETERLINCK'S WIFE'S COLOSSAL COURAGE.
GABY DESLYS AS A REVOLUTIONIST.

☆ ☆

WHOEVER saw a photograph of Lillian Russell—at least of the head and shoulders of that sightly person—that men did not exclaim over or women envy? Who that remembers her debut at Tony Pastor's a generation or more ago would imagine it is the same woman? Then she was slender, willowy, big-eyed, and voiced for the success that has followed—thanks in some measure to the camera. Almost coincident the other day with her admission that she would be married again in the spring came the confession that she is fifty years old. Marriage may improve some persons upon repetition. At least it brings experience that can be bought in no other market. The spring episode will be Miss Russell's fourth marital venture—and yet she calls herself Miss, thanks to the easy fashion of the theater. There is no serious suggestion that the stage is to lose her because of the new alliance, and she promises to go on spreading beauty on the public vision and keeping strictly to herself the means by which she has conquered time and is conquering mankind.

LILLIAN RUSSELL.
She still calls herself "Miss," in spite of several marital ventures.

Who can indicate a greater foil to the modesty of genius than that furnished by Madam Maeterlinck, who has come to personify several of her husband's creations on the operatic stage here? One remembers that in Paris there were

MADAM MAETERLINCK.
Who personifies several of her husband's creations on the operatic stage.

differences of opinion as between the producers of opera there and this really great author as to his wife's fitness to originate some of his roles; but perhaps that was all due to lack of managerial judgment, and her advent here may justify Maeterlinck's artistic notions of his wife's utility. Surely, when a handsome woman reaches this shore clad in leopards' skins and wearing a diamond on her forehead, who shall deny that she is a genius?

And there is Gaby Deslys, one of the world's most potent socialists, whose favor turned a monarchy into a republic, as the story goes. There have been other women whose influence upon kings and potentates has made history and rendered the making of new maps of sections of the earth necessary. Think of the real democracy of this latest importation of the kind to this country, shown in the fact that all may see her for a standard price of admission! There is no present danger that Gaby will turn this republic into a monarchy, although she may turn some heads that turn so easily as to suggest rubber connection or ball bearings. And she, in print, is telling women how they may be as pretty as she confesses herself to be in every photograph of her yet produced, while there is no cosmetic of real value that has not enlisted her propaganda. Talent? Real talent? Why, that doesn't matter so much these days, when there is so great a variety of other things that appeal on the stage.

GABY DESLYS.
Whose favor turned a monarchy into a republic.

Old time wheelman—" Lazy brute!"

Christopher Columbus.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER, Author of "Pigs Is Pigs."

ON OCTOBER 12th, 1492, Christopher Columbus took his large, forceful foot out of his boat and set it on the beach of Guanahani, one of the Bahama Islands, immediately putting the other foot beside it, and thus he began the immigration problem which is still with us, although C. Columbus has passed away. Had he waited but a few short centuries, he could have landed at Ellis Island and had his teeth examined free of charge. Truly, haste makes waste.

C. Colon, as his neighbors called him, or Chris, as he was affectionately termed by his crew, died in 1506, thus failing to live long enough to see the banana sold three for five cents and to hear Wagner's German tidbits played on an Italian hand organ in the Irish quarter of the land he discovered. What he would have said had he heard Wagner's dulcet strains is now only a matter for conjecture. There are some historians who say he would have spread his face in a glad, sweet smile, while others contend he would have discovered Alaska before he stopped running. None can tell.

The parents of C. Colomb, as he was sometimes called, were woolcombers, which accounts for his long hair. Being combers by profession, his parents did

not mind combing it. They combed it every morning, just to get their hands limber for the day's work. It is said that Chris's father was something of a joker himself, and that he remarked, when Chris was born, "Woolcomb, little stranger!" but the little stranger would not woolcomb. He is said to have remarked, "No, father; I have other plans. Herrman the Great is getting old and there is an opening for a first-class sleight-of-hand man that can do neat parlor tricks with eggs and discover China off the coast of South America."

By this it will be seen that Christoval, as he was sometimes called, was hazy in his geography. Indeed, the school map of the world of those days was far from the map as we know it now. Through carelessness or graft, large slices of the world were omitted from the school maps; and when the matter was brought to the attention of the board of education, and suggestions were made that four or five continents seemed to have broken loose from their moorings and to have floated off, and the board was asked to get a new set of geographies, the only answer they made was, "What is there in it for us?" Nowadays America can be found on all good European maps of the world, being retained on

THE COST OF (ALMOST) LIVING.

Stranger—"Poor fellow! Why are they taking him off?"

Native—"Taking nothing! That's a citizen with his week's groceries being seen home by an armed escort"

them as a compliment to the tourists. But little Christophorus, as he was sometimes called, did not have this advantage. He was obliged to set out seeking America when he did not know there was such a place and did not know he was seeking it. That he found it at all under such circumstances shows he was no common person. How many of us who pride ourselves on our wisdom and sagacity far more than Cristofore (as he was sometimes called) ever did are unable to find even a small, brass collar button when we know exactly where it fell! We should think of this.

Christophe, as he was sometimes called, was a married man when he discovered America, but we have no reason for believing that was why he discovered it. Excellent as his education had been, he had never heard of Reno. And yet, who in Reno has not heard of Columbus? It pays to get your name in the papers.

Chris was not, on the whole, what one would call a good, home-loving, family man. He never complained of the food, but soon after he was married he began to stay away from home nights, wandering along the coast of Africa with some Portuguese companions or hiking off to Iceland with a stag party. It was "anything to get away from home" with Chris, so far as I can see; and as soon as he heard that China was farther from his peaceful fireside than any other place, he kissed his wife good-night and told her not to wait up for him, and set out for China. That is what he told her he was going to do, anyway; but he never turned up in China at all. When Mrs. Columbus telephoned there, they answered that they had not seen him, but if he dropped in they would tell him he was wanted at home. And the next that was heard of Chris, he was in America. Nobody could place any reliance in him at all. His excuse, when he reached home and his wife let him know she was very well aware he had not gone to China at all, was pretty thin. He had the effrontery to tell her that he had actually started for China and meant to get there, but that, when he was making a straight course for Hongkong, some one pushed two big continents in front of him and he just naturally tripped over them.

You may be sure that the next trip Chris took his wife went with him. "I'll see about this America!" she said; and, in spite of all his pleadings that it was no place for a lady, she went. "That's too thin, Chris!" she said. "I want to know why you came home with a photograph of a dark-red brunette in your inside vest pocket. No man I ever heard of ever carried anything in the inside pocket of his vest unless he wished to conceal it. I want to see your Dolly." Then Chris made the error of his life. "Her name isn't Dolly," he said. "It's Cush-cush-to-wagly-bugh." "Very well, Christopher," said Mrs. Colon, in a cutting tone, as she slammed her bedroom slippers into her suit-case; "all Cush-cush-to-wagly-bughs look alike to me!"

Chris was not, perhaps, wholly free from blame, and it is such actions as this that drive women into the suffragette fold. As soon as she landed in America, Mrs. Colomb organized the Woman's Suffrage League of Guanahani. I hate to cast suspicion on Mrs. Colombo, but it was soon after Chris had a few sharp words with her that he was toted back to Spain in chains, and Mrs. C. remained in full charge of the government.

Do not hasten trouble; it arrives on time.

"IN DAYS OF OLD."

"I wouldn't want to put on them things."

"Sure, when you 're fightin' mad ye don't care what ye wear."

THE LATEST THINGS IN FURS—PERSIAN LAMB.

Those Boys—But What Would Home Be Without Them?

By J. L. HARBOUR.

His Mother Speaks:

WILLIE, will you just look at that clock? You have looked at it? Then why don't you get ready for bed? You know that you must always be in bed by half-past eight. I don't care if Ted Thomas *does* sit up until nine. Half-past eight is your bedtime and— Stop that muttering! You know that I have told you many times not to mutter and— No, you can*not* sit up to study your home lesson! Strange that you never think of your home lesson until your bedtime! You will have time to study it in the morning if you get up early. Yes, you will! No, the clock is not half an hour fast! I had your father set it by his watch this very morning. No, you can't just finish that story. You have had the whole evening in which to read and study, and you have done nothing but dawdle. Now you are very eager to read and study, aren't you? I don't care anything about what other boys do, for— If you do not stop that muttering, I shall call your father! Yes, you will care! And I want you to wash your hands good before you go to bed. *When* did you wash them? No, it isn't only sissy-boys who have clean hands. Willie Smythe, will you just bear in mind that it is your mother to whom you are speaking? Yes, you act as if you knew it! You will have cause to remember it if I call your father. He isn't your mother, as you very well know. Don't you be impertinent! That is one thing your mother will not put up with, as I have told you a hundred times! Why don't you take off your shoes? You pick up that necktie! The idea of flinging things around the

room like that! That isn't the place for your jacket! I'd like to know what the house would look like if I *wasn't* particular! Stop jerking so at that shoe lace! I don't care if it is in a hard knot. Jerking like that will only make the knot harder. Now, I knew that you would break that shoe lace! You would try the patience of Willie! You pick up that shoe and put it where it belongs at night! No, you cannot have something to eat before you go to bed. The idea of it! After all the supper you had! What are you taking all of those things out of your pockets for? You put them right back! It would take a good hour to look over all of the things in your pockets. What under the sun, moon, and stars are you carrying around three dirty handkerchiefs for? And you were fussing yesterday because you couldn't find a clean handkerchief!

Now you hustle off to the bathroom and give those hands a good scrubbing. You wish that you lived in a land where there wasn't any water? How long do you think that you would live there? You give those hands a good scrubbing! Use plenty of soap. Be sure and wash back of your ears. Use plenty of water. I never saw such a boy as you are, to think that you can get yourself clean with half a teacup full of water. Your towel isn't on its hook? I am sure that it isn't if you were the only one who used it last. Look for— And you call yourself washed already? Let me see your hands. Willie Smythe! The idea of you calling those hands washed! They will do for to-night, but you have simply *got* to wash yourself in dead earnest in the morning. I shall look after those ears myself then. Now you go to your room and to bed. It is a good three-quarters of an hour after your regular bedtime, and you know that mother always insists on you going to bed at exactly half-past eight, and the sooner you learn that you must mind your mother, the better. I don't believe that you have been in bed at half-past eight for a month. You can't find your nightgown? Judging from the rest of the stuff in your pockets, perhaps your nightgown is there. No, you shall not go to bed without it. You'll find it somewhere in the closet in your room. You found it? I knew that you would. I want that muttering stopped! It's the tenth time to-night that I have told you to stop muttering, and you know that when mother speaks she has to be obeyed! Good-night, Willie! That's a pretty way to say good-night to your mother, isn't it? You most certainly *cannot* take a book to bed with you for a little while! Burt Deane says he reads in bed every night? That is nothing to me. If his mother wants to let him do anything that foolish, she can; but your mother is not that kind of a woman. Get right into bed and put out that light. Such a time as I have getting you to bed every night, and I'll have a worse time getting you up in the morning. Got that light out? You'd better! Stop that whistling! The idea of going to bed and whistling! Good-night, Willie! Dear, dear! these boys!

Drawn by Clyde Squires.

She (at the piano) — "How do you enjoy this refrain?"

He—"Very much. The more you refrain the better I like it."

Those Little Things.

Puny little high-brows,
Little bigots, too,
Only call for patience
And a kind skiddoo.

Decided.

"I'd buy a car if it weren't for one thing."

"What is that?"

"Having to look out for the other fellow."

"But if you had a car, the other fellow would have to look out for you, also."

"Gee! I never thought of that! I'll buy one."

Leap Year.

She—"Will you marry me?"

He—"You will have to ask father first."

She—"I did; but he refused me."

The Woman of It.

"Why do you spend your days and nights on these pictures?" asks the wife of the struggling artist. "You don't get enough for them to pay you for the paint you use."

"I know, my dear," he answers; "but think! Rembrandt and others painted pictures and sold them for trifles, and they are now the masterpieces of the world and bring millions of dollars! I am not painting for us. I am painting for our descendants."

"Humph!" is the discouraging reply. "You don't make enough for us to afford to raise any descendants."

Aftermath.

Ever since New Year's Day we have been in receipt of almost daily communications from Santa's twin brother, William Claus, better known to most of us as plain "Bill."

Model girls seldom serve as such.

A MERE TRIFLE.

"FATHER, PERCY SAYS HE'S VERY MUCH WORRIED ABOUT HIS INCOME."

"TELL HIM FROM ME, MY DEAR, NOT TO LET A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT WORRY HIM."

THE LATEST DRESS SENSATION MIGHT PROPERLY BE CALLED, FROM ITS EFFECT, THE TURN STYLE.

L'Envoi of the Robbers.

By CAROLYN WELLS.

WHEN the Louvre's last picture is lifted and the Luxembourg statues are pinched,
When the Oldest Master has vanished and the newest canvas is cinched,
We shall rest, and, faith! we shall need it—lie low for a season or two,
Till the work of the modern artists shall set us to work anew.

Then those that made good shall be happy; they shall start on a fresh career,
And purloin a ten-league canvas, with no one at all to fear.
They shall find real art to draw from, hung on the same old wall;
They shall take two or three of an evening, and never get caught at all.

And only Lupin could praise them, and only Sherlock could blame;
For none could be sold for money and none could be shown for fame.
But each for the joy of the stealing, and each in his separate car,
Speed off with the picture he's pilfered, in spite of the laws as they are!

An Undesirable Citizen.

In the dusky twilight His Majesty sat at his front door fanning himself when a stranger approached as though in a burry.

"Can I get accomodations here?" he inquired briskly

Satan peered at the visitor for a moment.

"Aren't you Colonel Roosevelt?" he inquired.

"Of course."

"Well, you can't be acommodated here," exclaimed His Satanic Nibs, jumping up and slamming the door. "I've got things running in fairly good shape, considering the crowd on hand, but if you got in you'd be introducing some new order or other, and I'd never have another minute's peace again. Beat it, Colonel." And Satan waved his hand outward towards the Eternal Elsewhere.

What's in the Name?

J is for joyous, as every one knows;
U is for useful in fighting off woes;
D is for dash—meaning brilliance and wit;
G is for ginger, for greatness and grit;
E means that everywhere JUDGE is a hit.

Metallurgical.

Doctor (after examination)—"Madam, you have a constitution of iron."

Obese patient—"I have often wondered what made me so heavy."

Heard in a Carpenter Shop.

By VANCE C. CRISS.

"It is 'plane' that I love you," he began.

"Is that on the 'level'?" she asked.

"Haven't I always been on the 'square' with you?" he urged.

"But you have so many 'vises,'" she remonstrated.

"Not a 'bit' of it," he asserted.

"What made you 'brace' up?" she queried coquettishly.

"The fact that I 'saw' you," he replied, with a bow.

"I ought to 'hammer' you for that," she answered saucily.

"Come and sit by me on the 'bench,'" he urged.

"Suppose the others should 'file' in," she demurred.

"Let me 'clamp' you to my heart," he pleaded.

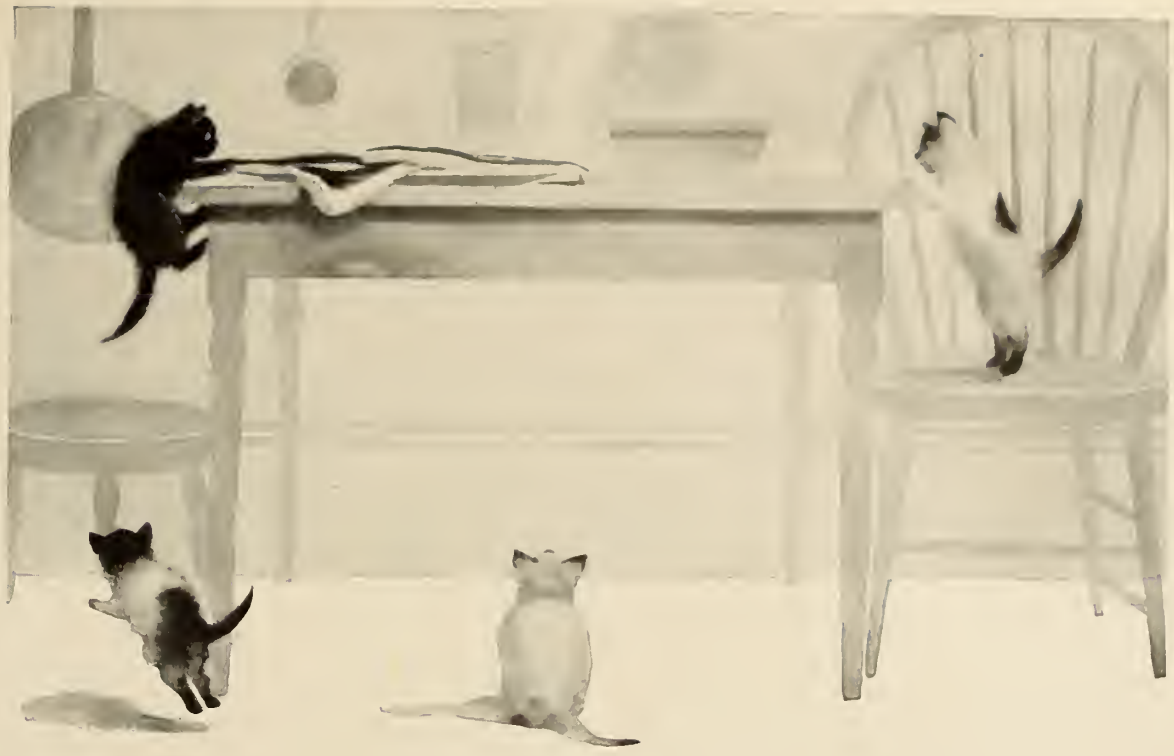
"You shouldn't let your arms 'compass' me," she repiled.

"I know a preacher who's a good 'joiner,'" he suggested.

"Promise not to 'chisel' him out of his fee," she requested.

"That wouldn't 'augur' well for us," he answered.

"Shall I wear my 'blue print'?" she asked, as they started for the license.



A GAMBOL FOR HIGH STEAKS.

Announcement of the New Woman's College.

Prepared for the Principal by WILLIAM SANFORD.

THE New College for Women; Mrs. Husbandketcher, principal. Announcement of courses:

Freshman Year— How to cook eggs—boiled, fried, dropped, scrambled, etc. How to cook potatoes and other vegetables. The art of repairing trousers and sewing on buttons. Goods to work on, in various stages of neglect, will be provided. How to stew prunes. The gentle movements of sweeping, as practiced with efficient results. How to wash the elusive dish

Sophomore Year—Breadmaking. A scientific study of this art will be supplemented with a thorough course in biscuit, roll, muffin, pie, cake, and other pastry manufactures. The making of tea and coffee. The elementary stages of sock darning. How to cook beefsteak. Soup—a science.

Junior Year—How to roast a fowl, beef, mutton, veal, etc., and to serve in an appetizing manner. Further study in bread, tea, and coffee making. Reading of extracts from the diaries of husbands, showing effect of good bread, tea, and coffee on the mind, as compared with poorly made compositions. Vivid comparisons. How to darn medium-sized holes in socks. Little thoughts about chops. Effect of wrappers on a husband's mind. The baby—a few remarks.

Senior Year—How to prepare three good meals a day, with plenty of variety. Perfection in bread, tea, and coffee making. Extracts from the diaries of husbands, showing effect on the mind of three good meals a day, as compared with those poorly prepared. Vivid comparisons. Twenty-seven different ways to serve onions, with similar detail on other foodstuffs. How to rebuild entire sock heels. Scientific lectures on baby, with models to work over.

Mrs. Husbandketcher personally guarantees that twice as many male eligibles will attend the first graduation as there are graduates. In order to avoid a stampede for wives, the eligibles will be bound to chairs and may be examined before selections are made. Graduates with the best marks for the entire course will be allowed first selections, and so on down the list.

Clergymen will be on hand in case any graduates wish to wed at once.

Mrs. Husbandketcher personally guarantees that eligibles will be docile in every way. Thousands of bachelors are now notifying the principal that they will remain single until the first graduation, provided they may be allowed to attend and run a chance of being selected. It is expected that fully a hundred thousand names will be received before the awarding of initial diplomas. Mrs. Husbandketcher assures intending pupils that only the cream of the country's eligible bachelors will be favored with invitations to be present.

The New College will render leap year unnecessary.

Irony of Fate.

It is rather paradoxical to read of a number of persons having been killed in a life-insurance building.

"THE WIDOW" WHO TAKES
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Language of Flowers.

By CAROLYN WELLS.

YOUNG MEN who are timid or bashful may often express their sentiments toward a lady by sending her a bouquet. To such we gladly give the appended information as to the meaning of the various blossoms, for nothing is more disastrous than to convey a wrong message by means of ill-selected posies.

Apple blossoms indicate that the lady is the apple of your eye. Peach blossoms signify that you consider her a peach, while daisies imply that you think her one of them.

A rubber plant carries the pleasant message, "I like to look at you"; while tulips subtly murmur, "May I kiss you?"

Stock means, "I have taken a flyer in Wall Street"; while a bunch of orchids, tied with violet velvet ribbon, declares, "I am in debt."

To be sure, one does not always wish to send affectionate messages, and the reverse sort may be discreetly expressed in the language of flowers. Wall flowers signify that in your opinion the lady is not popular. Foxgloves are merely a synonym for the old fashion, "mitten"; while, if you wish to break off entirely with the lady (and doubtless she will consider herself well rid of you), send her a spray of lemon verbena.

Household Talk.

Husband — "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Wife—"I haven't noticed any of the fool about you for some time."

If and But make a poor pair to draw to.

Habitual Training.

In old China they're building a Y. M. C. A.,
To teach all the athletic tricks;
Successful they'll be at swinging the clubs,
If we judge by their use of chop sticks.

Poor Married Man.

"The time will come," thundered the suffragette orator, "when woman will get a man's wages!"

"Yes," sadly muttered a man on the rear seat; "next Saturday night."

With Them, but Not of Them.

"Why is Jones so smiling?"

"His wife has joined the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, and he thinks now she will have to shut up for a while."

NOT INSPIRED.

He—"Have you read my latest poems? They were inspired by you."

She—"Oh, Mr. Scribbler, I don't think it's fair to put the blame on me."

Children *vs.* Dogs.

Apartment houses which do not admit young children are becoming more and more numerous, while those advertising that dogs will be welcomed with open arms are constantly increasing in number. The railroad company that refused to transport children would soon find itself in hot water. The landlord who discriminates in the matter of the age of his tenants should be dealt with by legal injunction and forced to remove his unfair restrictions. Until there is a change in the present biological scheme of things, there must be children before there can be landlords and nervous tenants, and that they must suffer and cause their parents to suffer the indignities of disbarment simply because they exist and are so unfortunate as to be young seems a travesty on modern civilization.

Not Up-to-date.

The Queen of Hearts was making the tarts.

"Hold on!" we cried. "Have you got a sanitary bakeshop?"

Sundries.

Don't think a girl will coo like a dove just because she is pigeon-toed.

Optimism isn't just grinning, but this is where most of us "get off."

"This is a dog's life," yawned the vivisectionist, as he rolled up his sleeves preparatory to the slaughter.

Money may talk, but it is usually a bit ungrammatical.

A ring on the hand is worth two at the door.

That will be about all now.

C. G. NOSTERRAG, CHIEF OF DETECTIVES.

[The managers of this department have employed a corps of sleuths, all of whom have proved their competency by passing examinations in the works of Sherlock Holmes, Burns, and other successful trailers, and by having watched for some time the operations of ferrets, bloodhounds, and muck-rakers. They are prepared to undertake detecting jobs of all descriptions. Terms on application. Nearly everything confidential. The results of a few recent investigations follow.]

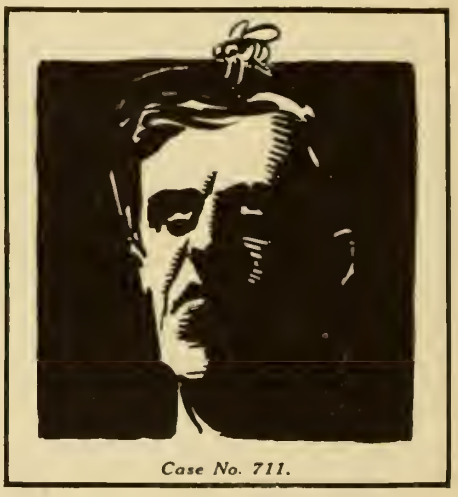
CASE No. 496—This man has been a suspicious character for some time. Under the cover of a position as reporter on a weekly sheet, he is spending his leisure time in doing peculiar things, such as calling people names and refusing invitations to dinner on the ground that he is not hungry — an unheard-of condition for a journalist to be in. When this man was released from an institution for the strong-minded four years ago, it was thought that he was entirely cured; but the relapse seems to have made him more violent than he was originally. His favorite unconcealed weapon, a mammoth club, which was for some time in storage, has been shined up and put into working order. Hence the suspect is liable to become dangerous. He is being watched by a great many others besides the employes of JUDGE'S Agency.

Case No. 496.

CASE No. 2323—This man is full grown, possesses a bald head, a livery stable full of hobbies, and a large quantity of hope. He is a newspaper publisher, but, nevertheless, is said to be quite truthful. He has made many things in his life, among them being friends, enemies, mistakes, money, wills, excitement, and trouble. He has never actually made a donkey out of himself, although he has attempted to make himself out of a donkey. He is something of a runner, having backed himself in his first race at the odds of 16 to 1, and finished on the back stretch. This man has a wonderful choice of language, but a poor choice of subjects. His inability to cross a platform without tripping has become notorious. He states that he will not be elected President of the United States next November, and this Service hereby reports that he is speaking sanely and truthfully. This subject is giving JUDGE'S Agency little anxiety.

Case No. 2323.

CASE No. 711—Suspect has a dark past and a darker future, although he is by no means what is known as a dark horse. His first folly was to attempt to force knowledge into the heads of a conglomeration of young men, when these receptacles were already crammed full of other material—a physically impossible undertaking which he subsequently gave up. Being a foe to the trusts, he attempted to deplete the funds of one of them by having himself placed on a retired pension list financed by the trust's owner. This scheme not succeeding, he decided to vent his spite on the country at large by attempting to become its President. His aspirations are looked upon with favor by his immediate family. This man is thought to be perfectly harmless and will not be shadowed any longer.



Case No. 711.

CASE No. 6321—This wily individual is engaged in stirring up foods, feuds, and fads. He has been seen by our detective with many dangerous weapons in his possession, among them being a microscope, a test tube, and a blue pencil. He occasionally becomes violent, and was recently seen to attack a mince pie, accusing it of masquerading as a modern and harmless type, when in reality it belonged to the crustacean period. This case will probably give us a great deal more uneasiness.

Interesting Fact.

REMARKABLE, is it not, that the areas occupied by English-speaking people in which suffrage has been granted to women are on or near the coast of the Pacific Ocean. This is the fact regarding the woman-suffrage States of our Union, and also of New Zealand and Australia. The cause cannot be traced to the air of the Pacific Ocean, for that air is breathed by women of the Orient, and in that part of the world the cause of equal suffrage, or of any suffrage, in fact, has not made noticeable progress. Possibly it is because the newest of English-speaking commonwealths have location on and near the Pacific and are not burdened by respect for tradition nor social customs.

My Dream Maiden.

I loved a maiden passing fair, with soulful eyes and golden hair. She made her way into my heart, and in each dream she played a part. But, as the years rolled on apace, the time arrived when I must face the stern, cold world. I hit the grit and soon amassed a goodly bit of real, hard cash. And then my mind went to that girl I'd left behind. I hied me back to dear Bingville and found her on the old farm still. But, mercy goodness! what a change! Her manner was extremely strange. She had no time for idle chat, no time to talk on this and that; she harped away upon one note, and this was it: "Let women vote!" She led the woman-suffrage crowd and oft held forth in accents loud. But was she mannish? Not a bit! Her princess was a perfect fit, most dainty shoes encased her feet, and she was what you'd call petite. And did this maiden get my goat because she thought her sex should vote? And did I murmur and repine or shed a bucketful of brine because her chiefest of delights was to declaim on women's rights? Not so! I pressed her to my breast and in her ear my love confessed. Her rosy lips I fondly kissed, and said, "Be mine, sweet suffragist!" And then in manner coy and shy she dimpled, blushed, and murmured, "aye."

E. Jean Nelson Penfield.

The Woman Suffrage Party is the largest suffrage organization in the city of New York, numbering, as it does, upward of forty thousand members. It alone is organized by assembly districts. Its formation on the lines of the existing political parties enables it to do the double duty of working for "Votes for Women" and educating its members to deal intelligently with the vote when it is given them. Mrs. Penfield, its chairman, is an indefatigable worker and a convincing speaker.

E. JEAN NELSON PENFIELD.
Chairman of the Woman Suffrage Party of the City of New York.

That Suffragette.

It is not recommendable
To wed a suffragette.
Her tongue is not dependable;
She's quite too self-defendable.
It is not recommendable,
And yet—and yet——

A woman should be teachable—
The tender, clinging vine;
With gentle eyes beseechable,
Red lips not too unreachable.
A woman should be teachable,
But mine--but mine——

Marriage, you know—be sensible—
Joins two in one.
Woman is reprehensible,
To think her sphere extensible—
A notion indefensible,
For man's the one.

Of course it's undeniable
That woman is divine,
To sweet delusions liable,
With heart extremely friable,
Timid and meek and pliable;
But mine—but mine——

If I should go Republican
And she go Democrat,
Our home would be a bubbly can
Of fizz and fret that doubly can
Confuse a poor Republican
On where he's at.

Oh, it is man-ifestible
To marry a suffragette
Would mean a din detestable
At meals quite indigestible.
All that is man-ifestible;
And yet—and yet——

Who wants his wife a notable,
To call out claps
By lofty logic quotable?
Were but her coffee potable,
Her husband might be notable,
Perhaps—perhaps.

Besides, she's not attainable,
My little suffragette!
Although it's not explainable,
My love is unrestrainable;
But she is not attainable,
Not yet—not yet.

My darling is adorable,
My heart's one shrine!
Her doctrine is deplorable,
By doctrines I am borable;
Yet, oh! she is adorable—
And won't be mine!

Go Somewhere!

By ELLIS O. JONES

GO WEST, young man of New York! Go East! Go South! Go North! Go somewhere! Go anywhere and stay as long as possible. Forget that there is such a place as New York. You are ill. You are troubled with megalometropolitanism. You need a corrective. You need to find that New York, while the center of much, is the circumference of nothing. You are a slave of the New York idea. New York should be kept in its place. There is only one way to get along in New York, and that is to keep it under your thumb, to drive it with blinders and a curb-bit.

Go away somewhere, far enough so that you can stand off and get a good look at it—a bird's-eye view. You are sure to be benefited. After you have convalesced, you may come back, if you still have the desire; but do not be in a hurry.

Nowadays.

Drummer—"See here! I want an investigation at once! Some one went through my grip, ransacked my books, and turned my clothes inside out last night. It's a plain case of robbery!"

Hotel clerk—"Robbery nothing! The boys just wanted to find out if you had a membership card in the Anti-Tipping League."

Some Nevers.

Never hustle for a job if you are not willing to hustle after you get it.

Never listen to gossip. When in the company of gossips, do all the talking yourself.

Never laugh at your own jokes, no matter how funny they are, nor fail to laugh at the jokes of your friends, no matter how dry they are.

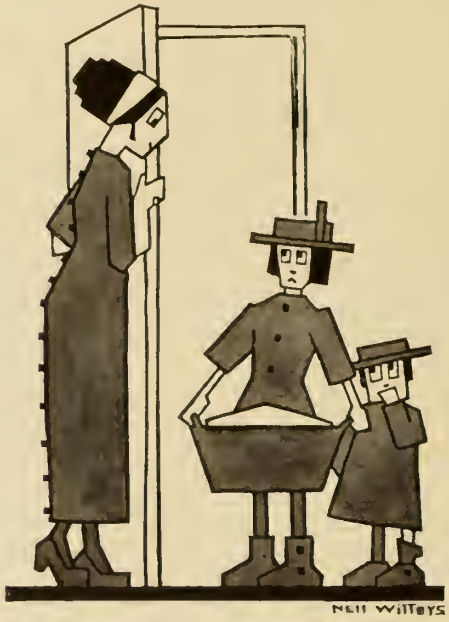
Gambling Ethics.

The two gentlemen were in a New York street car—surface, elevated, or subway is no matter. Every seat was full, those at the rear of the car being occupied by well-dressed men. Presently the car stopped and a woman came on board—very nice-looking woman, but not a fashion plate.

"I'll bet you what you like," said one gentleman, "that not a man of them offers her his place."

"My dear sir," responded the other, "don't you know enough about the ethics of gambling to know that you have no right to bet on a certainty?"

A WRECKED ANGULAR FIGURE.



RETURNING WITH THE CHANGE.

"FINE DAY?"
"RATHER FRESH!"

Saving the Town.

Visitor—"Was the Christmas mail heavy?"

Rural postmaster—"Haven't got it all out yet. I tell you, this town owes its lives to me. About the first of December, almost all the letters that come in here were covered with funny-looking stamps. I got kind of suspicious, and it certainly puzzled me till a New York drummer put me wise, telling me they was tuberculosis stamps. Of course I knew that stuff was darned bad, so I just ups and confiscates the mail as fast as it came in. I've got it all out in the back room fumigating now. Pretty narrow squeeze, but I nipped the epidemic right in the bud."

Items of the Future.

John Williams, a well-known merchant, returned to-day from a hunt in the Maine woods. He was not shot at once for a deer.

William Digg, the famous millionaire, who has made such a fortune in certified soap, is now receiving bids for having his ancestors traced back.

Again Those Little Things.

By ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT.

Little jabs from Teddy,
Bobbie's bursts of will,
Although rather smarty,
Never bother Bill.

Little spats in Europe,
Little warfares, too,
Give our daily papers, through the medium of magic editorials, elongated dispatches, half-tones, maps, biographies, suggestions, and weighty judgments,
Something nice to do.

Not Found.

"First thing you do," says the employer to the new young man who has been engaged as a city salesman, "you go into the back office and take that desk the other man used, and see if you can get some order out of chaos."

An hour later the enthusiastic young man appears and diffidently reports,

"Mr. Kimphlet, I am sorry, but I have looked all through the card index and the telephone directory, and I can't find the address of Mr. Chaos, to solicit that order from him."

A Ready Reckoner.

"My dear, how often do you leave off smoking?"

"Well, fully as often as I start in again."

THE VEIL.

The veil some wear in coquetry,
To hide the eyes—and yet they see;
To shroud the face as in a mist,
Yet showing lips that should be kissed.
But this fair one, 'tis plain to see,
Is now, or very soon will be
A bride, whose veil cannot disguise
The happy meaning in her eyes.

WINS TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

IS EXPERT WITH THE GLOVES.

SWIMS TWENTY MILES

A DEMON AT BASKET BALL.

ONE TYPE OF T

KNOCKS A HOME RUN EVERY TIME AT BAT.

WINS CROSS COUNTRY RUN.

ESTABLISHES A RECORD FOR BROAD JUMP.

BUT WEAK AT HOUSE WORK.

E MODERN GIRL

THE MODERN CHASE.

The mythic maid who love's chase lost
For golden apples on the way,
And wed her victor as the cost,
Was not like maidens of to-day.

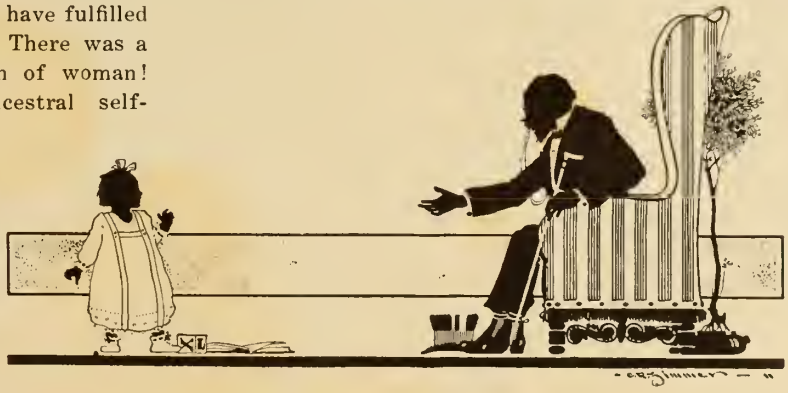
The fair ones now full willing are
When men of matrimony sing;
And each will run both fast and far,
And seize with joy the wedding-ring.

THE TOSS OF THE COIN.

"Heads, Noo York; tails, Philadelphy. *Tails!* I lose"

Her permanence seems never to have been questioned, if we are to judge from that recurrent phrase, "the eternal feminine." You, I know, on the contrary, are burning to learn why such a strange creature ever existed. Messieurs, it is here that I come to the most difficult part of my address. How shall I convey to you the ultimate conclusion of my research? I confess to a certain gene at the mention of a fact which, even at this distant period, is so humiliating to man. Incredible as it may sound, "woman" seems to have fulfilled a reproductive function. There was a time when man was born of woman! Fortunately for our ancestral self-respect, the exact process will be forever veiled in the deepest obscurity. As far as we shall ever know, this was woman's only function. Her whole existence was shaped to this one end, and her lot, if in fancy we ascribe to her any sensibility, could not have been a happy one. But in all probability she was merely an automaton. We must conceive her as such, and those shallow and (I denounce them by a new word) effeminate charlatans who seek to class "woman" as human can, in the light of my researches, only be derided. Woman was a clumsy and incomprehensible device of blind and groping nature to effect what we now accomplish by the divine power of reproductive thought.

Your joy at the disappearance of such a blot upon our history leaves you still, I hope, with some curiosity to know how this was brought about. It seems that, at the beginning of the twentieth century, the majority of women, who doubtless were often a prey to that eternal warfare to which the universal harmony subjects the grotesque and the monstrous, had grown neglectful of their function and, as it were, completely deranged. They gathered together in dangerous hordes and began to assail the assemblies of men and infested all public places. Strange manifestoes were issued and incoherent cries aped the sonorous battle hymns of men. Would that some of these had been preserved to us! They would have given us an insight into the mental development of this eccentric species. One perfect example, indeed, has survived, apparently jotted down by a puzzled man of those times. It reads, for none can understand it, "Conversation without Representation is Tyranny"—a cryptic utterance



Kind old gentleman—"Won't you come and sit on my lap, little girl?"
Little Miss 1912—"Sir! how dare you suggest such a thing when we met only five minutes ago."

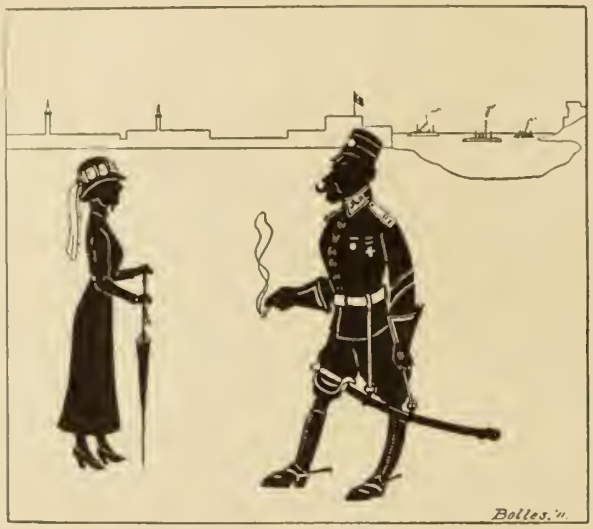
Extract from a woman's emancipation article: "Women, being a sex, are expected to conform to a type, ——

—— while men, being human, are expected to differ one from another."

PERHAPS.

that has remained the enigma of the savants of all ages. The whole movement was evidently a complete organic derangement, probably foreshadowing the inevitable disintegration of a hybrid on its devolutional descent. Also it was a time of sorrow and vexation for our forefathers. Witness this ancient newspaper clipping, which complains, with a bitterness that is all eloquence: "Alas, our woeful fate! For whereas formerly man could get on without woman, he now finds that he cannot get along with her. Wherefore our towns have neither a mayor nor a mayoress."

Thus was the twilight of man. Yet out of the very shadow of the skirt was born our bright era. For it was in the year 1920 that the great Manfred took out his first patent for the manufacture of the Vitallic-Auto-Biogenetic-Man and published his formulas. When we consider, messieurs, in what scientific darkness, with what crude resources, Manfred labored, we cannot but accord him the laurel of highest genius. The ingenious master went to work with the materials to hand. He took the foam of the life-giving sea and mixed it with the yolk of the oldest egg he could find. Then, by means of hypnosis, which was then not yet generally known to be part of the life force, Manfred invoked the manliness of dead and ancient heroes of the past into his pot, and, heating the concoction with all the wasted warmth of affection which had gone astray in the world since men and women were, he allowed it to simmer. Soon the homunculus appeared and, fed by electrolized ozone, assumed permanent life. Manfred had invented the birth machine. Such, as you all know, is the origin of our life. Manfred accomplished with infinite patience what to-day we perform by the simple process of concentrating generic thought upon the universal bioplasm.



SAD, BUT TRUE.

Fair traveler (to Italian army officer)—"Captain, are not the Italian soldiers inveterate cigarette smokers?"

Cavalry captain—"Why, yes—er—that is, here in Tripoli we cannot get enough 'Turkish Trophies.'"

Let me complete for you the brief and fateful history of woman. Some newly discovered fragments of documentary evidence enable me to present you with an accurate history of what took place. Manfred's discovery brought a sharp and sudden realization to the embattled women. They saw, too late, that the very reason of their being, their sole excuse for existence, had been destroyed. Knowing only too well that they had forfeited whatever accidental favor they may have found in the eyes of majestical man, they foresaw that their case was indeed desperate. With one piercing wail of despair, they gathered into a frenzied host and hurled themselves upon Manfred's laboratories. In those days, I regret to say, women had kept the generous heart of man ferocious and without mercy. The iniquitous principle of property which, according to all accounts, arose in woman was being attacked by the very mob that had evoked it. Strong measures were taken. Nothing could abate the fury of the assailants. They were exterminated to a woman! That is the history, messieurs, which hides behind this little piece of rusted iron.

—*Alfred Booth Kuttner*

A TEUTONIC RADIATOR.

"Hey, Jimmie! Come over here and get warmed."

Located.

An orator, wishing to give an illustration to point his moral, shouted,

"Where is the fool who rocked the boat last summer?"

"Say, mister," came a voice from the audience, "you can find him down on the pond, trying to see how near he can skate to the 'Danger' sign."

A Truism.

A man doesn't always look as young as he feels or a woman feel as young as she looks.

"I DARES 'EM TO SHOW THEIRSELVES."

A SYM-PHONY FROM THE GERMAN.

Der wandernde Musikant.

MÜRRISCH sitzen sie und maulen,
Auf den Bänken stumm und breit,
Gähnend strecken sich die Faulen
Und die Kecken suchen Streit.

Da komm' ich durchs Dorf geschritten,
Fernher durch den Abend kühl,
Stell' mich in des Kreises Mitten,
Grüsz' und zieh' mein Geigenspiel.

Und wie ich den Bogen schwenke,
Ziehn die Klänge in der Rund'
Allen recht durch die-Gelenke
Bis zum tiefsten Herzensgrund.

Und nun geht's ans Gläserklingen,
An ein Walzen um und um,
Je mehr ich streich', je mehr sie springen,
Keiner fragt erst lang: warum?—

Jeder will dem Geiger reichen
Nun sein Scherflein auf die Hand—
Da vergeht ihm gleich sein Streichen
Und fort ist der Musikant.

Und sie sehn ihn fröhlich steigen
Nach den Waldeshöhn hinaus,
Hören ihn von fern noch geigen
Und gehn all' vergnügt nach Haus.

Doch in Waldes grünen Hallen
Rast ich dann noch manche Stund',
Nur die fernen Nachtigallen
Schlagen tief aus nächt'gem Grund.

Und es rauscht die Nacht so leise
Durch die Waldeseinsamkeit
Und ich sinn' auf neue Weise,
Die der Menschen Herz erfreut.

The Wandering Musician.

DULL and gloomy on the benches,
There they sit in listless mood—
Lazy ones with monkey wrenches,
Braver ones devoid of food.

Then, as I approach the village
From afar in evening's chill,
I arrive in time to pillage,
And with fiddle show my skill.

And my bow, with rhythmic motion,
With grand melody fills space;
Arms and legs splash in the ocean,
Joy and shouting on each face.

Cheerfully they clink the glasses,
And they waltz in circles gay.
See them gambol, lads and lasses!
See them gayly walk away!

Each one slips to me a quarter,
Puts the trifle in my hand;
Then I quit and drink some water,
After which I leave my stand.

Then they see me hopping gayly
Up the mountain's forest green.
I repeat the journey daily,
When I have some gasoline.

But in verdant forest places
I remain for many hours,
See the nightingales' sweet faces
Here and there among the flowers.

And the night's mysterious rackets
In the lonely forest wild
Make me think of yellow jackets
When I used to be a child.

INSPIRATION

THE ULTIMATUM

Husband of the playful one—"Stop it now or I'll wake your baby!"

Deterrent of Crime.

By M. LANDEURGH WILSON

[Music for Prison Meals. Federal Convicts at Atlanta to have Popular Entertainment Each Day.—*News heading.*]

THE CASHIER stood beside the safe
And helped himself to bills;
His getaway was neatly planned
Beyond the distant hills.
No thought of mother stayed his hand
Nor dimmed his greedy eye;
We whispered, "Music with your meals"—
He put temptation by.

The desperado on the track
Prepared to stop the train,
And in some lonely desert cave
To hide his ill-got gain.
No thought of hardship or disgrace
Availed his crime to check;
We murmured, "Music with your meals"—
He ran away, by heck!

The man with murder in his heart
Beside a brother stood,
And planned to take the other's life
With brutal hardihood.
No thought of Cain or penalty
Unnerved his hand that day;
We muttered, "Music with your meals"
He threw his gun away.

No Wonder.

Mrs. Girem—"What makes you so tired?"

Weary Willie—"Heredity, mum. Me father was the original Tired Business Man."

Though Not Relished,

A little lemon, now and then,
Is good for some conceited men.

Order Obeyed.

Willis—"My son was spending so much at college that I told him he must cut some of his luxuries."

Gillis—"Did he do it?"

Willis—"Yes. He writes me that he has been cutting classes ever since."

The Stage.

Stella—"Is her marriage announced?"

Bella—"Yes; now it only needs to be denounced and renounced."

Who wants to be as independent as a pig on ice? That never brings home the bacon.

A Brilliant Adsmith.

"You haven't got J. Jones Jinkins writing advertisements for you any more, I hear," remarked one business man to another, both good advertisers along different lines.

"No," replied the other in a tone of strong disapproval, "and I'm glad of it."

"What's wrong with him? I understood he had taken a course from a correspondence school and was thoroughly competent."

"Was he?" And the other man spat as though something tasted bad. "Was he? Well, let me tell you what he done. I had a new brand of toothbrushes and I wanted something extra to exploit them all over, and I told him to go to it good. Next day in all the papers it showed up large and luminous, and at the bottom there was a line standing out clear which read: 'If not satisfactory after a week's trial, return and get your money back.' Now, what do you think of that? Toothbrushes, mind you! Rats!"

Another Duty.

"You are my wife's social secretary?" he asks of the beauteous creature who is seated at the small desk in the study.

"Yes, sir," she smiles. "I am supposed to take Mrs. Blirrup's place in as many social details as possible."

"Well—er—she doesn't seem to be coming downstairs this morning, and it has always been her custom to kiss me good-by when I start for the office."

A FAUX PAS.

Thoughtless admirer—"You 're looking splendid this evening. (Deprecatory murmur from girl.) But perhaps it 's the light!"

Success.

By ELLIS O. JONES

"I CAN truthfully say I am a success," said the literary man who had hitherto kept silent.

The others looked at his modest attire and tried to think of something he had written.

"Yes," he went on. "It is easy enough for a business man to stay married when he is home only one day in the week, but I have been doing all my work at home for nearly thirty years and I still have the same wife I started with."

The Woman of It, Of Course.

"Jermalon tells me that his wife is very angry with you because you didn't keep your promise not to tell anybody what she told you about her sister-in-law," says Mr. Pilfickle reprovingly.

"Well, she has no reason to censure me," asserts Mrs. Pilfickle. "I never confided it to anybody except you."

"That's just it, my dear. I happened to mention it to one or two of the fellows downtown, and they spread it around until it came to Jermalon's ears, and he told his wife about it. I don't see why it is you women have to gossip all the time."

As Shelley Has It Not.

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,
  I fear thy mien, thy tone, thy motion—
Methinks thine eyes are heavy laden
  With thoughts about this leap-year notion.

Frenzied Finance.

Little Jack Horner got a good corner
  On all the wheat supply;
But the price of it fell before he could sell,
  And he said, "What a thickhead am I!"

There's more truth than poetry in some poetry.

Boss—"What is the cause of this continual tardiness, young man?"

Newly-wed employee—"Well, I, er—um—have to button up the ashes, light the shirt-waist, and throw out the furnace before I can leave home."

Humorless Women

The Wandering Willie had received plentiful inward repairs at a generous farmhouse half a mile down the road, and when he came to the next he might have passed on, but he was in still further need, and he knocked at the kitchen door. A kind lady responded to his knock. He was such a ragged specimen that her heart was moved before he spoke.

"Why, you poor man!' she exclaimed. "Come into the house! We haven't got much just now, but you can have enough to keep body and soul together."

"'Tain't that so much, lady," he replied, sticking out a foot in a dilapidated shoe, "as it is something to keep upper and sole together."

He laughed at his joke, but the woman did not. Women have no sense of humor. She slammed the door in his face.

His Specialty.

"Do you speak several languages, father?"

"No, my son," replied Mr. Henpeck, gazing sadly at his wife; "but I do know the mother tongue."

The Fault.

Nurse—"Yes, Johnny, the doctor brought twins."

Johnny—"Gee! That's what we get for having a specialist!"

Mr. Blowett—"I am connected with some of the most prominent families in the city."
Miss Sharp—"H-m. Telephone or gossip?"

Impatient guest—"See, here, waiter, how long is that steak of mine going to be?"
Waiter—"About twelve inches, sir."

Irate teacher—"I never saw such a stupid child! What was your head made for, anyway?"
Scared pupil—"Er—er—to hold me hat on, I guess."

"Your new cook is awfully tall, isn't she?"
"Yes; but I don't think she'll stay long."

Bunning—"What sort of game did you see the most of on your hunting trip?"
Gunning—"Oh, hang it, poker, as usual."

THE MODERN WOMAN

Think of It!

OUT IN Northport, Long Island, where every man dwells in peace under his own vine and fig tree (even if they do publish law books out there), lives one Mr. G., who has a farm on the outskirts.

This gentleman had a wife who was famous the country round as a model of the domestic virtues.

She worked from the cock crow to the hours nearing midnight. On Sundays she was privileged to go to church (but this meant getting up early to attend to the children and many household duties) and hear from the pulpit the wonders of mankind, as well as the manifold sins of womankind, especially her first sin which brought destruction on the world, etc.

Well, finally Mrs. G. died.

Several of the neighbors were sympathizing with the bereaved husband, and between his sobs he was heard to say, "Yes, she was a good wife. I could not feel worse if one of my best horses had died."

If this is not an exhibition of the old feudal instinct, what is?

A BOOTH FOR THE SALE OF ALL SUFFRAGE LITERATURE, INCLUDING "JUDGE."

A Student of the Congressional Record

Mrs. Emily Montague Bishop, well known as a lecturer at Chautauquas and before women's clubs and as the author of "The Road to Health," "Seventy Years Young," etc., has crowned the activities of a useful life with a unique achievement. No one before her ever thought the *Congressional Records* fascinating reading. Now suffragists and others are taking up these supposedly dry sheets and finding them a source of keen delight. In a reading which she is now delivering, entitled "Man, Woman's Equal," Mrs. Bishop depicts scenes from the United States Senate which are true to life and which cleverly show up the meanderings, frailties, and peculiarities of the masculine politician in such a way as to remove any lingering feelings of strong superiority on the part of the men toward feminine minds. It is all done with a hilariousness which delights the men who hear her as much as the women.

MRS. EMILY MONTAGUE BISHOP.

Judge's Prize Contest

Why Should Women Vote?

Judge offers a first prize of

$10 IN GOLD

for the best ten reasons, and

Five Yearly Subscriptions to Judge

(Value $5 each.)

for the five next best collections of ten reasons.

Conditions:

1. Contributions must not contain more than 500 words.
2. They must be received at this office before 5:30 p.m. on Thursday, Feb. 29.
3. They should be directed to Judge Suffrage Editor, 225 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

The judges will be chosen from among the leaders of the Suffrage Party.

An Appreciation (?) of a Contemporary.

The United States has a new paper, which is said to be humorous by its editors, who, with due modesty, declare their publication to be the American *Punch*.

A fair-minded examination, however, shows its claims upon our sense of humor to be slight, indeed. The jokes display all the finesse of a street-car advertisement. Those that do not smell of the oil lamp savor of the public house. That there are amid the painful efforts some pieces of near-wit cannot be denied, but, on the whole, it is spoiled by the overstrain that obtrudes at every point.

The most significant feature of the first number is the fact that the editors recognize woman suffrage to be so prominent in the popular mind as to deserve a thrust on nearly every page. We are glad to record this single piece of penetration on the part of the new venture—it is the one ray of light in general gloom. But the jokes on woman suffrage are so stricken with years that it is painful to behold their wrinkled faces. The only great point which seems to have escaped their livid imagination is that the husbands of women suffragists are all at home darning socks, pacifying squalling infants, and doing the family wash.

The burden of the clever phillipics is that women suffragists are ugly old frights, that they wear hobble skirts or trousers, and that they smoke cigarettes. The editor sees no humor in the "antis" and divekeepers standing on the same platform to protect the home or running about the country preaching and exemplifying the moral precept that women should stay at home.—*The Woman Voter.*

A little girl was asked what she called her new kitten. "Anti-Suffragist," she said. Sometime later the same interrogator called. "I don't call my kitty Anti-Suffragist any more," the child informed her. "I call her just Suffragist." "Why the change?" asked the caller. "'Cause now my kitty has her eyes open," was the answer.

The Fly and the Auto.

(Adapted.)

A FLY upon an auto lit,
And thought he caused the sound.
He thought he made it chug and spit,
And made the wheels go round.

This very busy little fly
Has won undying fame
For self-conceit amazing high,
And ignorance the same.

But now a rival do we find—
A fly with ardor keen.
She says, "I'll just climb on behind
And stop the big machine."

We see her strive and strive in vain,
And soon she will desist;
For the "anti" fly cannot restrain
The auto suffragist.

An Embarrassing Moment.

When an old friend drops in to see you, and you begin to tell him how well you have got along since last you met and how greatly you have prospered—

And you see that he does not believe you—

And he sees that you see he does not believe you—

And he tries to act as though he believed you—

And you see that he tries to act as though he believed you—

And he sees that you see—

That is probably the most embarrassing moment that can happen for both of you.

Grocers may come and coal men may go, but there is never any short measure in the peck of trouble.

Whatever may be said of the general average of the available lacteal fluid supply, the milk of human kindness never needs to be pasteurized.

In the voyage through life, it isn't always the biggest blower who raises the wind most effectively.

In courtship many a man fails to land on his feet until he has fallen on his knees.

Speaking of oratory, did you ever observe that the telephone book is full of ringing addresses?

Elastic hat stays for expansive millinery would eliminate the use of the barbarous hat-pins.

It is in a landed aristocracy more than any other that men are known by their deeds.

Some people refuse utterly to take stock in purgatory, although they know that it has not now and never will have any water in it.

The average woman does not really care particularly for the last word, provided she can begin all over again after somebody else has spoken it.

Do not fail to remember that a man may be tremendously stuck on himself and yet be a very loose character.

We have known men to be positively brilliantly bright and yet remain the possessors of the shadiest of reputations.

The man with money to burn is often unconsciously doing no more than adding to the fuel of purgatory.

The beggar who is after dinner has to make his after-dinner speech generally before he gets it.

Beware of the girl with the steely eye. It is she of whom the novelists write that "Carlotta looked daggers at him."

The reason why some folks have the wool pulled over their eyes is that it would be an almost monumental task to pull it over their ears.

The trouble with income, on the whole, is that most of us cannot live within it any more than we can live without it.

FROM ONE EXTREME TO ANOTHER.

Hoots from a Wise Owl.

There are never any deductions from the wages of sin. They are paid in full.

A joke is not necessarily a crazy one because it is cracked.

In some grades of society it is the impossible person who is the most probable.

Genesis.

Pharaoh had just dreamed of the seven full and the seven blasted ears of corn.

"You are going to invent a new kind of breakfast food," interpreted Joseph.

The early bird is usually served with a large, cold bottle on the side.

A TOTAL ECLIPSE.

Reflections of Uncle Ezra.

By ROY K. MOULTON.

TAGE BUTTS, of our town, is takin' a correspondence-school course in English and hopes to become sportin' writer for some newpaper; but the question is what he needs of English.

There are some civil service employes who are not. Some of them are very uncivil.

A sure way to kill a flea is to hit him on the head with a sledgehammer.

Eb Frisby and Ren Purdy ain't spoke in nineteen years, on account of a line fence. Eb moves it every night, and in the morning Ren gets up and moves it back; and each one has had to put a second mortgage on his farm bekus he had been so busy diggin' postholes. Two new lawyers have moved into town, and circuit court is thinkin' some of runnin' nights.

There are 5,783,983 book agents in this country and 8,964,873 men sellin' life insurance.

Arsenic and strychnine are very injurious to the health if taken immoderately.

Home ties are those which you wear only around home. They are generally selected by your wife.

Amos Hanks says he is strong for chafin'-dish cookery. A feller has to be strong for that.

Men who wear those fuzzy fedoras are not necessarily insane. Some receive them as birthday presents and have to wear them.

If all the energy wasted in tryin' to swat flies were harnessed and concentrated, it would operate all of the railroad trains in this country and seventeen in Canada.

There ain't no use in tryin' to make a silk purse out'n a pig's ear, for, even if a feller did, he wouldn't have nothin' much to put in it.

A feller that will give his wife a washboard for a birthday present may be a gentleman and a scholar, but he is no philanthropist.

While the rest of the fellers were gone to the war, Hank Purdy served his country faithfully, too—on the circuit court jury.

There are only two kinds of women who know how to make a man stand around. They are the married ones and the single ones.

The fellers that never took a drink in their lives are generally the ones that demand the most credit for stayin' sober.

Amos Hanks is away at college gettin' a liberal education, and his father is stayin' hum and gettin' an education in liberality.

Lafe Purdy went to war, but is havin' some trouble tryin' to pose as a he bekus he was shot right where his suspenders cross.

Hank Tumms is an expert interior decorator. He decorates his own interior mostly, down at the Golden Nugget saloon.

Somehow or other, it seems that a feller that does embroidery and fancy work never gets to be President.

A FAMILY TRAIT.

"How do you come by the ability to paint?"
"Well, it seems to run in the family. I have a mother and three sisters"

SPORTING TERM—"TAKING THE COUNT."

Little boy—"I can't remember what pop sent me for. It was either bread or tobacco. He said to have it charged"
Grocer—"It was bread. He always has money enough for tobacco."

GET OFF THE EARTH.

"CAN YOU TELL ME IF THIS IS BLEEKER STREET?"
"QUE COSA DICE?"
I
"IS THAT BLEEKER STREET?"
"SCUSATE, SIGNORE."
II
"HEY, SONNY! THAT'S BLEEKER STREET ISN'T IT?"
IO NON PARLO INGHLESE."
III
"WELL WHAT D'YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? LIFE IN A BIG CITY ALL RIGHT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TRY MY PUNK ITALIAN ON SOMEBODY IF I'M GOING TO GET TO BLEEKER STREET TODAY."
IV
"I'LL TRY THIS CHAP ON THE CORNER HERE....."
V
"VOLETE DIREMI, SIGNOR, SI ....
AW! SPEAK UNITED STATES!
VI

THE BABBLE OF BABEL.

Grandmother and Geraldine.

By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY.

"WHEN John asked permission to pay his addresses to me, father investigated his character very carefully before consenting," said grandmother.

"The first time Reginald called, I looked up his father in Bradstreet's before risking any further damage to the drawing-room furniture," laughed Geraldine.

"And when John asked me to marry him, I told him I would think it over. A girl didn't throw herself at a man in *my day*."

"She doesn't now, either. When Reginald asked me, I said I would answer him as soon as my father saw *his* father and ascertained if he would make the right kind of a settlement on us."

"For months father and mother were the only ones who knew that John and I were engaged. I wouldn't have had anybody know for worlds," said grandmother.

"I sent the notice to the newspapers the next morning after Reginald proposed," acknowledged Geraldine. "It requires a lot more nerve for a man to break an engagement after it has been announced."

"As soon as we became engaged," mused the elder lady, "I set to work hemming towels and table linen. I had already pieced quilts and made comforts in anticipation of the day when I should have a home of my own."

"It's up to Reginald to provide the comforts of home, if we have one—which I hope we shall *not*. I prefer to live in a hotel," asserted the younger woman emphatically.

"John warned me that his board was seldom more than bacon and cornbread, but I was willing to share it with him."

HASN'T GOT IT WITH HIM.

Teacher (disgustedly)—"My boy, my boy, where is your intuition?"

Boy—"I ain't got any. I 'm only here a few days, and I didn't know what I had to git."

"I am willing to share Reginald's board as long as he can afford to board where they keep a good chef."

"Sundays," said grandmother, "John saddled old Bess, put the pillion on behind for me, and we rode twenty miles to church."

"I have promised Reginald that he may stay at home and read the Sunday supplements if he will provide a limousine for my church-going."

"I wove the cloth and did all the sewing for myself and my six children," said grandmother.

"Women married, then, to get work," declared Geraldine. "Now they marry so they can quit work."

"Yes," asserted the old lady, "the modern woman 'toils not, neither does she spin.'"

"I am acquainted with several who have to toil pretty hard and spin many fairy tales in order to work their husbands for a new gown. If Reginald turns out like that, I'll renovate his ideas or Reno-vate him."

"At the pace we are traveling now, I don't know where we shall land," mourned grandmother.

"Neither do I," admitted Geraldine; "but the going is good. Why borrow a tire until you have a blowout?"

An Average Day's Tips for Mr. Tipton.

By HARVEY PEAKE.

7.00 a. m.—Tips shade of night lamp to get the time.

7.05 a. m.—Tips bed into upright position to get room.

7.15 a. m.—Tips basin to get rid of water.

7.20 a. m.—Tips mirror to get light for dressing.

7.25 a. m.—Tips waitress to serve breakfast.

7.30 a. m.—Tips bowl to get at oatmeal.

7.33 a. m.—Tips urn to get coffee.

7.45 a. m.—Tips chair to get greater ease.

7.55 a. m.—Tips tobacconist to get special brand of cigars.

8.00 a. m.—Tips newsboy to get paper.

8.15 a. m.—Tips driver of hansom cab to get ride to office.

8.20 a. m.—Tips elevator boy to get up to his floor.

8.30 a. m.—Tips boy to have office dusted.

9.00 a. m.—Tips stenographer to get letters written.

10.00 a. m.—Tips operator of telephone exchange to get party for him.

10.05 a. m.—Tips party for listening.

12.00 m.—Tips elevator boy to get down to first floor.

12.10 p. m.—Tip-toes into cafe to get lunch.

12.30 p. m.—Tips waiter for service.

12.35 p. m.—Tips boy in check room to get hat.

1.00 p. m.—Tips barber to get shave.

1.15 p. m.—Tips bootblack to get shine.

1.40 p. m.—Tips manicure to get nails attended to.

1.50 p. m.—Tips elevator boy to get up to office again.

2.00 p. m.—Tips postman to get afternoon mail.

3.00 p. m.—Tips fly to leave his bald spot alone.

REFLECTION OF THE BIRDMAN.
"How in the world do you do it?"

5.00 p. m.—Tips elevator boy to get down to terra firma.

5.10 p. m.—Tips acquaintance for tip on to-morrow's races.

6.30 p. m.—Tips taxi driver to get to restaurant.

7.00 p. m.—Tips head waiter to get special table.

7.30 p. m.—Tips waiter for service.

7.40 p. m.—Tips boy to get hat.

7.45 p. m.—Tips doorman of cafe to get exit.

7.50 p. m.—Tips carriage man for calling taxi.

8.00 p. m.—Tips sidewalk speculator for theater ticket.

8.05 p. m.—Tips boy to get program.

8.06 p. m.—Tips usher to get seat.

11.00 p. m.—Tips taxi driver to get home.

11.30 p. m.—Tips apartment-house hall man to get in.

11.35 p. m.—Tips elevator man to get up to his rooms.

12.00 p. m.—Tips glass of brandy and soda to get sleeping potion.

12.15 a. m.—Tips eyes to get sleep.

Modern Version.

By CHARLES C. JONES.

He digged a pit, he digged it deep—
Now comes the sudden shock!
He fell not in; but, rich as sin,
He's selling mining stock!

Ode to a Landlord.

By a Struggling Poet.

Board	$ 9.00
Room	4.50
Laundry	.90
Total	$14.40

Answer to Correspondent.

Yes, Harrylde, I will advise you frankly about the question you ask. If, as you say, your salary is forty dollars per month, you can easily afford to give your sweetheart violets and chocolates and take her to the opera in a taxicab. To be sure, this will mean some slight economies on your part, such as occupying a very small hall bedroom, living on few and poor meals, wearing advertised clothes, and giving up smoking; but we should be willing cheerfully to make some small sacrifices for the darling girls.

Good Things.

A good thing is a thing to do,
And yet we seldom view one;
But still I can't believe that you
Would rather be than do one!

A PROPHECY.
German steamers leaving Frankfort for the Sandwich Islands.

TO TH

ABSENT..

HER MAIDS.

HER CREATION.

HER EXIT.

Dame Fashion at Work.

By CARLETON G. GARRETSON.

DAME FASHION came down to her office one morn,
With a step far from light and a frown most forlorn.

She looked o'er her mail, then exclaimed with a sigh,
"No dame in the world is more wretched than I!

"Not a change in the styles have I made for a week,
And to find out the reason my clients all seek.

"For something that's new I have cudgeled my brain,
And the tailors and milliners loudly complain.

"'We want something fancy and costly,' they say;
'Some freak that will take, though for only a day.

"'Gowns and hats that 'twill need a small fortune to buy,
From fabrics, of course, that are scarce and come high.'"

Then the dame called her maids and said, "Scour the lace
For ribbons and furbelows, tinsel and lace,

"For feathers and buckles and gimcracks and pins,
For here's where a startling new fashion begins."

Then she grabbed and she sewed and she ripped and she tore,
And turned out a creation unheard of before.

Ungainly it was, with no semblance of sense;
But from Dame Fashion's standpoint 'twas simply immense.

"It will make a sensation, but quickly will tire,
And that," said the dame, "is what modistes desire."

The strange thing quite finished, she took up her pen,
Tap-tapped on her forehead a moment, and then

The description of what she'd concocted she wrote,
And headed the squib, "Up-to-date Fashion Note."

"The women of style who'd be modishly groomed
Should know that the present dress fashions are doomed.

"The latest apparel, approved by elite,
Is a marked innovation, from head unto feet.

"The skirt will be fuller, the bodice less plain,
And the sylph-like effects we'll no longer retain."

All this and some more she in haste jotted down
And sent to the fashion sheets published in town.

And she thought, "How the women will part with their mon!"
Then she giggled and chuckled at what she had done.

"Poor, suffering women! What puppets are they,
Who scoff at my edicts, but always obey!"

Her task at an end, her old hat she took down,
Threw her last winter's coat o'er her two-year-old gown.

"My position," she murmured, "is simply immense,
But it wouldn't last long if the women had sense!"

Now you who may read this just ponder a while—
Aren't *you* one of the slaves of the tyrant called Style?

THE MODERN WOMAN

Solons and Suffrage.

The statesman who will advance theories in the face of contradicting facts must not be surprised if his utterances fail to convince and result in his being held up to ridicule. The following extracts, taken from recent speeches in the State capitol at Albany, prove, if nothing else, that their authors are not students of current events. An occasional perusal of the newspapers published in the six States where women vote would enlighten these gentlemen considerably and perhaps cause them to modify their statements.

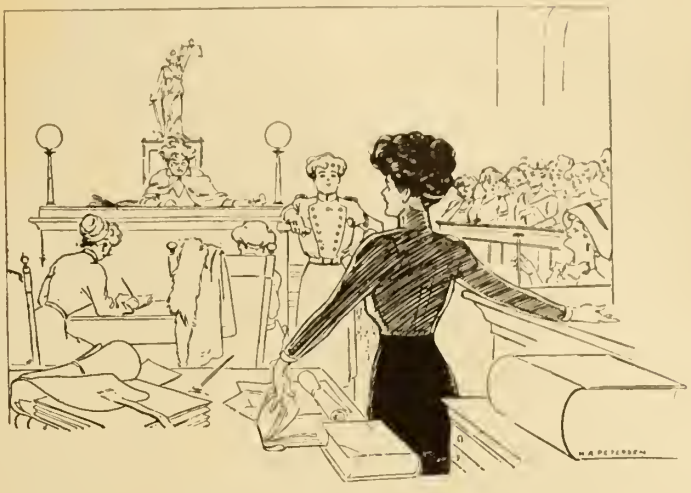
Every man "would" be met on his return home every evening by his wife in a towering rage over politics.—The Senator from Binghamton.

The home "would" come down around our heads in everlasting ruin.—The Same Senator.

My great-grandmother "would" turn over in her grave to reproach me.—Senator Grady.

Chivalry "would" die right down dead in its tracks, a heap of rusty helmets, bucklers, greaves, and stove-pipes.—Levy.

It "would" take MM. Lepine and Bertillon to find in all the commonwealth a shirt with its full complement of buttons, if woman went out to vote once a year.—Cuvillier.



A FAIR TRIAL.

The Suffrage Meeting.

A PROBLEM PLAY.

By SARA LYNCH.

Mah downtrod sisters—I mus' thank yo'
fo' yo' applause.
I's yere to explanation 'bout de equal
suffrage cause.
Now, befo' we starts dis meetin', jes'
to show we's in dis fight,
Let yo' loud voices out an' try to crack
dis roof to-night.

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!
We's in de fight!
What's de mattah with suffrage?
It's all right!"

Yo' fine enthusyism is mos' worthy of
mah note—
It plain shows me, mah sisters, dat yo's
ready fo' de vote.

(Cries of "We is!" and loud applause.)

While I's not yere to try to cause no
family fuss,
Course yo' ole man an' my ole man am
all de same to us—

Judge's Prize Contest

Why Should Women Vote?

Judge offers a first prize of

$10 IN GOLD

for the best ten reasons, and

Five Yearly Subscriptions to Judge
(Value $5 each.)
for the five next best collections of ten reasons.

Conditions:

1. Contributions must not contain more than 500 words.
2. They must be received at this office before 5:30 p.m. on Thursday, Feb. 29
3. They should be directed to Judge Suffrage Editor, 225 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

The judges will be chosen from among the leaders of the Suffrage Party.

Dey's men! We's agin de men! . . .
Ain't dat de trufe?

(Applause lasting twenty minutes.)

MRS. JESSICA G FINCH. A. B LL B.

When Mrs. Finch is not engaged in explaining from rostrums and motor cars why women should vote she is attending to her duties as proprietress and principal of a select school for girls in New York City. She is president of the New York Equal Franchise Society, and is considered one of the most eloquent and convincing speakers in the suffrage ranks.

We—

(Interrupted by more applause.)

All right, mah sisters, go
ahead at dat yere roof!

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!
We's in de fight!
What's de mattah with women folkses?
We's all right!"

Mah po'r sisters, yo'll bes' understan' de cause an' consequence,
If I starts mah talk dis evenin' far away back whar things commence.
When dis ole worl' wuz made, de bes' stasticians now repo't,
Jes' as free as air an' sunshine de Lord gave de right to vote.
But Adam he come first, an', with his greedy eye an' claws,
He grab dat right to vote an' quick as wink he make some laws.
Den Eve she come. An' innocent, when 'lection day come 'bout,
She get her coat an' bonnet, makin' ready to go out,
A-turnin' over in her haid what laws wuz fo' de bes'.
Den sly ole Adam make a cough, an', foolin' with his ves',
He say, "Mis' Eve, I mos' fo'got; but while yo' wuz away,
Some mos' importan' laws wuz passed. Yo' cain't go out to-day."
"What's dat?" say Eve, quite sharp, an' dar's rebellion in her look.
Den with a solemn face he opens up his own law book.
"Now, we's to mind all rules, Mis' Eve, yo' sees by dis yere clause;
But dis yere udder one, Mis' Eve, says I's to make de laws."
Mis' Eve she cry, but what's de use? Ole Adam beat her! Den
She settle down an' left us all to 'bey de laws of men.
Now, de Lord gave us dat right to vote, an' by dese facks we know it!
Arise, mah sisters! Wake de night! Jes' claim yo' right en' go it!

(Thirty-six minutes tumultuous applause.)

What's dat, Mis' Jacksing? Yo' ask how de vote gwine do yo' good?
Oh, yo' po'r an' falterin' sister! An' I doan' mean dat nothin' rude—
But doan' dat vote do yo' man some good? Jes' answer dat, I say!
En' doan' yo' s'pose we'd make some laws to help us wimmen, hey?

(Laughter and cheers.)

An' now we'll close dis meetin' like de fashion of de men's—
Three cheers an' den de "Battle Hymn of de Republicans."

(Three hearty cheers, and then all march around hall singing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.")

Meeting closed.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

To Get There.

IF YOU don't believe that there is room at the top of the ladder, don't stand around and talk about it—climb up and find out for yourself.

Don't stand on your dignity. It probably isn't large enough to boost you very far.

Affinities.

Compiled by FRANK T. KOONS

Atwood and airships.
Boston and Browning.
Brooklyn and the bridge.
Bulls and bears.
Corned beef and cabbage.
Champ Clark and Congress.
Chanler and Cavalieri.
Dupont and Delaware.
Edison and electricity.
Farmers and the free list.
Fowler and flying machines.
Gaynor and Gotham.
High heels and hobbles.
JUDGE and jollity.
Kentucky and colonels.
Morgan and millions.
Madero and Mexico.
Mozart and music.
Peary and the Pole.
Penrose and Pennsylvania.
Paderewski and pianos.
Roosevelt and Ructions
Railroads and rebates.
Stars and Stripes.
Stanley and the steel trust.
Sing Sing and striped suits.
Taft and the tariff.
Taylor and Tennessee.
Texas and tornadoes.
Weston and walking.

You Take Your Choice.

Newrich—"How far back does my family run?"

Genealogist—"That's for you to decide. We'll go as far back as you wish to pay for, sir."

All highflyers are not high livers.

IT DEPENDS.

Rastus—"Do you keep chickens, mistah?"
Deacon Jones—"Not all of 'em!"

One Way of Viewing It.

The stars we spy on Broadway
Expensive are to see;
But the stars on high no one can buy,
Yet one can see them free.

The Lazy Way.

Mrs. Crawford—"Why don't you try the new paper-bag cooking?"

Mrs. Crabshaw—"I would, dear, if I thought it was as easy as getting the meals in a paper bag at the delicatessen store."

A Modern Tale.

A la Little Miss Muffet.

Little Miss Teacher
Sat by a preacher,
Waiting some sweet words to say;
Up came equal-pay-day
And much pleased the lady,
But frightened the preacher away.

A Sweet One.

"It's molasses that catches the flies," ventured the fond mother to her eligible daughter.

"But, mother," objected the daughter, "then they'll say I'm too stuck up."

Rather Indefinite.

"It is the talk of the town."

"Speaking of the telephone service?"

Success is never found in loafing places.

OF NO GREAT VALUE.

He—"I believe that every man should do something to advance scientific knowledge. When I die I shall leave my brain to science."
She—"Stingy thing!"

The Geography of Married Life.

By HARVEY PEAKE.

THE state of Matrimony is bounded on the north by Shattered Ideals, on the east by Enforced Toleration, on the south by Dull Monotony, and on the west by Hopeful Possibilities.

Its capital is Regret, and its other important cities are Disillusion, Race-suicide, Make-the-best-of-it, Hoping-against-hope, Affinity, Title-for-tin, Two-of-a-kind, Refuge, and the two small villages, Love and Obey.

Just over the state boundary on the west are the magnificent twin cities of Divorce and Alimony, to which fast trains—on a thirty-minute schedule—are run from every point in Matrimony except Love and Obey.

The principal occupation of the inhabitants is deceiving each other, fixing the blame, recalling pre-marital importance, discussing financial stortcomings, cold-storaging mothers-in-law, nagging, and fault-finding in general. In the villages of Love and Obey small quantities of harmony, home-making, and happiness are produced that yield very profitable returns.

CHANGELESS.

He—"I suppose Clara is what you would call a girl of uncertain age?"
She—"No, indeed. She has been the same age for the past five seasons."

The government of the state is a divided autocracy, with the balance of power in a divided skirt, and the state motto is, "United we begin, but divided we end."

A Word to the Wise.

By CHARLES C. JONES.

What keeps us true the long day through?
Of course, we seldom bless it.
Right well I know we ought to, though.
Keep at it till you guess it.

Bibbs—"I see you are still keeping your good resolutions. How have you managed to hold out so long?"

Nibbs—"Easily. I take a dose of Blabber's resolvent three times a day."

Geographical Grins.

From HERBERT ADAMS.

MANHATTAN—A small island, entirely surrounded by water and rubes; inhabited by plutocrats, aristocrats, and Democrats. It produces scandals, stock certificates, and next-morning headaches. Favorite reading matter—the wine list. Motto—"Thou shalt want ere I want."

PHILADELPHIA—A small, round, black dot on the right-hand side of the map. (Additional particulars are not available, as up to time of going to press no returns could be obtained either by mail, telegraph, or telephone. "Central" reports that they do not answer her call; every one appears to be asleep.) Motto—"How happy could I be with ether!"

CHICAGO—Built on the lake shore to show its contempt for water. Chief industries: one-half of the population engaged in packing cans for sale in U. S. A.; the other half in packing trunks to sail from U. S. A. Motto—"Cum grano salis."

JUST LIKE US.

"You re a great specimen of a carrier pigeon! That 's the second time you forgot to mail a letter for me."

BOSTON—The Hub of the universe. Slipped off the axle a few decades ago and still lies where it then fell. Produces beans, brains, and bluestockings. Favorite reading—the card catalogue. Famous building—the Temple of Peace. (It's not really in Boston, but they don't know the difference.) Motto—"We live and move and have our beans."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Population—Senators, orators, curators, and prevaricators. Manufactures words, mere words. Noted building—the Treasury. (Usually the capital is in the Treasury, but in this case the Treasury is in the Capital.) Motto—"We speak, but say nothing."

SYMPATHETIC.

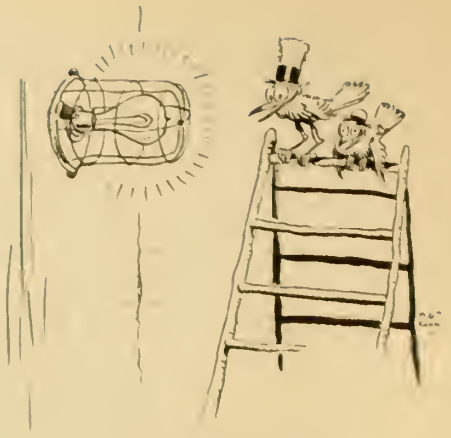
"Poor little fellow! Never did anything to anyone, and still he gets an awful beating every day."

PITTSBURGH—A city whose history is shrouded in a dark cloud of mystery. It stands, reputedly, on the banks of a river; but as no one has ever been able to see the other bank, it may yet prove to be a lake or even the ocean. Produces millionaires, steel, and steals. Reading matter—"When it was dark." Motto—"Wait till the clouds roll by."

ONLY MUSCLE NEEDED.

"That youngster doesn't seem very intelligent, but he has a fine appetite."

"Well, anyway, he may grow up to be a great college athlete."



PRECAUTIONARY.

"I wonder why they put that wire thing over it?"

"H-m, guess they 're afraid it 'll bite."

RENO—A branch of Manhattan, used as a sanitarium for the cure of wedgalls. Population—lawyers, ladies, and a few plain women. The last are native to the soil. Reading—letters from home—no, him. Chief building—pulled down since the fight. Song—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" Motto—"A fool and his honey are soon parted."

Overcoming Nature.

There was a maid in our town
  Who did not paint, 'twas said,
Because her soft and dimpled cheeks
  Were made by nature red.

But soon this maiden quite petite
  Grew wan, her roses fled,
And all because she followed out
  The beauty hints she read.

"And They Kick, Too."

Pat was standing near the car track when he noticed an automobile coming up the street, and to be safe he stepped back a little from the car track.

The auto went past, and, just as it was passing, the driver had an occasion to turn off the track. When he did, the auto skidded on the car track, causing the back end of it to swing around, striking Pat and knocking him down.

Pat was seen to get up and look after the car and say, "Now, p'hat do ye think o' that? Whin ye stand in front o' thim, they run over ye; and whin ye git out o' the way to let thim pass, they turn around and kick ye!"

That dull thud you may have heard was the noise of the first fall this year from the H_2O cart.

A CATACLYSM.

I.

Willie's Pocket.

By J. HARBOUR.

"NOW, Willie, you can just stand perfectly still and let me see what you have in your pocket. After finding my long-lost buttonhole scissors there, I don't know but I may also discover in that pocket the gold thimble I lost three months ago. From the way your pocket bulges, I should think that— Willie Smythe! What under the sun are you doing with this old belt buckle of mine in your pocket? And if here isn't cord enough to last a department store half a day! And buttons and beans and rubber bands— Willie Smythe! Do you mean to tell me that you have eaten all of the pulsatilla pellets that were once in this bottle? I wondered what had become of that new bottle of pulsatilla pellets I bought a couple of weeks ago, and here is the empty bottle in your pocket! I wonder if— What on earth do you want with two of my hairpins in your pocket? And here are three, four, six collar buttons! No wonder your father declares that he can never find a collar button in this house! And will you tell me what you are doing with this buttonhook in your pocket when you wear only laced shoes? Where on earth did you get these three trading stamps and what did you expect to do with only three of them? What do you want this cork in your pocket for and where did you get half a dozen mourning pins? Here's a raisin and a lot of nutshells! I suppose that you have been eating nuts in school and— A pocket is a nice place for an apple core, now, isn't it? Well, of all the dirty things I ever did see, this handkerchief of yours is the dirtiest! It is as black as your shoe and you must have been carrying it three months! Here's a piece of chalk and a peanut and a piece of peel and a couple of matches and some cracker crumbs, a glass from some one's spectacles, and— Willie Smythe! Let me ever again find a picture from a box of cigarettes in your pocket! Where did you get such a thing? What do you want to carry a keyring for, without a sign of a key on it? And of what use is an old knife handle without a single blade? Is that all that is in your pocket? All but a few little things of no account? Well, if there is anything of any account in your pocket I have not been able to discover it. Dear, dear, but you boys are strange creatures!"

II.

Old Home Week.

During a recent Old Home Week in an up-State village the following "never-will-amount-to-anythings" were in attendance:

John Wilson Clarke, who was always too lazy to do the chores, came up from New York in his big, seven-passenger car. On account of pressing work he could stay but a few hours.

Ex-Governor Silby Kirkwood, who was naturally thick-headed and half-baked in his youth, stopped over in his private car to see his old home.

Dr. Willus G. Dyer, one of the best known surgeons in the country, called the town fool when a boy, dropped in and left enough money for a town library.

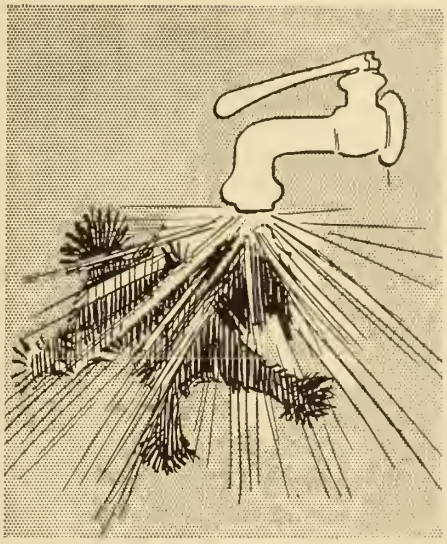
Miss Caroline Jensen Atwood, too stupid to learn in the old red schoolhouse, now a popular authoress and playwright, visited her relatives.

Charlie Druke, the spendthrift, shut up his Wall Street office long enough to attend.

One of the most noticeable features of the whole celebration was the absence of the men and women who gave much promise of originality and worth during their youth.

Lack of memory in their old age accounts for the fact that not one of the old fogies present ever said anything but good of anybody, including the successful boys present.

—Don. Cameron Shafer.



III.

On Board.

Rich man, poor man, magnate, peerage;
First class, second class, third class, steerage.

When all things break our way we are on good terms with ourselves; when they break against us others are in bad with us.

IV.

IS THIS JOHN'S GIRL?

Oh, no! John has just come home from college and has met his stepmother for the first time.

Had To Pony Up.

By JOE CONE.

SHE wore a pony coat—
She always hoped she could;
She was the envy of
The little neighborhood.

She wore a pony coat—
It was a dandy fit;
Her husband had to sell
His horse to pay for it.

The Strange Part.

Mr. Dresser (with evening paper)—"Here's strange news! A New York child hid for thirty hours in her mother's clothes closet!"

Mrs. Dresser—"I should say it is strange! Imagine a New York woman not changing her clothes in that time!"

The Reason.

Ella—"I see that, out West, the women are voting for the recall of a mayor."

Stella—"His wife probably wants him at home more."

New drug clerk—"People complain about our hair tonic; they say it makes the hair come out."

Proprietor—"Well, change the label and sell it for a depilatory to remove hair."

WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

Agent—"Where 's your ma?"
Child—"Choppin' wood."
Agent—"Where 's your pa, then?"
Child—"Makin' her."

Shuster.

Oh, you, Shuster!
You are the booster
Of old Teheran!
Don't let 'em rush you!
Don't let 'em crush you!
You are no Persia-an.
They want to master
The sick Zoroaster,
At present under the ban;
But you're the physician
Who knows his condition,
And stick to your plan—
If you can!
What?

—*William J. Lampton.*

In Sox Signo Vinces.

Jones answered an advertisement and sent a dollar for four pairs of socks. When they arrived, Jones looked them over and then wrote the advertiser:

"Socks received. The patterns are vile. I wouldn't be seen on the street with them on."

Back came the answer:

"What are you kicking about? Didn't we guarantee that you wouldn't wear them out?"

A BASHFUL SWAIN'S PROPOSAL

Phyllis, girl, when we 're apart
The things I fain would say to thee
Flow freely from my bursting heart;
But when I rush away to thee
My tongue doth seem to lose its art,
And I make sad display to thee.

Phyllis, girl, I long to speak
Sweet words of love, my own, to thee;
To print a kiss on either cheek
And rave as when alone to thee;
But when thy presence e'er I seek
How painfully I drone to thee!

Phyllis, girl, could I but say
The half of what I would to thee,
Could I indite a virelay
And breathe it as I should to thee,
Could I but tell my secret, pray,
Would my poor suit seem good to thee?

Phyllis, girl, what shall I do?
Although I would propose to thee,
I fear I cannot learn to woo
Or my intent disclose to thee.
I 've done my best, and now I 'm through,
May I present this rose to thee?

Ah, bliss! Thou holdest out thy hand!
Dost wish me to come near to thee?
And dost thou really understand
What I could not make clear to thee?
Thou really wilst be mine? Good land!
How slow I must appear to thee!

—*Carleton G. Garretson.*

1. Inspiration.

2. Contemplation.

3. Inflation.

4. Elevation.

An Afflicted Family.

"YES, DOC," said the mother of a family of nine to the young doctor who had ridden sixteen miles into the backwoods in the dead of night, "we are a somewhat afflicted fam'ly, an', as home doctorin' don't seem to do no good, I thought I'd send for you an' see if you could straighten us out. Janey here, she's got something wrong with her bronical tubes so she don't breathe like she should. I been keepin' a rag spread with goose grease an' sprinkled with red pepper an' mustard on her front chist, but it seems to add to her ag'ny. Jake, he's got a mis'ry all up an' down his spinal bone, an' I been usin' ker'sene both external an' internal; but it ain't done him no good. Lizzie Belle, she's about ready to give up with plumbago, an' her sister Nancy has been feelin' mean for a week. I think that it's skiatic roomatiz that ails Nancy, but she's afraid it's the new disease they calls appendeshetus. The old man has been turrible slimsy for some days, an' Rube, our oldest boy, is all broke out with a rash that shows his blood ain't all right. He had a turrible spell las' night, an' I thought he was in for cholery infantum. He's had it off an' on ever since he was sixteen years old. I reckoned he'd outgrow it, but it grabs him as hard now that he's twenty-four as it did when he was younger. Wisht, Doc, that you'd just turn yourself loose an' see if you kin sort o' straighten us out."

A Novel View of It.

Little Dorothy—"Mamma, I ain't as much relation to daddy as I am to you, am I"

Mother—"What do you mean, dear?"

Little Dorothy—"Why, I am only related to daddy by marriage, but I'm related to you by bornation."

By their gifts ye shall know them.

STUNG AGAIN.

"Yes, George, the ring is a perfect dear; but the stone has a flaw."

"I know it, my dear; but love is blind"

"Yes—but not *stone*-blind"

Give Me Your Hand.

By SAM S. STINSON.

[On hands ordinarily considered clean, Doctors Mazol and Reverdin isolated the series of staphylococci, numerous streptococci, the bacterium coli, the proteus sometimes the pyo cyanate, and a host of other organisms.—New York *Herald*.]

Give me your hand, dear love, and let me lead
You into fairer paths, less rough and rocky.
Give me your hand. Your hero does not heed
The lurking dangers of staphylococci.

Give me your hand, dear love, and let me lift
You up to wisdom from the depths of folly.
Give me your hand, although methinks I've sniffed
The presence there of your bacterium coli.

Give me your hand, dear love, and let me pay
The price of your sweet health—to make me sick.
Give me your hand, and let me kiss away
All traces of your pyo cyanic.

A Suggestion.

When the postman to my portal
Comes with dunning notes galore,
I'm not prone to shout and chortle;
On the other hand, I'm sore.

This the painfulest of shocks is.
'Twouuld relieve my mental ills
Should they place on all mail boxes
This injunction:

POST NO BILLS!

A SLUR.

Miss C. Sharp—"The understudy seems to be making a flat failure."
Miss Beflat—"Yes. Most of the audience are protesting her notes."

PERSISTENT JACK.

"I've had a dozen proposals already this season."
"Gracious! Good ones?"
"Yes. All from Jack."

Free Distribution.

By GRACE McKINSTRY.

Authors of novels like compliments well,
But one sort of compliment fails;
Viz., "Thanks for your book;
I have loaned it to Belle,
To uncle, and grandpa, and Cousin Estelle,
Miss Hopkins, Tom Green, and rich Mrs. Van Pell.
I've promised it next to Sue Briggs and Aunt Nell."
For how does all this help one's sales?

An Unfeeling Brute.

By J. J. O'CONNELL.

"Oh, Henry!" she exclaimed as she ran out into the hall to meet her husband, with her hands held up in dismay. "On my way home from shopping I lost my pocketbook!"

"Well, as it happened on your way home, you couldn't have lost much," he replied, with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, you're just too mean for anything!" she cried, bursting into tears. "I was a fool to tell you about it! You should be ashamed of yourself to make such a remark when you know how badly I must feel!"

"Forgive me, my dear," he pleaded. "I must admit that what I said was rather mercenary. Tell me what you're going to do about it."

"Advertise for it, of course. There are things in it I wouldn't lose for the world. For instance, there was a hairpin I use to fasten my gloves. Tillie gave it to me out of her hair for luck the day she was married. Then there were those beautiful lines, entitled 'Twilight Musings,' I cut out while we were engaged, and I don't know how many samples and recipes. Besides, there was the business card of that man who was kind enough to offer to make me a crayon portrait of you absolutely free of charge."

"You needn't mention the other things," her husband broke in.

"Don't be so unsympathetic," she pleaded, "but tell me how to finish this advertisement I've started."

"After hearing that list of what your pocketbook contained," he returned, with a smile, "I guess you'd better wind the advertisement up in the orthodox way by stating that the contents were of no value except to the owner."

THE ULTIMATE.
A thousand miles a minute.

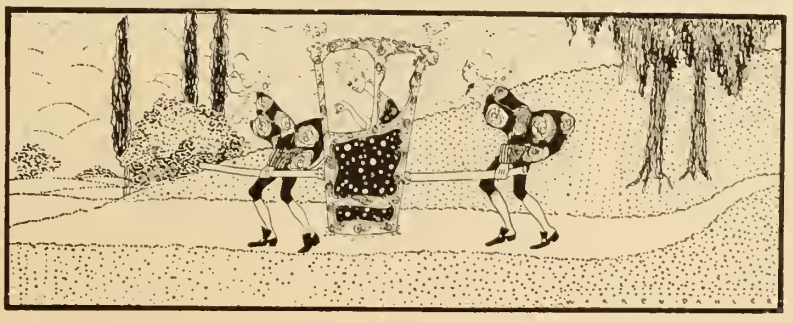
Every-day Facts and Fancies.

The most abused word in the English language is "guaranteed."

Your neighbor always has the best furnace—his house is never cold.

Not infrequently the manufacturing plant looks like the picture on the firm's stationery.

Jokes rush in where sermons fear to tread.



"To Sum Up."

By ELLIS O. JONES

A little suspicion always attaches to the writer who wants to sum up, who wants to consume a large chunk of his article in telling what he has said. It opens him to the double charge (1) of not having made his points clear as he went along, and (2) of being painfully conscious of the fact that he has not.

Such a writer is in need of advice. When he finds himself desiring to sum up, let him reexamine his points. Maybe they are not worth stating at all. Maybe he will find it worth while to wait a year or two until he gets a better grasp of them. If, however, he thinks it imperative to go ahead at once and believes he can make himself clear in the summary, let him do so, then eliminate the body of the article and let the summary stand as the whole. Or, having reached the firm conclusion that a summary is necessary, let him thereupon revise his article so that a summary will not be necessary.

Summaries are very desirable in textbooks or wherever the dissemination of knowledge is largely a forced process. But when an intelligent person picks up an article, he wants to get the points at the first reading. If, then, he wants to go back and sum them up for himself, he can do so, provided the article is properly written. The writer who sums up for himself too often has nothing to sum.

Mother Goose Again.

By GEORGE B. STAFF.

Little Miss Muffet
Tried hard to bluff it
On the election day;
But a challenger spied her,
And, walking beside her,
He frightened Miss Muffet away.

Proper Place.

His friend—"There'sh a tipless hotel down street a little way. Let'sh go down."

Jaggs — "Justh the place. These other ones here are tipping something awful!"

LOOKS LIKE THEM.

Wife—"All that you are you owe to me." *Husband*—"Here are thirty cents. Now we're square."

A Resolution.

Made by C. LESLIE VAN EVERY.

OLD PIPE, good-by!
'Tis New Year's Day!
And now must I
Throw you away.
It hurts, dear pal!
I always shall
Remember you,
My comrade true!
You now must drop
Until you stop
Upon the street
At people's feet!
But, stay! My mind
Is changed, I find.
I'll want to light
You up 'fore night—
Smile at yourself!
Stay on the shelf!

The Real Objection.

"What's the matter? Do you object to the heating of your flat?" asked the rent collector.

"No, it's not that; it's the fact that you don't heat it which I object to."

Great Scott!

Teethes there a babe whose cries are faint,
Who suffers pain without complaint?
'Tis not my own, if there be such.
The midnight oil for weeks we've burned,
And my poor head for sleep has yearned.
But would I part with babe? Not much!

An agreeable gin to brokers—mar-gin.

"AYE, AYE, SIR."

Imogene—"Oh, papa! Surely he must be hurt."
Father—"Nonsense, pettie, those chaps are used to hardships."

A bromide is one who is satisfied with things as they are. Be not him.

THE ONLY REAL WHITE HOPE.

The Coal Pile.

Little blinding snow storms,
Little winds that roar
Make the precious coal pile
Shrink up more and more.

On the Job.

Bartender—"What's the matter? Eating all the lunch on this counter! Have you no home?"

Bum—"I am a food inspector."

The Select Twenty.

Anybody can name twenty men who might be the greatest—but naming twenty who might be the smallest would be more difficult.

The Only Way.

Little drops of perspiration,
Little grains of grit—
The only way to show the world
That you are really "It."

His Point of View.

Hank Stubbs—"Looks like we're goin' to hev a purty hard winter."

Bige Miller—"Thet's the way it seems to them who are allus lookin' fur the soft side uv ev'rything."

Memoranda.

Of course, the "higher up" a man is, the harder it is to get at him.

Just because a girl wears a pony coat is no sign she is a high stepper.

THE MODERN WOMAN

Salutatory.

FOR ONE whole page His Honor is going to be serious, or at least semi-serious. He has been told that there is too much frivolty in his makeup, so here's where he straightens out his face and proves himself not guilty of this awful accusation. Among the thousands of women who have adopted JUDGE as a blues-eradicator are many who believe that women should vote. They will greet this page with unalloyed delight. Others there are who look askance at the idea. They will first endure, but finally embrace, His Honor hopes. Still others are on the fence. Well, he will dismiss these with the simple observation that a fence is no place for a woman. Anyhow, he hopes this page will be voted (and here's a case where all women can vote) at least an interesting innovation.

The Difference.

Clarence—"Pop, what's the difference between a suffragist and a suffragette?

Pop—"Well, son, as I understand it, one wants to vote and the other is going to."

Mrs. Rudolph Blankenburg.

It is a question whether Mayor Blankenburg, of Philadelphia, is deserving of fame so much on account of his high position as through his relationship by marriage to Mrs. Blankenburg. This talented woman, who believes not only that women should vote, but that they will, has publicly signified her intention of giving her husband's city an administration de luxe, having for years had pronounced views on how a city should be managed. Under the direction of Mrs. Blankenburg and her husband, Philadelphia may look for an awakening from her traditional lethargy.

MRS. RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG

Where We Lead.

Fair Greece may have excelled in art,
Great Rome in making law;
And yet we see a thing or two
No Cæsar ever saw,
Although he traveled miles and miles—
A thing to equal modern styles!

Women and Invention.

The perusal of history proves that women have played a very important part in originating the ideas that have developed into epoch-making devices and improvements. The first invention of woman was consummated in the Garden of Eden, when Eve hit upon the scheme of the distribution of burden by implicating her lord and master as a participant in the apple-eating episode. Primitive woman seems to have been responsible for much that to-day seems indispensable. She invented agriculture and transportation, as well as cloth and pottery and the tools with which they were constructed. While man was working out the plans of the war club and the bow and arrow, she produced the mortar, the cooking pot, and the loom. The hoe, the plow, the saddler's knife, baskets, rope, yarn, thread, cloth, matting, the cradle, the trunk, valise, chimney, pulley, and countless other invaluable devices were thought of by woman, while her husband busied himself with pursuits of a far less constructive character. Her recent achievements fill countless pages in the government patent records. One of her latest is a car strap joined to a hook, which a woman may carry around in her shopping bag and attach to the overhead bar in a street car; or, since car straps, made by man for man, are fixed at a man's height, she can hook the device into another strap, and thus make herself comfortable. The only phase of the subject in which man has outdone woman is in the invention of reasons why she shouldn't vote. True, he has perfected woman's inventions and made labor-saving machines, and the machine has created an era of industrialism which has no precedent in the history of the world. Women have not yet adjusted themselves to it. When they have done so, it is to be supposed that they will contribute to it as largely as they did to the earlier industrialism of the world.

MRS. ANNA ROSS WEEKS.

Mrs. Anna Ross Weeks.

Capturing things runs in Mrs. Weeks's family. Her great-grandfather, John Adams, helped capture Major Andre. She is a descendant of Anna Dudley, who captured fame as a New England poetess. Right now she is engaged in helping to capture the vote. Her especial hobby is working among the boy and girl suffragists.

Anti-suffrage Movement.

(With apologies to Madam Sherry.)

Every little movement
Has a meanirg
All its own.
Every anti's feeling
By her wobbling
May be known;
And every near-thought
That comes a-stealing
O'er her being
Comes revealing
All her weakness,
With appealing
Little pathos
All its own!

Women and the Home.

"Woman's place is in the home."
Often hear we this objection.
"From her hearth she should not roam;
'Tis in need of her protection."

Very pretty argument
'Gainst the scheme of women voting;
But it isn't worth a cent
When you've doffed its sugar coating.

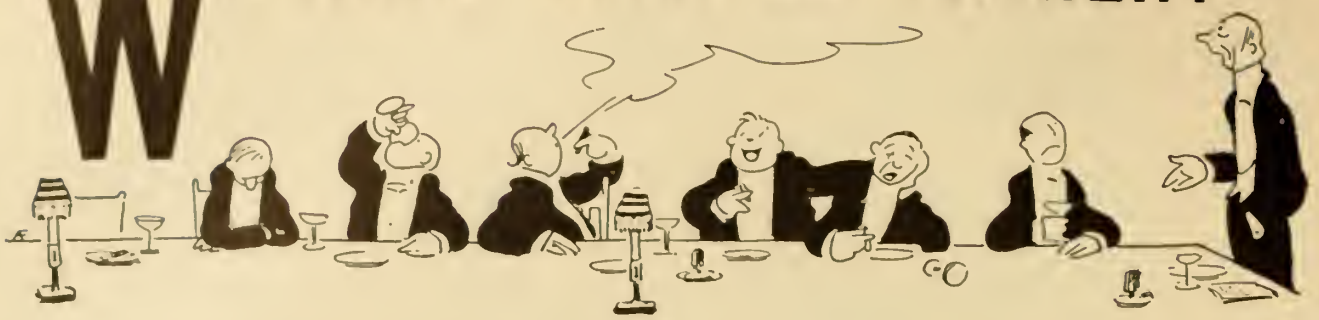
If the women ceased to toil
In their numerous vocations,
Ceased their dainty hands to soil
In their many occupations,

What a hubbub there would be!
Wheels of progress would cease moving.
What stagnation we would see
This frail argument disproving!

Give to them the voting right;
Then they'll pass some legislation
That will bring them from this plight
To their fitting, proper station.

Home is woman's proper sphere—
Surely no one will deny it—
And the vote will keep her here;
Therefore, why not let her try it?

WE HAVE WITH US TO-NIGHT



By HOMER CROY.

WILEY, HARVEY W.—Harvey W. Wiley, Uncle Sam's family physician, is the most serious-looking man in Washington. If you took one glance at him you would think sure that all the residents on Pennsylvania Avenue had just nibbled at some chloride of sodium or benzoate of soda; a second glance would convince you that all the citizens this side of the Red River of the North had just dined on toad-stools with ground glass on the side. He is the government's gastronomic detective; he can taste a spoon of split-pea soup and tell the sort of solder used. If he gets one good look at a sardine he can tell if the fisherman washed his hands before he went to work that morning; when the roast chicken is brought on he can take one bite, put his lips together and tell whether the meat has been in cold storage in New York or in Philadelphia. He himself is a wonderful performer with a carving set, and when he sits down before his plate of meat he can do a xylophone solo with his knife and fork. And he likes a glass of beer. He weighs two hundred and forty pounds and wouldn't touch a plate of ice cream in Augnst for a deed to the Sandwich Islands. He holds that by auto-suggestion you can keep your collar stiff when the thermometer is frisking around 106; when the mercury is trying to climb out of the tube if you will but go through the motions of feeding gum-drops to the Esquimaux and repeat softly with feeling the poem, "Beautiful Snow," you will have to get up and close the window to keep from catching cold. Dr. Wiley is one of the directors in the Non-Smokers' Protective League of America, and believes that anybody who pulls a brier is going straight to the dogs, and knows to a certainty that the person who inhales a cigarette is tobogganing straight to that region where smoking is the order of the day. When the rest of the gang were slipping out behind the barn, rolling corn silk into cigarettes with a newspaper for a wrapper, and lighting the combustible with a sulphur match, Harvey was having a regular debauch by himself in the garret of his own home, swinging one leg over the arm of the rocking-chair, chewing spearmint leaves and reading a dime novel.

PENROSE, BOIES.—Boies Penrose, the leader of the Republican Senate, is six feet three, and for five years has been trying to become a baseball fan. President Taft has taken him out and coached him through half a dozen games, but when Senator Penrose gets back he is sure to say, "That was a fine game; but I didn't catch whether you said it was an American or European league." He was born in aristocratic Spruce Street, Philadelphia, and has such blue blood coursing through his veins that when he cuts his finger it looks as though the indigo bottle had been upset. His father was a professor in the University of Pennsylvania and could stand Boies in the corner in French, spank him in Latin, lock him up in a Greek closet, and send him Sanskritless to bed. Boies was so young when he entered Harvard that the second day he was away from home he cried all night, and when he went to the barber shop the first time to be shaved—to be groomed for his graduation oration—his brother had to go along, hold his hand, and read two chapters to him from "The Lives of Our Heroes." His graduation oration was on "Martin Van Buren as a Politician," and contained thirty-seven French phrases, seventeen Greek idioms, twenty-two abalative absolutes, and a peroration in polysyllables. He is a man of his word; he would rather go to a double-header with La Follette than even indent his word. His favorite sport is horseback riding and he can sit a steed like a bronze of General Franz Sigel. He has not been inside a theater for thirty years and when he passes down the street in the theatrical section he shuts his eyes and puts his trust in the chauffeur. The Senator's "History of the City Government of Philadelphia" is a weighty addition to literature, from the standpoint of literary merit as well as that of avoirdupois. Senator Penrose is a Biddle and has a yacht named *Betty*. Any one who has even passed through the City of Brotherly Affection knows what it means to have an oil of a great-great Biddle on the parlor wall. A little, old Biddle is more to be prized than a brand-new, double-screw, steam *Betty*.

SPORTING NEWS.

A new record for Time—all former records broken.

Primary Lessons in Geography.

CARLETON G. GARRETSON, Instructor.

OCEANS.

OCEANS are a vast waste of highly seasoned water, which keeps three-fifths of the globe out of the hands of real-estate agents. They are utilized by bathers, steamship lines, fish, and poets; but outside of that they are of little benefit to mankind. They first came into prominence when they were referred to by a writer of verse, who called them "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." Conditions have changed, however, since this definition of them was concocted, as drinks are now served on all oceans. The theory that the ocean is blue on account of the bluefish that inhabit it has been exploded by eminent scientists, who insist that its blueness is due to the fact that when it reaches the shore with a roll it immediately strikes the bars and gets broke. The oceans are a cause of great expense to our government, which is attempting to fill them up with warships, torpedo boats, and other kinds of useless and expensive material. Many strange things are taken from the oceans. Pearls, devices used to help keep the unearned increment in circulation, are found there, but not in submarine mines, as one might think. Lobsters, one of our greatest sources of income, amusement, and indigestion, are found both in and out of the ocean. They are green and raw when discovered, and turn red when they are roasted. An ocean voyage has a strange effect on some people. Though regular tightwads on shore, they are often ready and willing to give up everything when they come in contact with the generous ocean swells. Light housekeeping is carried on extensively all along the shore, also many other aquatic pastimes. The deepest spot on the ocean is near Denmark, the driest spot is Asbury Park, and the wettest spot is Atlantic City. Now you know as much about the ocean as it is really safe for you to know. The class is dismissed.

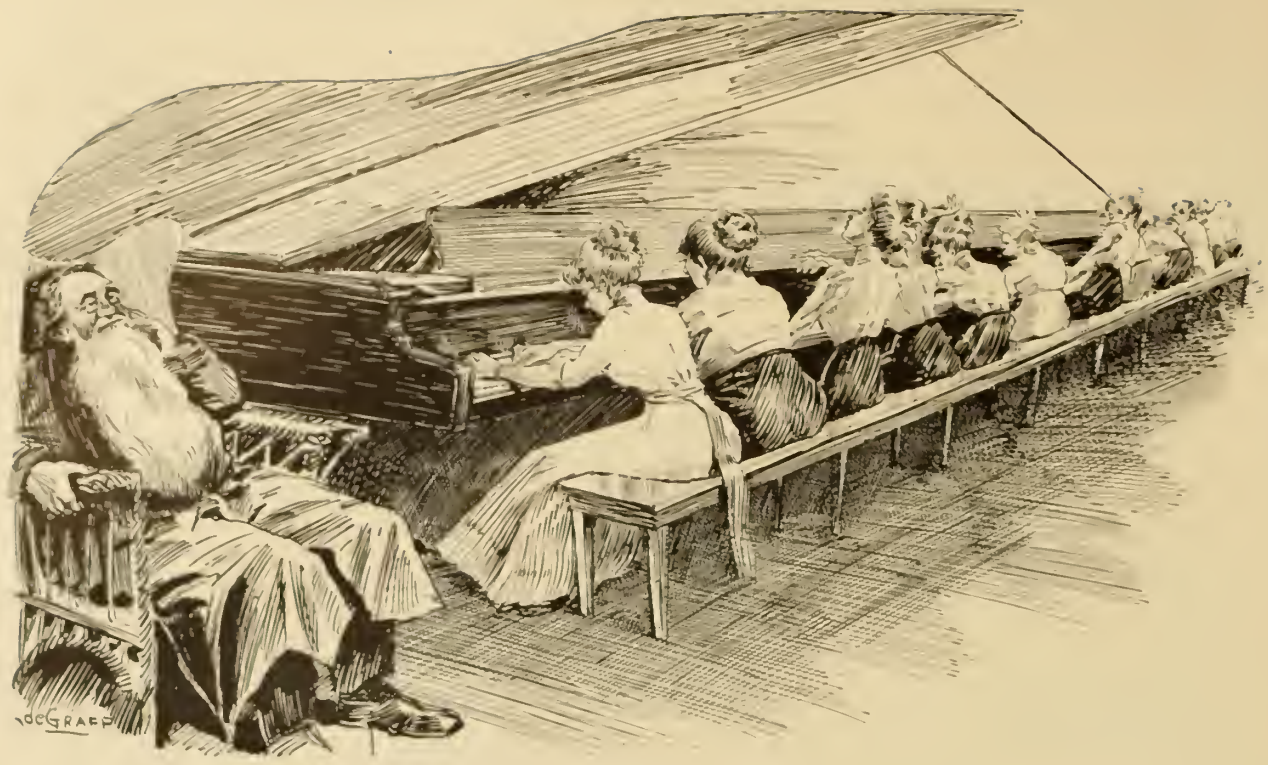
"OH, WHAT'S THE USE?"

Instead of the Hatchet.

Ella—"Are you and Bella friendly now?"

Stella—"Yes; we have buried the hatpin."

The best of autos, run by men,
Miss a spark or two now and then.



DOMESTIC HARMONY IN UTAH.
A Dozenette on the Pianorama.

My New Year's Resolutions.

By CAROLYN WELLS.

RESOLVED, that in the coming new year I will try to be less frivolous and try to write more for the uplift of the human soul, more for the extension of the higher plane, and more in a vein that shall tend toward the expansion of the ethical culture of my fellow-beings. I shall strive for fundamental sincerity and sincere fundamentality, and thus, on a higher biplane, endeavor to soar aloft.

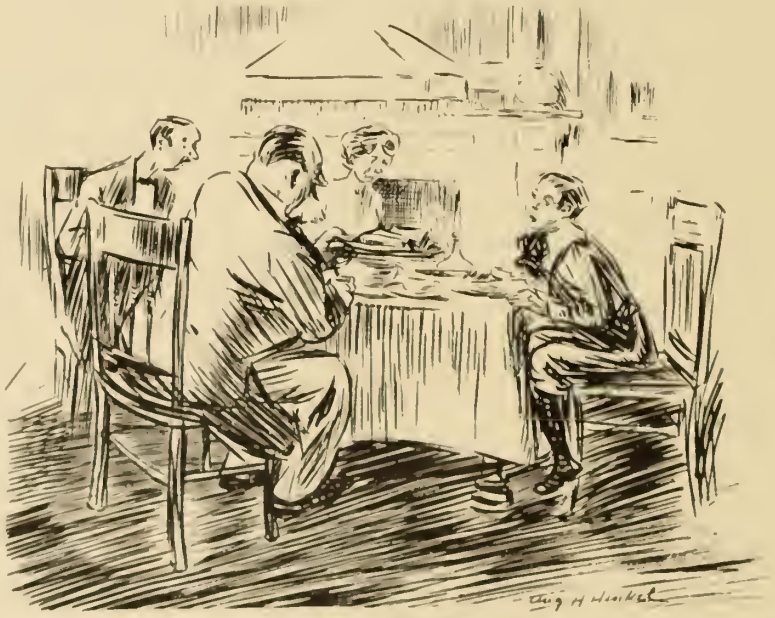
Resolved, that I will not, during the whole new year, even once parody "Abou Ben Adhem," "The Blessed Damozel," or the "Rubaiyat."

Resolved, that I will not write jingles on bridge, the suffrage, or hobble skirts.

Resolved, that I will write fewer stuff, anyway.

Resolved, that I will not lift points or ideas from the published work of my literary friends.

Resolved, that my work shall appear oftener in our best journals, and that I shall ask higher rates.



PUTTING HIMSELF RIGHT.

Mrs. Scant—"Will you have another slice of cake, Robbie?"
Robbie—"No, thank you; mother said I must refuse a second piece, 'cause you mightn't have it to spare."

Resolved, that I will economize on paper, ink, and two-cent stamps.

Resolved, that (consequently) I will economize on candy, willow plumes, opera tickets and taxicabs.

Resolved, that I will never allow anything of a personal nature about myself to appear in print.

So Considerate.

Peevish person (in crowded car) "Madam, you have pricked my cheek with that barbarous hatpin!"

Stylish woman "Don't be alarmed, sir! I sterilize it every day."

Wise to the Game.

Hotel clerk (blandly) "Oh, yes, we have dollar-fifty rooms, but they're all taken."

Prospective guest (in a whisper) "Where do the speculators do business?"

A SCENE AT A NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE FUTURE.

Miss Chairman had considerable trouble calling the male delegates to order when Miss Peachly, the lady aspirant for presidential honors, came strolling into the hall.

From *Judge's* Docket.

By DONALD A. KAHN.

ADVICE is cheap, unless one goes to an attorney for it.

He who's ever begging a match is a nuisance, but a lesser nuisance than the woman who's always trying to make one.

The man who wears a celluloid collar and the woman who paints fool no one but themselves.

If a woman has representative neighbors, small is her need of newspapers.

The other man's word is an assertion, your word is truth, your wife's law.

If you buy a friend a drink, you are generous. If, in return, he buys you one, he's a gentleman. If, then, you both let it go at that, you're both uncommonly sensible.

The man who is nobody's friend makes few enemies.

FIRST-HAND KNOWLEDGE.

"Here comes my new papa."
"That man? He isn't so many."
"How do you know?"
"He used to be my papa."

Difference.

Knicker—"Shakespeare calls sleep 'Nature's soft nurse.'"

Bocker—"Yes; but she doesn't try to marry rich old invalids."

May—"A stitch in time saves nine."

Fay—"Yes; but you don't want it to save so many, you don't get a new dress."

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Son—"That 's the Yale seal, pop."
Father—"What 's it for?"
Son—"Oh, to put on diplomas, and beer mugs, and things like that, you know."

An After Dirge.

By GEORGE B STAFF.

BROKE, broke, broke,
Of my hard-earned "bones," oh, gee!
But it brings some relief to utter
The thoughts that occur to me.

Oh, well for the beautiful gifts,
As they rest in a fair array!
Oh, well for the haunting thought
That intrudes, Does the whole thing pay?

And the giving still goes on,
As it has in the years gone by;
But the last of the merry holidays
Brings again the same old cry:

Broke, broke, broke!
Not a single cent, oh, gee!
And the dough that I spent for the Christmas gifts
Will never come back to me.

A Fellow Feeling.

Knicker—"They claim to see frost on Mars."

Subbubs—"Wonder if their water pipes burst?"

Write your resolutions in fading ink.

A Legal Mind.

A Missouri lawyer prepared a will for an out-of-town client and dictated the following letter to accompany it:

Dear sir—Please find inclosed will prepared in legal form. You will sign it in presence of two witnesses and return it to us to be laid away.

SOMETHING NEW IN CLOTHES.

The stenographer, who evidently had a surer knowledge of the ways of the law than of her notes, made the letter read:

Dear sir—Please find inclosed will prepared in legal form. You will sign it in the presence of two witnesses and return to us to be lawed away.

Are You With Us?

We have an idea that is positively tremendous in its far-reaching possibilities. Step closer, please, while we whisper. Why should the suffragette ladies have a patent on their method of securing—or trying to secure—legislation? Why, indeed! We ourselves have a dominating desire for the establishment of an American merchant marine. We think a ship subsidy bill might bring it about. We are looking for an earnest, aggressive, picked company of men holding a similar opinion; we want them to join us some dark night and help us throw rocks through the Senate windows and, perchance, a brick or two into the private dining-rooms of certain House committee members. After this campaign has succeeded, we can start out after a parcels post bill and a few other little things that are wanted. There is no reason why a persistent band of us can't reform the country by this method—if the bricks hold out.

THE ORIGINAL BOY SCOUT.

GRATITUDE.

First actor—"Ah, my boy, I owe a great deal to that old lady."
Second actor—"Your mother?"
First actor—"Heavens, No! My landlady."

Adjusting Aunt Ann.

By J. L. HARBOUR.

"I DON'T like a seat at either end of the car, right over the wheels. One rides much more comfortably in the middle of the car, and I don't like the last car of the train. It adds to the danger if there is a rear-end collision," said Aunt Ann to Jenkins, her nephew, when he was getting her "settled" in the car for her homeward journey after she had spent six weeks of exacting demand in his home, from which she would long since have been asked to depart had she not been a childless widow with cash and stocks and bonds aggregating seven figures.

"The next time I start for home from your house, James, I think I'd better see to getting the section in the parlor car myself," continued Aunt Ann. "Draw down the shade several inches, please. There is always more of a glare of light in the middle of the car than at the end, and— Won't the shade come down? I don't want to sit by a window with a shade that cannot be pulled down or pushed up. I am always wanting to change the position of the shade. Call the porter and see if he can't fix the shade. Don't jerk at it that way! You will only make it worse. You will —Don't put that satchel in the rack, where I can't reach it! I want it left on the seat by me. Be careful how you handle it! There are things in it easily broken. I wish that you had thought to get my section on the other side of the car. You see that that is the shady side, and I never like to sit on the sunny side, and— Get hold of the porter, if you can, and tell him that I shall want a couple of pillows just as soon as the train starts. I wonder if the sections in the middle of the car are all taken. See if you can't get hold of the conductor and find out. I must say, James, that if you had had a little forethought you would not have secured the most undesirable section in the car for me, when you know— This was the only section left? Then why didn't you apply sooner? I fear, James, that that is one reason why you have not been more successful in life. You are always a little late in doing everything. You sure you got just the right kind of a ticket? You know that I want one with stop-over privileges at Buffalo. You have made such an unfortunate blunder about my section that I can't feel comfortable about the ticket. Oh, here's the conductor! I'll ask him, to make sure. Here, here, Mr. Conductor! Will you please look at my ticket before the train starts and see if it is all right? I want to stop over in Buffalo. My nephew here bought it for me and he has blundered so in getting my section that I was afraid he might not have got the right kind of a ticket. It's all right, is it? I'm surprised that it is! Thank you. I am sorry, James, that you put me to so much trouble about my ticket. You sure you had my trunks checked just right? You know that— Phew! Tobacco! Mercy on us, James! if this section is not right up against the men's smoking compartment! And you know how I detest tobacco! I wish that I had allowed nephew Henry Smart to get my section and my tickets. He never would have made such a blunder as this. Can't you look around a little and see if some man hasn't a section in the middle of the car that he would be willing to exchange for this? Men don't mind the smell of tobacco, and—I simply can't ride here all day reeking in tobacco filth! Put more of my things in the rack! I don't want them lying all around me. See if you can't raise the window a little before the car starts and let in a little fresh air, and then look up the

"ALL OUT!"

Miss Quiggs—"Did you see the old year out?"
Mr. Jiggs—"Yes; and it saw me out, too!"

REFLECTION

"Since Nellie's engagement how bright and happy she looks."
"Yes; a match does light up a girl's face so."

porter and— Another thing about this car is that it is the last car of the train, and there's probably four or five between it and the diner, and it always makes me dizzy to walk even the length of one car when the train is in motion. Why didn't you have them put up a cot out on the rear platform of the car for me and be done with it? I'd about as soon run on behind the train as have the last section at the rear end of the last car and— The train's starting! Hurry off! The next time, James, that I put myself out to pay you a visit, I hope that— Good-by! *Don't* kiss me on the nose! I'd as soon be kissed on the back of my neck! I must say, James, that you— Good-by! Well, I don't *expect* to have a pleasant ride, sitting *here* reeking in tobacco smoke and bumped up and down and in terror of a rear-end collision and three miles from the diner and— Good-by! The next time I want a berth, I'll— Good-by!"

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Youth (reading bill of fare)—"Is this spring chicken fresh?"
Waiter (looking at girl)—"I couldn't say, sir. I have never seen her in this restaurant before."

The Winning Way.

If you would win what you have in view,
As the world's great victors have won,
Don't always do what you want to do,
But do what you want to have done.

The good resolutions made at New Year's make many miles of paving.

Uncle Doodie's Own Corner.

By CAROLYN WELLS

Friend Cecylle—I'm glad you wrote to ask my advice, for I know of just the loveliest gift for your fiancee that costs almost nothing. First, you make a bag of cheesecloth, about medium size—or, if you prefer, you can crochet a bag. (A very inexpensive way to do this is to crochet it of bits of string that have come round bundles. The finer the string, the better.) If you crochet it, the rule is: Purl three, narrow four, slip, widen, bind. Repeat four times, and back again. But if you make the cheesecloth bag, you may decorate it by working on it the lady's initials or an appropriate motto.

Now for the secret of the bag, and it is really a clever one. You are to fill this bag with cedar chips which you have saved from sharpening your lead pencils! Of course you should have begun several years ago to save your chips—that is, unless you use a good many pencils. What is this for, you ask, Friend Cecylle. Why, it is a bag for the lady to put among her furs as a preventive of moths! Are you not delighted?—for, you know, there is nothing like cedar chips to keep moths out. A pleasing motto to work on the bag would be, "What Is Home without a Moth Bag?" If my instructions are not clear, Friend Cecylle, do write me again.

WORTH THE EXTRA MONEY.

"Want to buy a parrot, lady?"
"Does he swear?"
"This one don't, lady; but I 've got one aboard the ship as is a wonder—and only a dollar more!"

"What is the matter with Jones? He used to be a modest sort of fellow, but lately he seems almost bursting with self-importance."

"Haven't you heard? Mrs. Jones is suing another woman for alienating his affections, and puts the damages at fifty thousand dollars."

"AN OLD SIGN OF THE TIMES!"

Cartoon suggested to *Judge* by an automobile manufacturer employing over 10,000 men.

"THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE WITH LADIES IS REQUESTED."

Straight Shots.

From the gun of DONALD A. KAHN.

THE School of Experience gives no engraved diplomas, but one has little trouble identifying her graduates.

The Successful Man was out and on the job long before Opportunity came a-knocking.

And this same Opportunity, by the way, is ofttimes disguised as Hard Work.

A good Indian is a dead Indian. But a dead Indian doesn't do much for his country.

Optimism is a virtue—if it is not allowed to usurp the place of Industry.

Tell me what you eat, and I'll tell you where you work.

The time to take a brace is several days before the day before yesterday.

"Playhouses a Specialty."

Kent—"So your son is working his way through Yale? What's his side line?"

Flint (grimly)—"I hear he's one of the directors of the New Haven House Wrecking Company!"

Detecting by Increased Weight.

Mrs. Clawson—"Why do you always weigh each of your two cats before you leave the house?"

Mrs. Mussett—"So I shall know which one to punish if I come home and find my canary has disappeared."

As Usual.

My last year's calendars I shelve,
But now and then I mention heaven*
When in the place of 1912
From habit I write 1911.

* The other place won't rhyme.

Those Short-lived Swearoffs.

Now we make our resolutions.
Each decides strong drink to shun.
W'll improve our constitutions

Yea, we'll swear off, every one!
Evermore we'll man the wagon.
And cold water we will seek
Rather than the foaming flagon.
Say, d'you think we'll last a week?

A Special Inducement.

A prominent society woman was attempting to procure the services of a well-known opera singer as a drawing card for an approaching "at home." "But I cannot possibly afford to pay you more than half of that figure," she objected.

"Then I fear that I cannot serve you. I never reduce my price," was the answer.

Finally the society woman said, "Well, if I pay you that enormous price, I shall not arrange for you to meet my guests socially, as I had intended."

"Ah! if you will promise that," said the prima donna, her face brightening, "I will be pleased to sing for you at the lower figure."

Naughty Jack.

Little Jack Horner stood in the corner,
But he wasn't devouring pie;
For there to repent for a sin he was sent,
And he said, "What a bad boy am I!"

In Modern Guise.

A stitch in time saves embarrassment.

An unwise son maketh a mad father.

All things come to him who waits at least verbally.

'Tis more blessed to give than to receive--slams.

A rolling stone gathers momentum.

By their boots ye shall know them.

When in Rome order spaghetti.

The pay 's the thing.

The paths of glory lead but to the society editor. —*Kenyon Gilmore Stott.*

A Classic Instance.

When Handel had insomnia,
In place of counting sheep,
He wrote a lullaby, and so
Composed himself to sleep.

'Tis sweet to love, but, oh, how sour
To love a girl with scanty dower!

THE STORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER VI.

The Flag and the Faithful.

By WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

(A Washington woman has made a loud outcry to the Secretary of War to reprimand the soldiers at the government aviation station for burying their faithful dog, "Muggsie," wrapped in the Stars and Stripes.)

Ah, Muggsie, good and faithful dog!
Gone to your rest!
You served your country and your flag
The very best
That lay within your humble power,
And in that far
Have been much better than some men
And women are.
As you had lived, good dog, you died,
And it is meet
The flag you served your best should be
Your winding sheet.

Trust Them for That.

Since the trusts got into control, the law of supply and demand still works. There is, however, always demand enough to raise prices, but never supply enough to lower them.

A Row with Books.

G. ARRET, Reviewer

[In this department are criticized, usually unfavorably, all books, periodicals, pamphlets, posters, and printed matter of whatsoever nature. Nothing sent us will be returned, no reviews already prepared by the authors will be given attention, and no bribe (unless very large) will assure the sort of comment desirable to the publishers of the matter reviewed.]

"Essay on Silence," by Theo Dore. A very wordy book, in which the author shows an utter lack of familiarity with his subject. Some of his other published works indicate just as clearly what silence consists of; therefore it is difficult to see why this one was written. It is to be hoped that no reader will waste his money on "Silence."

"Why Women Should Not Vote," by Harry Capman Chatt. This is not a book at all, but a scratch pad. The only lines worthy of mention contained in it are ruled lines. The work may be had at all good stationers.

"How To Tell a Good Play from a Lemon," by Al. N. Dahle. An excellent character study and autobiography of the author, but the subject suggested by the title of the book is not touched upon, except in an appendix. This can be operated upon and removed if found painful to the playwrights to whose offerings it refers.

"The Good Accomplished by the Last Session of the State Legislature," by Lickem Stuffins. This book contains no reading matter to speak of and but one illustration, as follows: O. It has been strongly criticised by the great authority, T. Murphy Hall, but, in the vernacular, every knock is a boost; hence it may become popular.

"Why I Have Stopped Building Libraries," by A. N. Drew. A sad tale of dissolution and misfortune, most of which was taken from the minutes of the Supreme Court. The book has an excellent moral and should be a best seller.

"The Great National Waist, and What To Do about It," by W. H. Daft. In this book is advocated the conservation of moving expenses by making no changes in the tenancy of the White House in 1912. The book is meeting with more or less adverse comment.

The International Good Resolutions Club is now holding its annual session.

Christmas Circular Letters.

By HARVEY PEAKE.

AS IS well known, the bestower of Christmas gifts rarely knows what to bestow, while the bestowed upon is, upon receipt of the bestowed, disgusted both with the bestowed and the bestowee.

How may these marring circumstances be avoided? By a very simple and sensible plan, whereby every prospective giver of gifts will be put in touch with the wants and don't-wants of his friends, by means of circular letters setting forth the same. These letters, it can readily be seen, will eliminate much of the trouble and dissatisfaction attending the Christmas season, and their judicious use, with such modifications as are necessary, will not only bring about a better state of things for their senders, but will have a tendency to greatly relieve the troubles and worries, and mayhap retain the sanity, of their recipients. These missives should be mailed about December 15th, and should read in substance as follows:

December 15th, 1911.

Dear Mr. (Mrs or Miss)—As we once more approach the gift-giving holiday period, I, with the idea of doing what I can toward bringing about a less worrisome and more joyous feeling in the hearts of my friends, write you (and the others) this letter.

The fundamental evils which the letter aims to overcome are as detailed below.

You have, during many past seasons, done me the honor to send me a Christmas present, and you have without doubt given the selection of a suitable gift much worry and nerve-racking consideration, only to burden me in the end with something for which I did not care and for which I had no use; I, in my turn, have had the same difficulties to overcome in the selection of a gift for you, which you no doubt disliked as greatly as I did the one you sent to me.

Now, it has occurred to me that the application of a little common sense to this problem would prevent it from becoming an annual calamity, and would, in a measure, restore to the gift-giving custom its original and intended charm.

With this end in view, and that you may know clearly what I want and what I don't want, I append two lists (with approximate prices attached in the "Things Wanted" column), that you, in your selection of a gift for me, may be governed thereby:

"THE ETERNAL QUESTION"
(just at present).

Things Not Wanted:

1. Cut-glass ink well.
2. Velvet slippers, with embroidered rosebuds.
3. Pale-violet necktie.
4. Bronze candlestick.
5. Hand-painted ash tray.
6. "The Secret of Wealth," bound in red morocco.
7. Pink silk pajamas.
8. Subscription to the "Missionary Tidings."
9. Pearl-handled manicure set.
10. Pink satin pincushion in the form of a leg.

Things Wanted:

1. Piano tuned ($2).
2. Two suits of union underwear ($5).
3. Plaster crack in bathroom ceiling mended ($1.50).
4. Order on the barber for haircut, shampoo, and shave (75 cents).
5. Kitchen clock overhauled ($1).
6. Receipted gas bill for November ($4.80).
7. Coal to any reasonable amount.
8. Subscription to the "Sporting World" ($3).
9. Corkscrew (10 cents).
10. Oak timber for mending dining-room chairs, in the form of two legs ($1.50).

Knowing that you will have the common sense to see the practicability of this method of procedure, and awaiting a similar communication from you, I am,

Yours with the season's compliments,
John W. Levelhead.

To the Manner Born.

Jones was born with a silver spoon
In his mouth, if reports are true.
To judge by the way
He eats every day,
He was born with a knife there, too.

Began the New Year Well.

Hill—"I began the new year well."

Dill—"How was that?"

Hill—"Why, I wasn't sick when it was ushered in."

"BETWEEN TWO FIRES."

As to Santa Claus.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

SO FULL of love doth he appear
For all our countless human legions,
I'm not at all surprised to hear
He lives up in the Heartic Regions!

At Christmas Time.

Christmas is the time of the year when you make your friends Christmas presents, expecting to receive gifts twice as valuable from them;

And when you discover that you have more friends than it is temporarily convenient to have, and that race suicide is a myth;

And think how much better you might be than you are, and how much better you are than you believed you were, and how much better, also, the other fellow is than you gave him credit for being, and how much better the world is than you thought it was;

And feel that there is something more of you than the purely physical and material;

And that a Home and Family are worth having and the Heart a reality;

And when a dollar seems to be less than a cent, and it's a greater puzzle than ever how to make one dollar do the work of ten;

And when everything looks different and sweeter than it does at any other time;

And when anyone who does not feel the Christmas Spirit must be insane or an iceberg;

And when you think how glorious it would be if we all felt and practised the Christmas Spirit 365 days a year instead of only one;

And can't give any good reason why we should not,

Except that desiring continuous happiness, we haven't sense enough to take the only road to it.

—*Henry Waldorf Francis*

"Throw Physic to the Dogs."

The man who bothers the doctor with an imaginary disease may have to pay for an imaginary cure.

CHRISTMAS.
"Peace on Earth!"

Human Nature.

Crawford—"Most persons seem to hate the business they are in."

Crabshaw—"That would account for all the fellows who are trying to mind other people's business."

What Was the Girl's Name?

By WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

What care I though the grass be green,
And the fields of grain as well;
And the leaves of the trees on wooded hills
And deep in the shaded dell?

What care I though the skies be blue
As the summer skies may be,
And the sunlight fall in azure streams
On a smiling sapphire sea?

What care I though the coming dawn
Be purple and gold and red,
And the night that follows the day be black
And lowering overhead?

What care I though the mountain crags
Be gray against the sky,
And the rainbow lift its splendors up
In a seven-hued curve on high?

What care I though the snow be white
In the fields and on the town?
What care I for the world's colors cheme,
When all I can see is Brown?

Probably.

Witts—"What do you suppose would happen if an earthquake should hit New York, laying every building in ruins and tearing great holes in the ground?"

Bitts—"All the natives would probably lean over the improvised fence and say, 'Goodness! what a lot of building going on this year.'"

Resemblance.

Knicker—"Which side of the house does the baby resemble?"

Bocker—"The mortgage; he costs so much."

A JUDGE at home is worth two in the reading-room.

The Benedict.

The Bachelor.

"'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

Christmas—What and Why.

By CARLETON G. GARRETSON.

CHRISTMAS is by far the most serious holiday of the year. It was invented by the Retail Merchants' Federation as a means of affording an outlet for their shopworn and returned miscellany. It is supposed to be a season of joy, but to the man behind the checkbook it resembles a toothache, in that the only real joy connected with it comes when it is entirely over. Its greatest value lies in the fact that it gives you an opportunity to compare your taste with that of your relatives and friends, to their serious detriment. Christmas is a boon as a means of education. One would never know of the existence of millions of curious and obsolete brands of cigars, neckties, haberdashery receptacles, and literature were it not for this annual period of scientific research.

The first symptoms of Christmas appear weeks beforehand. Elevator boys become docile and in some cases actually obliging, employes suddenly grow anxious to earn at least a portion of their salary, children show an alarming interest in Sunday-school work and a startling willingness to mind their parents, employers noisily shed tears at the discovery that adverse business conditions will make it impossible for them to place extra five-spots in their employes' envelopes this year, and wives make a Marathon run on husbands' bank accounts, resulting in intense suffering and occasional eruptions. Poets and humorous paragraphers break the union time schedule, and manuscript goes and comes at a furious rate, decreasing the author's bank roll and the postal deficit.

You can tell when the great day dawns by looking at the calendar. The date is printed in red. There is a movement on foot among the Ultimate Fund Furnishers to change this custom, having the

1. *Ethel*—"Dear me! This Christmas gift business is such a bore! Last year Grace sent me a present, and I was so provoked because I did not send her one that I positively must not forget her this time."

2. *Grace*—"Oh, dear, how provoking! Here 's a present from Ethel. I wish she hadn't sent it, because I failed to send her one I simply *must* run out and get her something to reciprocate before the stores close. Isn't it maddening!"

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

ordinary days printed in red and December 25th in black. On the night before, the children hang up their stockings, and, as a result, their fathers often hang up the grocers and the landlords for weeks to come. Mothers prepare special feasts with great pains, which the children bear as bravely as they can. The day is followed by a short period of convalescence, during which toys are conscientiously broken or put where they will do no further harm, and misfit plunder is hidden in the attic or given to the Salvation Army. Christmas is now celebrated in all civilized parts of the globe, and also in Philadelphia, Albany, and Lincoln, Neb. It is ushered in by the ringing of church bells, door bells, and telephone bells, and ushered out by the ringing of doctors' bills. It comes only once in a year, and stays but twenty-four hours; therefore let us all join in giving three rousing, lusty cheers for the merry, merry Christmas-tide.

Mary's Lamb Some More.

The little lamb that Mary had,
With fleece as white as snow,
Maybe 'twas bought in Wall Street,
Where lambs are "fleeced," you know.

UNCLE SAM SANTA CLAUS'S PRESENT FOR SOMEBODY NEXT YEAR.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE.

Special Christmas Announcements.

A WIDOW LADY with seventeen children, and no income, will exchange a brand-new baby-grand piano, received at Christmas, for eighteen tons of stove coal, and three thousand six hundred and fifty ham sandwiches, to be delivered at the rate of ten a day for one year. Address, Dead Broke, Box 4532, Bronx.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: The undersigned, a veteran of the war, who left both legs on the field of battle, will be glad to hear from anyone having a pair of cork legs for which he has no use and is willing to exchange the same for three dozen pairs of red, white and blue socks which have not been removed from the original package in which they were received on Christmas morning. Write or telephone to Veteran, No. 13, Hard Luck Square, Teetaugus, Conn.

A YOUNG MAN playing in hard luck will exchange his prospects for a cash present from a penurious uncle for a certified check for one dollar, and no questions asked. Last Christmas said uncle's gift was three dollars. Fine chance for persons not afraid of taking a long shot. Answer before Christmas. Thomas Giddybody, Crackerjack Club, New York City.

A POPULAR GENTLEMAN in reduced circumstances will exchange one velveteen smoking-jacket, one silver-mounted hair brush and comb, three platinum ashtrays, a German silver horseshoe scarfpin, studded with best French plate-glass brilliants, one plated cocktail shaker, five copies of Boozleum's Latest Rules of Auction Bridge, seventeen embroidered sofa cushions, and a handsomely bound copy of Lucille, for enough cash to meet one overdue gas bill, two months house charges at his club, and a small payment on a tailor's account. The above articles are brand new having been received as Christmas presents within the past forty-eight hours from relatives and friends. Address, Bachelor, General Post Office.

HAS ANYBODY any use for a handsomely embroidered motto in pink and yellow floss framed in black oak, and reading, "Cheer up the worst is not yet but soon!" Will accept anything in exchange that has any earthly use. J. P. W., Box 8943, Squeechawkett, Mass.

MAKING A MONKEY OF CUPID.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

Montmorency's Misfit Christmas.

By TERRELL LOVE HOLLIDAY

"HOW'D his whiskership treat you?" asked Timmie Brady, the newsboy. "What'd yuh git fer Christmas?"

"To put it in plain, rough language," replied William de Puyster Montmorency, "I got the hooks."

"Chee," chuckled Timmie. "Sore as a boil, ain't you? Better lance it, Bill, an' let de pizen outa yer system. I got time t' listen t' yer tale o' woe before I mosey 'long to keep me appointment t' lunch wit' Taft an' de British Embassador." Since the day he had blacked the Montmorency eyes and rubbed the aristocratic nose in the dirt Tim had taken a comradely interest in the poor little rich boy.

"You see," said William,, who had evaded his tutor and come down to Tim's corner solely to unburden his mind, "father and mother had to go and get sick the day before Christmas with something catching, so I was sent to Aunt Nancy's in the country."

"Yuh has me sympathy, pal." Tim tendered a grimy hand. "I wuz out in de rhubarban district once. It's fierce."

"Aunt Nancy said she would give me an old-fashioned Christmas. Really, Tim, a man can't talk about a woman, you know, but it was "—— William coughed delicately.

"Uh-huh; dots and dashes," assented Tim understandingly.

"First, she tried to put over that old Santa Claus gag: made me hang up my stocking and go to bed at eight o'clock. Just fawncy!"

"An' yuh goin' on twelve years!" ejaculated Tim.

"And then, thinking I'd be crazy to see what Santa Claus had brought, she called me at five o'clock. Imagine! And I'm cross all day when my morning nap is spoiled. '

"Shure," agreed the newsy. "I couldn't sell a double-murder extra if me valley woke me before five-t'irty in de mornin'."

I protested that it lacked three hours of my time for rising, but Aunt

Nancy looked so hurt I had to get up. She's a good soul."

"Yep. Them's de kin' dat drives us men t' drink."

"I slipped into my dressing gown and went down to look at my things. Of course I knew it was all a frost, but I had no idea—excuse me." William leaned against the fire-alarm box. "I'm almost overcome at the recollection."

"Buck up," urged Tim. "De woist is yet t' come, as de wife-beater said w'en he broke his cane an' went after a bed-slat t' finish de job."

"The first thing I took out of that stocking was a red tin trumpet. Fawncy! And I gave my silver-mounted cornet to the butler because I don't care for such things. Next, I drew a toy music box that played 'The Last Rose of Summer.' Imagine that after listening to my one hundred and fifty-dollar gramophone, with grand opera records! Then there were gingerbread animals, nuts, raisins, and some mixed candy. And I *never* eat anything of the kind except marons glaces and Swiss milk chocolate, the imported. That American-made stuff is horrible. Last—brace yourself, Tim—a pair of red yarn mittens! Ugh, they made my flesh creep. I've worn nothing but Gautier's, made in the Rue de la Paix, for years."

"Yuh certainly wuz up against it,"

LONG DRAWN OUT.

"What is the name of the swell with the monocle?"
"I can't remember it at the moment, but it 's one of those names like Jones-Jones, with a hyphen and an echo."

sympathized Tim, though it was evident his eyes twinkled.

"And then that awful Christmas dinner, which I had to eat for politeness' sake. No shellfish, soup, green salad, ice nor wine—nothing but turkey, cranberry sauce, baked squash, and so forth; and *pumpkin pie!* Gad," shuddered William, "we haven't had a pie in the house since father cornered the wheat market."

"Poor guy," said Tim, wiping his waterin mouth, "yuh must 'a' felt like a cat bein' choked t' deat' wit' cream. Didn't yer home folks give yer nuttin?"

"Oh, yes," answered the ill-used richling, as spied his tutor coming. "When I returned home I found there the six-ninety torpedo body roadster, diamond sleeve links, and a few other trifles I wanted. But getting them so late, somehow it didn't seem like Christmas."

A Hardy Perennial.

JACK FROST may be Cupid's discloser,
Warm-hearted in spite of his snow,
And the kiss that in June is sub rosa,
In December is sub mistletoe.

—*Katharine Perry.*

Book Reviewer Was "Broke."

"Do you recall what book had the least in it of any you ever reviewed?"

"My pocketbook. Haven't got a dollar with you, have you, old man?"

Touching Suggestion.

Departing guest—"I'd gladly give you a tip, waiter, but I find I've only cabfare left."

Waiter (benignly)—"Ah, sir, you don't appreciate the beneficial effect of a good, after-dinner walk!"

JUDGE SHOWS THE 1912 LIMOUSINE

The Defeat of Squelcher.

CALMLY ignoring the sign

AGENTS AND BEGGARS NOT ADMITTED

the somewhat bedraggled little woman of five feet one and a half turned the highly polished brass knob of Squelcher's office door and walked into the outer sanctuary, beyond which no one was expected to pass until the name had been taken in to Squelcher.

"Mr. Squelcher in?" asked the little woman of the boy in a green uniform with brass buttons.

"He is, ma'am; but"——

"Then I will see him," she said graciously, as she gently pushed the boy aside and opened the mahogany gate over which he was keeping guard.

"But, ma'am, he doesn't see people until"——

"That so, boy? You don't say!"

With this she approached the door of Squelcher and walked in. She was so palpably a forbidden agent that Squelcher's frown would have caused cold chills to travel up and down the average spine, but it had no such effect on the little woman.

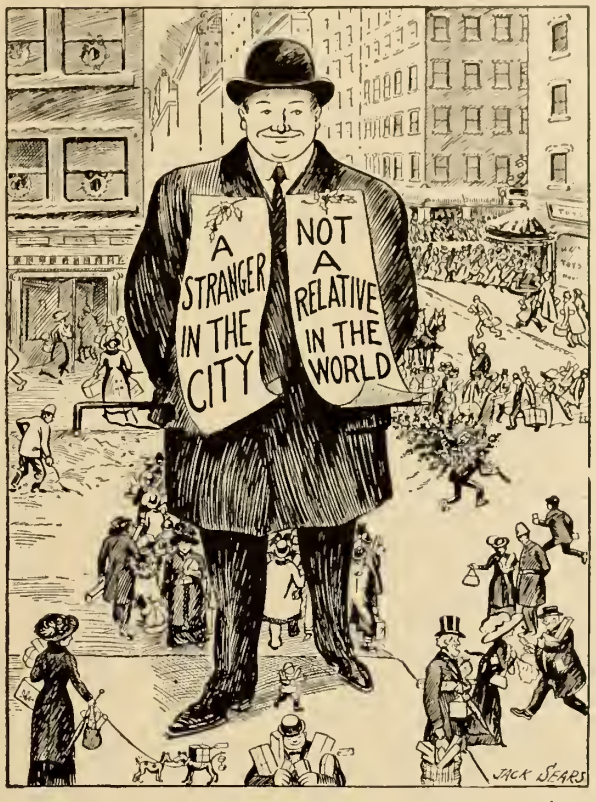
"Good-morning, Mr. Squelcher," she said, with the air of a person addressing an inferior. "I hope you are well this morning. But, then, any one ought to be well with such lovely weather as we are having. Such a nice, pleasant office as you have, once you get up here! That's a fine rubber plant you have! The leaves look so glossy and healthy, and there's a new one coming out, isn't there? I like to see plants in a man's office. Shows refinement. It's a theory of mine that when a man loves plants and flowers there can never be anything so very bad about him. You take a man that"——

"Excuse me, madam; but this is a very busy morning with me, and"——

"Of course it is! I wonder if there is any morning when you are not busy. Do you know that you look to me like a man who could never do anything else but keep busy? Seems to me you have 'I do things' written all over you. Then, of course, a man at the head of so many great enterprises as you are would naturally have little idle time on his hands. But, then, I am always busy myself; and, do you know, I am glad of it. I am a person who always likes to be doing something. That's one reason why I took up canvassing. It puts one out into the world of action and sweeps you along with the great, restless, irresistible tide of— If you don't mind, I will sit down. Thanks."

She helped herself to a chair before adding,

"Your name, Mr. Squelcher, has been given to me as that of a person sure to be greatly interested in a set of books I am giving a few carefully selected persons the privilege of purchasing at a rate much less than that offered to the general public. This is because, Mr. Squelcher, we know the value of a name like yours on our books, and we— By the way, are you related to the Squelchers of Chicago? I spent several weeks in Chicago last year and remember meeting some charming people named Squelcher. It's an old English name, isn't it? It has a kind of an English sound, and it seems to me that I once saw somewhere the Squelcher coat of arms. Now, where was it I saw that? I feel sure that I saw it somewhere, and it seems to me that the Chicago Squelchers said something about it to me. They were people of high intelligence and great refinement, and they took two sets of the book I have consented to act as agent for, partly because I think that it is a kind of a public benefaction to help disseminate really good reading matter in this day when there is so much that is poor and even pernicious in circulation in the way of literature. The publishers of the set of books I am letting you see asked me this morning if I had yet given you the privilege of seeing the books, and I"——



AND HE THINKS THAT HE IS LUCKY!

"Beg your pardon, madam; but I don't care to"——

"What a fine-looking young fellow that is in the photograph in the frame on your desk! Your son? Do you know that I was sure that it was your son the moment I looked at it? Resembles you very closely, but I should say that he had hardly your firmness of character. His chin is not quite so square as yours, but that may change as he grows older. Anything I do admire in a man, it's firmness of character. These men who are moved by every wind that blows claim little of my admiration or respect. One has only to look at you to see that you are a man of great force of character. And do you know that it really takes a man of that kind to fully appreciate a set of books like those I am letting you see? I want you to see the binding, because I am sure that it will appeal to a man of your superior and critical literary taste quite as much as the contents of the book. Do you know that I think that a beautfiul and artistic binding adds so much to the enjoyment of a book? I would rather have one handsomely and artistically bound book than a dozen books just as good in their real literary quality, but in poor and cheap binding. I knew that you would be interested in the binding as soon as I saw the artistic and harmonious effects in your office. The cute little office boy

in the dark green suit and brass buttons exactly harmonizes with the rich, dark mahogany furniture. It is a real pleasure to allow a man of genuine taste the privilege of seeing this set of books. It is simply a casting of pearls before swine to show richly bound books to some men; but you— Well, it is really a joy to meet a person who— Allow me! I want you to note the title page. We spent months on that title page alone, and"——

"I don't want"——

"Of course you wouldn't want any but this binding. We have three different kinds of binding, but only those in ordinary circumstances purchase any but this rich dark green and gold—a perfect match for your office; and Mr. Snapper, on the floor below, took this binding and said"——

"Snapper? Did he get stung for a set?"

"Oh, you delightfully comical man! What a clever way you have of putting things! A man of your keen and ready wit would appreciate so much in the books, for they are fairly bristling with wit and— 'Did Snapper get stung for a set?' That is so jolly! I have been told that you were one of the wittiest men in the city, and I can well believe it after— Will you write your name in my little subscription book right under Snapper's? But I am letting you have the books with the understanding that you will give us a letter saying what you think about them after you have read them. We shall value that far more than the fifty dollars you are so good as to pay for the books, although only a dozen or two of persons can have them at that price. Ten dollars to-day, please, and the rest when the books are delivered. Thanks! It is really a pleasure to sell a gentleman like you a set of the books. So much discourtesy in the world that when one meets with a kind of a true Southern type of chivalry and courtesy it really lessens the burdens of life. Good-by, Mr. Squelcher. Don't rise to open the door for me. So glad to have made the acquaintance of one I have so long admired for his business sagacity and public enterprise. Do you know, I really think you would have made a splendid canvasser yourself? So irresistible in your arguments and so firm in— Good-by! Here is the cute little lad in his green and gold uniform, to show me out as politely as he showed me in. Nice boy! Good-by!"

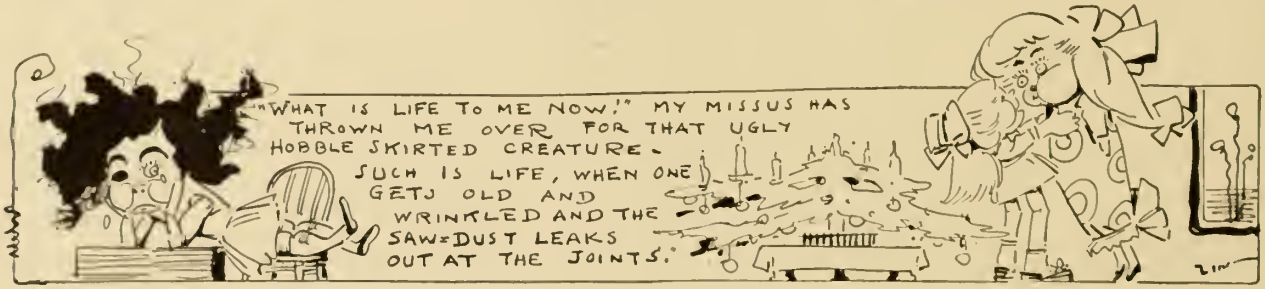
Zeus Goes A-riding.

Ho, Hermes! Catch my winged steed
  And bring him on the green.
Vulcan! Adjust his steering gear.
  Pluto! Get gasoline.
Please see his wings, Minerava, dear,
  Are in alignment straight;
For I would use my monoplane—
  Pegasus up-to-date. —*Herbert Adams.*

The Coroner Will Find Out.

"I see another one of your patients is dead."

"Yes; and I am greatly perturbed over his case. I gave him two kinds of medicine and don't know which one it was that killed him."


"WHAT IS LIFE TO ME NOW!" MY MISSUS HAS THROWN ME OVER FOR THAT UGLY HOBBLE SKIRTED CREATURE. SUCH IS LIFE, WHEN ONE GETS OLD AND WRINKLED AND THE SAW-DUST LEAKS OUT AT THE JOINTS.

Explained.

"How do you explain the peculiar actions of that suffragette?"

"There's a man in the case."

"But she's married."

"Two men."

Reversing Things.

Hewitt—"'What do you think of this suffragette business?"

Jewett—"If it is carried to its logical conclusion, it will result in woman putting her money in her husband's name."

Sure To Get There:

The Mrs. never misses
  Any bargain sale,
For the female of the species
  Is more thrifty than the male.

Always up-to-date—a calendar; but its days are numbered.

DOWN

CURRENT EXPRESSION.

"Down in black and white."

Wireless Subscriptions Always Welcome

Santa Claus Bugle

Weather Today: Bright and Cheerful

Edited by John Bendrick Kangs

Vol. I. Clausville, December 25, 1911. No. 1.

Society Notes.

Colonel Claus left Clausville late last evening in his new 1912 Reindeermobile, for his regular annual tour of the earth. Owing to the fact that the Claus cook left the family without notice and very suddenly on Tuesday last, Mrs. Claus was unable to accompany him.

Miss Kriss-Kringle, of Clausville Corners, gave a gumdrop party on Thursday evening to a number of her school friends back for the holidays. It was a very recherche affair and lasted until the wee, sma' hours of the morning. A specially prepared gumdrop, warranted to last fifteen hours, was presented to each guest as a souvenir of a delightful occasion.

Mr. Monkey-on-a-Stick, the famous athlete, accompanied by Major Zinc, of the Yuletide Tin Militia, have gone with Colonel Claus as guests on his annual tour of the Nursery Country. Their genial presence will be much missed hereabouts, where they have been acknowledged leaders in all the social gayeties of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodenhead Noah were host and hostess at a reception in honor of their sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet, at Arkville Park, on Wednesday evening. The cotillion, late in the evening, was led by that inimitable dancer, Kangar Roo, and his fair partner, Miss Ellie Phant. The favors were very handsome, consisting of umbrellas, raincoats, and little reproductions of the Ark in miniature.

The annual ball of the Daughters of the Yuletide will be held in the grand salon of the Ice Palace, on Holiday Square, on New Year's Eve. Colonel Claus, who expects to return from his tour not later than to-morrow evening, has promised to be present. The ball bids fair to be the most brilliant event of an already brilliant season.

To-morrow afternoon, upon the return of Colonel Claus from his trip, he and Mrs. Claus will give their annual Yuletide reception to the operatives in the Claus Gift Manufacturing Company, at which the colonel will deliver his customary address to the hands, after which the profit-sharing checks based upon the earnings of the year will be distributed. We understand, in confidence, that at the same time a loving cup made of solid sugar will be presented to the colonel as a token of the high esteem in which he is held by his grateful employes.

Jack the Giant Killer and his cousin, Hop o' My Thumb, who have been passing the past three months in Clausville, writing their memoirs for the Yule Publishing Company, left town last night, to return to their homes in Fairyland for the Christmas season. They have been very popular in Clausville society, Hop o' My Thumb particularly having been in demand as an after-dinner speaker of rare quality.

Society has been much excited during the past week by the rumored failure of the mistletoe crop, but the thoughtful act of the administration in ordering that any sprig of green hung in the right place will carry with it all the usual mistletoe privileges has done much to allay the fears of the younger set that some of the cherished customs of the season would have to be abandoned.

Latest News from Earthland.

The report that the custom-house officials have received special orders to inspect the luggage of the agents of Santa Claus upon their arrival at American ports, in search of contraband articles, is officially denied by the Treasury Department.

A telegram received from Washington last night announces that three thousand six hundred and fifty-seven sacks of mail, weighing forty-nine tons, addressed to Santa Claus, are being held there for the colonel's arrival. The President will place sixty-seven regiments of the regular army at Colonel Claus's disposal, to enable him to cope with such an enormous correspondence.

Over three thousand bogus Santa Clauses have arrived in various American cities. They may be detected by the fact that in almost every case they wear cotton whiskers instead of beards made of real hair, and are abdominally spurious, an effect of obesity having been obtained by means of pillows, sofa cushions, and bolsters concealed beneath the belt. A punch in the stomach will speedily reveal to the public whether or not they are the real thing.

Much excitement has been caused in Chicago by the rumor that Santa Claus, owing to the absence of snow in that city, will arrive there in a Wright biplane, accompanied by a capable marksman, who will drop the gifts designed for the youthful beneficiaries directly into the chimney-tops from a height of three thousand feet.

The subscribers to that usually careful organ of illustrated public opinion, the New York *Daily Blast*, are having a great deal of fun at the expense of the editorial staff for having printed in its issue of last Thursday a portrait of Mr. Andrew Carnegie as the latest authorized photograph of Santa Claus. On their behalf it must be said that the error is not unnatural, owing to the extraordinary physiognomical resemblance of the two philanthropists.

A recent dispatch from the North Pole brings the extraordinary statement that a sock bearing the laundry mark, "Cook, Brooklyn," has been found tacked to the southern exposure of the Pole itself. Just how this will affect the recent controversy remains to be seen.

BARGAIN COLUMN.

WILL EXCHANGE a thirty-horse-power runabout in good condition and a complete set of the Congressional Record from 1901 to date for enough ready money to pay off a mortgage incurred to pay expenses of the former for six months. As a special inducement to parties interested, will also throw in five umbrellas and seven gold-mounted ebony walkingsticks received last Christmas, and good as new, none of them having been used. Apply before January first to Distress, The Down and Out Trust Company, New York City.

A CLERGYMAN living in the suburbs of Philadelphia begs to announce that he will be glad to exchange thirty-eight pairs of red worsted slippers of various sizes and shapes for one good sized roast turkey, three pounds of cranberries, and a mince pie suitable for a family of seven, all blest with good appetites. Apply at once to Rev. James X. Lock Box 8976, Wissahickon P. O.

WHY CHRISTMAS IS MERRY.

NOTHING TO THINK WITH.

"So you failed in your examination, Percy. How was that?"

"I can't think."

Primary Lessons in Geography.

St. Louis.

CARLETON G. GARRETSON, Instructor.

ST. LOUIS, children, is in Missouri, but you should not blame this enterprising city for that. It is going ahead in spite of its accident of birth. The Mississippi River passes right by one side of St. Louis without stopping, which seems strange, inasmuch as the city ranks fourth in population and is in every way a desirable stopping place. All the railroad trains stop there, however, which is some compensation. The city is situated on a plain, 425 feet above the river and 1,270 miles above the Gulf of Mexico. The water supply comes from the river, which perhaps accounts for the fact that St. Louis contains the largest brewery in the world. You can reach the city by train, boat, telegraph, and telephone, and can also drop into it from an airship. The boats plying on the river first came to our notice many years ago, when a deckhand named Mark Twain discovered that they contained much humorous material. In these early days they attracted considerable attention on account of the many poker games and boiler explosions that took place on board. All of these historic events are now a thing of the past, but the river flows on still. (The class should see how many rivers they can think of that are flowing on still.) In 1764 there was nothing but a trading post where St. Louis now stands. The old post is there yet and is used for hitching purposes and for displaying advertisements. (Advertisements, children, are the things you see in the rear of this publication. If you did not see them, you would not see the publication.) The city has been visited by fires, floods, epidemics, the President, muck-rakers, suffrage speakers, tornadoes, political corruption, and other pestilences; but it has weathered them all and is perhaps the better for its harrowing experiences. As the breweries manufacture beer a little faster than it is consumed, some of it is exported. This is one of the city's telling methods of publicity. St. Louis suffered an exciting catastrophe seven years ago in the form of an exposition, but it has recuperated bravely. Its population is at present 687,029. One-sixth of these are Germans. The remaining 572,524 1-6 are of various other nationalities, the 1-6 being born right here in the United States. For home work the class may review this lesson, and then put down the most famous product of St. Louis. We hope to have a full attendance at the next session.

His Dilemma.

By MINNA IRVING.

THREE photographs upon the shelf
  Are standing in a row,
All framed in silver filagree,
  Of girls I used to know,
With dancing eyes, and smiling lips,
  And locks of blond or jet;
I recollect their names were Maude,
  And Madge, and Violet.

Now Vi, this morning, wrote to me
  A little note that said
She much desired her picture back,
  Since she is soon to wed.
I'd send it gladly, but, alas!
  I can't, for I forget
Which one is Maude, and which is Madge,
  And which is Violet!

Strange.

Knicker—"Memory is strange."

Bocker—"Yes; the landlord remembers to lay in cheap summer coal, but never remembers to have the boilers overhauled till after a cold snap."

MEMBERS of all political faiths favor the recall when applied to certain actors.

The Millionaire.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THE Christmas-tide approaches me
And finds me 'mongst the millionaires;
For though I have no £ s. d.,
I likewise have no cares.

'Tis true I have no bank account,
There's mighty little in my till;
But in my heart there is a fount
Of unalloyed good-will.

And though my pocketbook is low,
Of gold and silver shows a dearth,
There's not a millionaire I know
Has more of peace on earth.

I KISSED beneath the mistletoe
The maid whose cheeks were painted;
But I kissed her lips, you see, and so
The kisses weren't tainted.

YOUNG AMERICA IN ENGLAND.

Teacher—"Robert, can you spell hat?"
Robert—"I can if I have two chances"

QUITE A SHOCK FOR A MAN WITH A WEAK HEART.

The Club Movement.

"I SUPPOSE that your town is almost too small for the club movement to have affected it much. A town of only eight hundred inhabitants seldom has many clubs, I believe," said the stranger within the gates of Cherrydale to the postmaster.

"Well, we ain't clubbed to death as some places seem to be; but when you come to count 'em up, we got considdable many clubs for a town of our size. We got a Women's Club o' two hundred members, an' a Village Improvement Club, an' a Ladies' Social Club, an' a Friday Afternoon Club, an' a big Choral Club, an' a Current Events Club, an' a Library Club, an' a Dickens Club, an' a Thought an' Work Club, an' a Art Club, an' a mixed club that calls itself the progress Club, an' a Dancing Club, an' five whist clubs an' a Euchre Club, an' a Saturday Night Club. Then the W. C. T. U. an' the Odd Fellows an' the Masons an' Knights o' Pythias an' the D. A. R. an' the G. A. R. an' the Ancient Order o' Hibernians an' the Eastern Stars an' the Sons o' Temp'rance an' the Christian Endeavorers all have societies here, an' they are tryin' to start a Y. M. C. A. an' a Y. W. C. A. Then with the Grange an' the Boys' Brigade an' five churches an' some Boy Scouts an' a Lend a Hand Society an' a Handicraft Society an' the Good Samaritans an' the Helper's Guild, we got considdable many clubs, after all. Each of 'em has a fair an' a couple o' entertainments a year, so there's something goin' on a good deal o' the club time, even if the club movement ain't hit us very hard yet."

Adaptability.

Customer—"Why do you call this a common-sense diary?"

Stationer—"After the first few pages it's ruled like a memorandum book."

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.

"Don't eat so fast, Marion That is not the way ladies behave"
"Well, mother, I am awful hungry. I will promise to behave like a lady between meals."

BUBBLES.

L'Envoi of Christmas Givers.

(With profound salaams to Rudyard Kipling.)

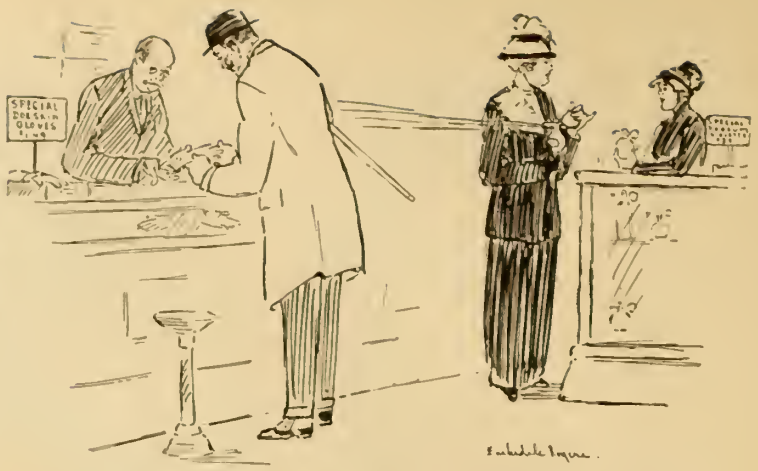
By LIDA KECK WIGGINS.

WHEN earth's last present is posted and the ink is blotted and dried,
When the Christmas roses have faded and the Christmas holly has died,
We shall rest, and, faith! we shall need it—lie down for an eon or two,
ll the Master of Christmas giving shall set us to work anew.

And those who gave well shall be happy; they shall sit in a rocking chair;
They shall 'broider a cherub's garments with flosses of angels' hair.
They shall find real friends to give to—seraphim, martyrs, and all;
They shall fill up a million stockings hung over a garden wall.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall give for glory, and no one shall give for fame.
But each for the joy of the giving, and each with a soul sincere,
Will give the thing he holds precious to the friend that is really dear!

1. "Can't a man even buy a pair of gloves?"



2. How would he know that a lady-shopper was buying her favorite perfume?

3. "Ah, ha!"

4. "Wretch!"

MISJUDGED.

Ye Fytte of Ye Old and New Loves.

I TRIED to be off with the old love
Before I was on with the new,
But the old love she was a bold love,
Who'd rowed on her college crew;
And when she had heard of the new love—
Alas! that my tale is true!—
She walloped me black and blue, love—
She walloped me black and blue!

And so I am back with the old love,
By the old-time chimney flue—
There's nothing so cold as a cold love
The universe through and through.
And here I am dreaming of you, love,
And what I shall whisper to you
When I have got rid of my shrew, love—
Ye gods! if I ever do!

A. SUFFERAN MANN.

Seeing Double.

Conductor—"We're traveling in two sections to-night."

Slightly intoxicated passenger—"Thatsh right. Justh what I've been trying to tell m' friends. Of coursh you are, and I can see both shections of you, too, conductor."

She Didn't Get It.

"THERE is a certain book in the library that I want," said Mrs. Sillyone to the librarian of forty thousand volumes. "I can't recall the title nor the name of the author, but it is a book of probably three or four hundred pages, and it is bound in dark green and the title is in gold letters on it. It is a story of a nobleman who discovers, after he has married a lady of wealth and title, that he is a changeling and that a certain blacksmith in the town is the real nobleman. A friend of mine has read it and she is very anxious to have me read it. As I say, I cannot remember the title of the book or the name of the author, but it is a book of about average size, and I wish that you would get it for me as quick as you can, for my husband is waiting for me in our car out in front of the library, and it always irritates him to be kept waiting. I'd like the book right away, please."

BE NOT resentful at the misfit present.

Puzzling.

By C. LESLIE VAN EVERY.

I'M NOTHING but a kid, I know;
If you don't b'lieve that it is so,
Why, you just go and ask my dad,
And find out, too, if I am bad.
He'll speak right up and say to you,
A better kid he never knew;
Then turn around—I mean my dad—
The Christmas Day when all are glad
(An' company is at our place,
An' ma has made me wash my face),
An' it is time for us to eat
The turkey an' the stuff that's sweet,
An' pass a drum-stick to Aunt Kate,
An' dish the neck out on my plate.
Now, I just know my head ain't thick,
But I don't quite see through dad's trick.

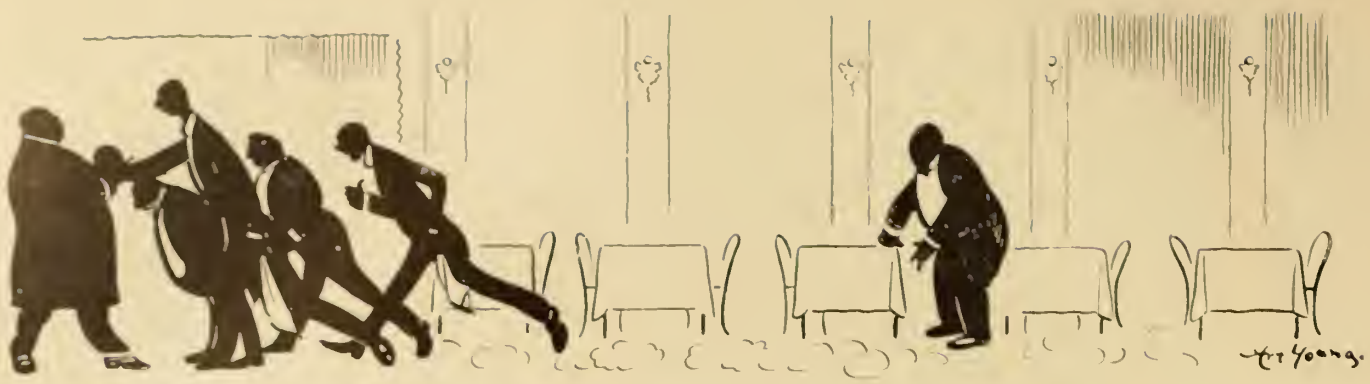
Reconnoitered.

MAMMA was dressing when seven-year-old Freddy burst into the room with a loud "Boo!"

"Why, Freddy, dear," expostulated she, "you mustn't open my door without knocking! I mightn't have been dressed at all!"

"Oh, this was all right!" said Freddy. "I looked through the keyhole first."

SHE HAS THE BLUES, YET IS HAPPY.



ENTER MR. BIGTIP

It 's a Bird.

Turtle and truffle, tradition has stated,
Undoubtedly taste ultra-rare and unique;
Reed-birds, by roues, recherche are rated;
Kickshaws kindle kings' appetites weak.
Every one to some edible's mated,
Yet—*see the initials*—ye yearly shall seek! —*James Adams.*

A DOG-GONE SHAME

"It 's awfully annoying to be forced to carry such an 'omely beast!'

In Ohio.

Visitor—"I suppose you fellows will vote as your fathers did."

Native (sadly)—"Nope; we won't get a single cent for ours."

Knicker—"'Big business' is any business that is successful."

Bocker—"And a 'little girl' is any girl you are in love with at the time."

Punkin Pie.

By WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

THIS is the punkin-pie season—punkin pie, mind you, not pumpkin pie. There is a culinary product known as pumpkin pie, and it arrogates this season to itself; but it is merely an imitation of the genuine article, a fashionable fancy found on the tables of the cultured, who are more particular about their pronunciation than they are about their pie. In the good old days there were only punkin pies; but, with the advent of colleges, universities, correspondence schools, and competitive dictionaries, society assumed the high-brow manner and announced that hereafter only pumpkin pie was good form. Of course that settled it for the punkin pie of our fathers, as far as its social position was concerned. But what is social position to a pie when it is punkin? Nothing whatever. Yesterday, to-day and forever, it remains the same. The cultured society growing up about us and pink-teaing out its frivolous existence may sniff at punkin pie and stick its silver knife into pumpkin pie; even the newspapers may quote the word "punkin," as though the press had quarantined against it; but, just the same, a punkin pie is a punkin pie, and all the pumpkins on earth can't make it anything else. It is the embodied piety of the martyrs unchanged by persecution or pronunciation; and one good, old-fashioned punkin pie is better eating than the proudest product of a pumpkinized civilization. The pumpkin may assume exotic airs and graces and swing its golden circles in the autumn sun, but scratch it under the skin and you will find it is a plain punkin and never was anything else. That is the only reason a pumpkin pie is fit to eat at all.

NOT IN IT.

"Here is where I drop out of the race!"

ENTER MR. SMALLTIP.

Invention Needed, Mr. Edison!

By GRACE McKINSTRY.

(While the appearance of crinoline gowns in Paris may excite forebodings, the New York *World* does not think hoop-skirts will stay revived. "They are not adapted to modern conditions of congestion," it says.)

PERHAPS there's little question
That modern street congestion
Would sometimes interfere with hoops;
but if some way is found
To shut them, like umbrellas,
Our Janes and Isabellas,
By closing them in crowded cars, could
wear them, I'll be bound!

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME.

Edith—"Oh, dear me! I wish we were home again."
Ethel—"I don't. Remember how we used to do dishes for a family of twelve?"

Growth of the Farm.

WE NOTICE the jokes about farmers
grow less,
For the farmer himself has *grown* smart,
as you guess;
And he *grows* bigger crops by a very
great deal,
So he *grows* rather wealthy and buys a
'mobile!

By a Combination.

IN SPITE of the complaint over high prices, it is generally agreed that silk stockings should be kept well up.

Always Possible.

Stella—"You can't put an old head on young shoulders."

Bella—"But you can put a new waist line on any aged woman."

Advice to Employes.

Earnest young man—"Have you any advice to a struggling young employe?"

Frank old gentleman—"Yes. Don't work."

Earnest young man—"Don't work?"

Frank old gentleman—"No. Become an employer."

Watered Silk.

LITTLE drops of water,
In the can of milk,
Bring the milkman's daughter
Pretty gowns of silk.

A Drawback.

Sage—"Know thyself."

Cynic—"What's the use? It's not an acquaintance from whom you can borrow money."

Ran in the Family.

Mrs. Jenks—"Mr. Billington is such a nice man and not at all shy that I really can't understand why he remains a bachelor."

Mrs. Tolker (absent-mindedly)—"Oh, I presume it is hereditary. His father and grandfather before him were bachelors probably."

Looking Too Oft.

"VICE . . .
. . . seen too oft, familiar with
its face,
We first endure, then pity, then em-
brace."

And so it is with fashion's freaks. We
hoot,
We tolerate, and then we follow suit.

—*Terrell Love Holliday.*

The Recipe.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

WHO HOLDS the love of fellow-men
Secure within his heart for aye,
Who uses mind and voice and pen
To spread good-will along the way,
Who seeks to give all others peace,
To set the whole sweet world in chime,
Will find the joys that never cease
And endless Christmastime.

Alarming.

ROBINSON, the aviator, who, flying from St. Paul to New Orleans, dropped a bolt from his machine at an altitude of three thousand feet, alarmed the spectators, who imagined that Robinson himself was falling. There is other cause for alarm, however, in the incident. A bolt falling from that altitude is moving at the rate of four hundred and forty feet a second when it stops. Old-time cannon could give no harder blow. Anything struck by such an object would be converted into fragments. The risk of such occurrences will perhaps become serious, especially in frequented air lanes over inhabited regions. People will have to live in cellars or stringent regulations will have to be made for their protection.

No Chances.

Tommy—"I don't believe there's a Santa Claus, and I'm going to tell mamma so, too."

Willie—"Are you really?"

Tommy—"Yes, I am—the day after Christmas."

Compromise.

Knicker—"Troubles never come singly."

Bocker—"No; sometimes they come divorced."

GOSSIP.

"My husband says he hopes to see the time when every man will own an automobile."
"What is your husband's business?"
"He is a divorce lawyer."

BARRIERS.

"Is there anything between you and Miss Van Doh?"
"Only her father and mother."

Christmas Aphorisms.

By HARVEY PEAKE

NEVER look a gift in the cost mark. Mistletoe makes the heart grow fonder.

All that glitters is not a diamond.

Belief in Santa Claus is the best policy.

The gift deferred maketh the heart sick.

Invitation is the sincerest flattery.

Christmas bills are stubborn things.

Buy gifts in haste and repent at leisure.

And thereby hangs a stocking.

Gifts are seldom what they seem.

Every Christmas tree must stand on its own bottom.

Uneasy lies the head that's planning gifts.

Santa Claus is not as red as he is painted.

One Christmas bargain sale makes the whole of womankind spin.

Gifts make the man, the want of them the fellow.

To give hideous gifts is human, to forgive impossible.

Of two undesirable invitations to dinner, choose the least.

It is a wise merchant that knows his own goods when it is brought back for exchange.

What is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the plum pudding.

LONG stockings are quite popular just now.

Business.

SHE WAS a sentimental young girl and had devoted much time and tender thought to the home decorations for Christmas. Her surprise may be imagined when she came downstairs one morning and found the decorations moved around. The mistletoe boughs, that had been half hidden in secluded places, had been substituted for the holly wreaths and were now hung in the front windows, in plain view of passers-by.

"Say, sister," explained her little brother, "you've had that mistletoe hanging up for nearly a week and you haven't had a single customer. You're not up-to-date. What you want to do is to advertise."

Deo Gratis.

THE VISITS of St. Nicholas
No longer cause regret,
For I've learned to be real thankful
For the gifts I didn't get.

Christmas Conviction.

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

I'M GETTING bald, I am extremely stout,
And do not hesitate
To say that Santa Claus is getting out
Of date.

This present-giving is quite overdone,
This tipping is a sin.
"Merry," indeed! I don't see where the fun
Comes in.

I'm very weary of this festive scene
Of peace and joy,
Yet I suppose that once I must have been
A boy.

Maybe these pleasures then were my delight.
You ask me, "Why not now?"
Well, how to feel the same I do not quite
Know how.

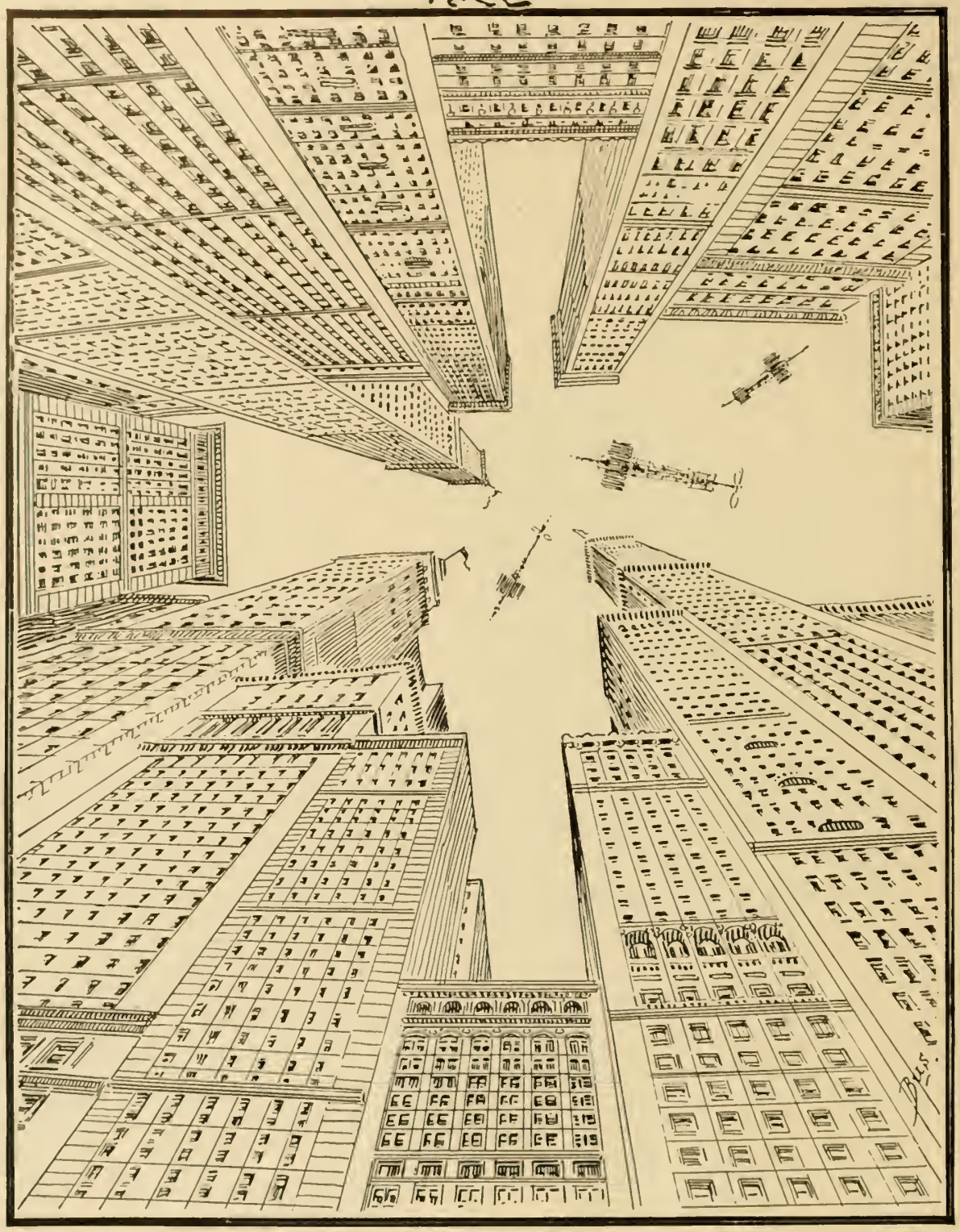
Yet in this grumpy state I must confess
I am alone,
And so I'll make the others' happiness
My own!

Forestalled.

IT'S NICE just now to think of Christmas joys,
Of mistletoe, and how she must adore you;
But there is nothing half so much annoys
As when you find your rival there before you.

MAGNETIC ATTRACTION.

"Ella seems to attract the men, doesn't she?"
"Naturally, her father is a big steel magnate."



AVIATION OF THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY.

Why?

"RELIGIOUS folks are never boastful, are they, ma?"

"Certainly not, child. But what put that idea into your head?"

"I noticed, at the 'experience' meeting, that many told what religion had done for them, but did not mention that they had done anything for it."

The Editor's Stocking.

HE LEARNS to think as time unfolds
That Christmas is a hoax,
For every year he finds it holds
The same old jokes.

—*J. J. O'Connell.*

Unusual.

"GREEN'S house burned nearly down last night. Funny thing, too!"

"What's a funny thing?"

"Why, the fire did as much damage as the water."

SUFFICIENT unto the day are the useless gifts thereof.

WHAT?

"Look, John, these are the things I'm going to give baby for Christmas. By the way, dear, you really ought to get him something."

A NEW USE.

Mr. Sambo Erastus White—"Would yo'-all gimme five cents' worth of them brefflets?"

What Makes a Story.

Thoughts	Envelopes
Paper	Stamps
Pencil	Check or rejection slip
Typewriter	

—*Max Irwin Carruth.*

A Tip to Tippers:

WE ARE told that ghosts tip tables,
And a fool will tip a boat;
But he who tips the waiter
Is the man that "gets our goat."

The Substitute.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

'TIS VERY true, oh, Heart-Aglow,
Above your head no mistletoe
Doth rest; but in your gladsome eyes
A touch of all that's Christmas lies.
In them I see, alight and clear,
All sorts of messages of cheer,
And little hints of Yuletide mirth,
And love, good-will, and peace on earth.

There's that within their depths I see
That fills with bliss the heart of me—
The blessed things that make the Yule
The gladdest day of love's fair rule;
And in their sparkle there's a hint
Of all the joys that give the tint
Of happiness to this rare time
To ease the chill of frost and rime.

Hence, Heart-Aglow, why should I pause,
Why should I hesitate because
Above your sunny locks no bough
Of mistletoe is hanging low?
Those eyes are mistletoe enough
To ease my fears of a rebuff,
And lure me to these sundry sips
Of the rare nectar of your lips!

NOW IS THE TIME to take your New Year resolutions out of storage.

Keeps Distant.

"McFEE is a man who juggles with the truth, isn't he?"

"Well, I wouldn't want to put it that way," replied O'Beetle. "You see, he never gets near enough to the truth to juggle with it."

THE ITCHING which some men have to write is more than occasionally cured by the scratching of the editor's blue pencil.

The Combination.

By M. LANDBURGH WILSON.

THE phonograph is a machine
Unrivalled in its ways.
It talks and talks and talks and talks
And says the same old phrase.

The engine is a great machine
It travels forth and back,
And runs and runs and runs and runs
Upon the same old track.

The candidate is a machine
Which combination brings;
He runs and talks and runs and talks
Upon the same old things.

In Anticipation.

First father—"Say, that new doctor knows his game, all right."

Second ditto—"How's that?"

First father—"He gave every boy in the ward a new jackknife for a Christmas present."

LITTLE beefsteak parties,
Little poker decks
Make our dear old daddy
Add a figure to our checks.

BURBANK PRODUCES A SQUARE PEA SO THAT THE NEWLY RICH CAN EAT THEM WITH A KNIFE.

Call Him Off.

NOT LONG ago, Mr. Carnegie, of New York, Pittsburgh, and Scotland, established a fund for the furtherance of the cause of universal peace, and since that time has himself spoken and written constantly on the subject. As a result, China is in a turmoil of civil war, Italy has attacked Turkey, Russia has threatened Persia, Haiti has boiled over, Mexico has had a bloody revolution, and goodness knows what else may be going on by the time these words are read. We suggest that Andy broil his doves of peace and eat them as soon as possible.

Matrimonial Mathematics.

IN UNION there is strength,
My wife and I are ten;
She's the one, I am the naught,
That's the way it's always been.

THE MUSICIAN.

Alas, Not So!

SOME uninformed stranger, coming suddenly upon that recent marvelous display of battleships mobilized in the Hudson River, at New York, might have been easily persuaded that the United States, after long provocation, had lost patience and declared war on New Jersey.

A GIFT in the house is worth two in the store.

"THE LITTLE ILLS OF LIFE ARE THE HARDEST TO BEAR."

Obsolete Home.

By ELLIS O. JONES.

'MID pleasures and palaces,
Tho' we may roam,
There's something destroying
The old-fashioned home.
The cause is not clear,
But certainly *we* know,
Wherever we travel,
There's something like Reno.

We Have With Us Again this Winter

MEMORIES of the hard winter of '51.

The last survivor of the big blizzard of '32.

The regular cold-weather advance in the price of eggs, milk, butter, apples, vegetables, meats, and everything else.

The newspaper story of the small boy with his tongue fast to a frosty post.

The skating pictures on the magazine covers.

The absent-minded man who shovels off the roof just as you are passing beneath.

The same old skating jokes on the inside pages.

"GOODNESS! WHAT AN AWFUL RACKET YOU ARE MAKING, LITTLE BOY."

"SURE! YOUSE DON'T EXPECT ME TO PUT RUBBER TIRES ON DIS BUNCH OF JUNK, DO YOU?"

Hens that won't lay while eggs are high.

Neighbors that refuse to shovel their walks.

The cop that makes you keep yours clean.

Vindication of the goose-bone weather prophets.

The ice men—original weather profits.

The stalled motor car.

The velvet ear bobs.

The gumboot and the galoshe.

The same old cold and cough.

Don. Cameron Shafer

CHRISTMAS SOMEWHERE.

Inclined to Get Under It.

A LITTLE holly, now and then,
Is relished by the married men;
But tastes of maidens—well, you know,
They lean toward the mistletoe.

Poor Father.

"WELL, what did you get on Christmas?"

"A notice from the bank that my account was overdrawn."

Suspicious.

Nurse—"Here is a little brother for Christmas."

Johnny—"Looks like some one had passed on the one they got last year."

Christmas Heroes.

THE PARENT who trundles a load of presents home at midnight, so that the children won't see them.

The host who carves the turkey of all the choice parts and then looks happy while he eats what is left.

The young man who starts for a bunch of girls under the mistletoe and kisses the one who is too old to run away.

The kid who won't ask Santa Claus for a bobsled and pair of skates because his mother is afraid he will break his neck or get drowned.

The newlywed who will pretend to like his wife's first mince pie and ask for another piece.

The fond parent who will work all night with an axe and saw to adapt the Christmas tree to the modern flat.

The married man who wears the necktie and smokes the cigars his wife gave him.

The good-natured man who rigs himself up to impersonate Santa Claus at the children's entertainment.

The fellow who hocks his overcoat to ouy his girl a present.

The present-givers who stint themselves the rest of the year in order to keep up appearances.

Last, but not least, the man who refuses to tip the janitor.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The Gay Yuletide.

By ELIZABETH PENN THORNE.

NOW comes the season of the year
When gifts pour in from every side,
And joyous chaos reigns supreme—
The hall-mark of the gay Yuletide.

What matters it if half your gifts
Spell repetition without end?
That's not the thing that counts; it's all
The loving thoughts that people send.

And so, though wrappings should disclose
Half-hose enough to stock a store,
And smoking-jackets line each chair,
And four-in-hands are yours galore,

It matters not at all, because
The real joy always will amount
Not to the way gifts classify,
But to the loving thoughts they count.

Borrowing Trouble.

Ted—"I hope you gave your girl a Christmas present that will cause her to long remember you."

Ned—"I don't know about that; but it's a constant reminder to me, for I bought it on the installment plan."

Scientific Facts about Christmas.

By HOMER CROY.

IN South America luscious fruit is eaten under an electric fan on Christmas Day.

In St. Vladivostok, Russia, the household servants refuse to take a Christmas tip.

Merchants and shopkeepers in some cities in Europe don't present their bills until two months after Christmas. A happy idea.

A province in Bavaria has passed a law making it an offense to give a tie as a Christmas present.

In Vlaatsburg the fuel dealers present their customers with a ton of coal on Christmas Day.

In New Freeland the man does not have to carve the roast, it being considered better form to have the butler serve it.

In Spitzdorf, Utopia, the city clears off the sidewalk free of charge Christmas morning.

A Christmas Acrostic.

Alluring associations,

Mistletonian merriment,
Essential enthusiasm,
Restless rejoicing,
Relished refreshment,
Yuletide yearnings,

Cheerful congeniality,
Holiday heartiness,
Remunerative regard,
Irresistible invitations,
Seasonable sentiment,
Thoughtful tenderness,
Monetary magnanimity,
Affectionate affability,
Successful surprises.

—Harvey Peake.

Improved.

Crabshaw—"Don't you think, my dear, that you bought a rather inferior lot of Christmas presents to give your friends?"

Mrs. Crabshaw—"They'll look all right when I've put them in these sweet little boxes and tied them up with this lovely ribbon."

A HOLIDAY WISH.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

WHEN SANTA CLAUS doth visit me
With richly laden pack of toys,
And tumbles down my chim-i-ney
To scatter 'round his Christmas joys,
I trust that he will bring the kind
That can be shared, for it is true,
Past peradventure to my mind
That joy is sweeter shared by two.

I NEVER CARED for solitaire.
I do no not pine for lonely things.
I love the pleasure I can share
Because of all the fun it brings.
A selfish pleasure loses zest
With none to share it with you by,
And shrinks the longer 'tis possest,
While joys divided multiply.

1. Ah suttenly does feel sorry foah yo' all. Ain't got no pertection foah dat ol' bald head."

2. " Hol' on dar! Doan' yo' git gay wid me."

The Woman of To-morrow.

By HENRY PHILLIPS.

"COME right up on the porch, Mr. Interviewer. And please don't take off your hat for me—I'm not royalty. I can get a chair myself, if you please! My age? Forty-six next March—and I think I look it, don't you? Have a cigar? They're very mild—I can't stand black ones yet. Now: Yes, my next book is to be called 'The Dearslayer.' It's not a parody on J. Fenimore, either, but a thrust at those of our sex who still permit themselves to be 'deared' to death by men.

"Oh, don't mind those ashes! My husband can clear them away. Now that you mention race suicide, I want to be put on record as opposing the movement. I am willing to run the risk of sex suicide—men never perish at the birth of their children, you must admit—with always the hope of bearing a daughter who may one day be President! Motherhood has been unspeakably ennobled by woman being granted her rights, you see. I draw no line of distinction in sex. Woman; man—a skirt divides them. I say, divide the skirt then! Yes, pants! We've been weblegged long enough. Take away the unsanitary curtain, and the mystery for Peeping Toms is gone and the noble vocation of many men hanging around windy corners is gone with it. I repeat, what man can do—woman can do it, too. She is his equal.

"Carry a hod? A healthy baby weighs as much as your hod, doesn't it? Yes, she should do her share of military service. The Amazons conquered their male enemies, didn't they? It's wonderful how much several thousand years of inactivity can undo for a human being! Our weakness has become a habit. Aren't our cooks, for example, stronger than many of our husbands? When will woman doff her barbaric plumage—her peacock gowns, lace, rings on ears and hands, feathered hats, and fol-de-rols? Then you don't know why she wears them. To please, to charm, to capture the men, of course. With trousers, her gowns will go, likewise lace lingerie. As for rings in her ears, men bought them and put them there. We wear rings on our hands because men do, and suffrage will take feathers from the hats. Long hair has been unsanitary and bothersome long enough, and I was informed confidentially by a woman scientist of high standing that hair cut off the head would grow on the face in time if properly coaxed. She insists that's the way men got 'em. Her husband invented the Lady's Painless Safety Razor. On that authority Shaving Clubs have been organized all over the country. My club has presented me with a gold safety razor. Several of my friends are cultivating hair moles on their faces, while my mother has a mustache that many a man may envy. I trust I inherit it!

SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

Miss " I wonder why this Santa Claus myth is kept alive?"
Missus "Oh, that is so the children can't blame their parents for their disappointments."

"How about women sailors, women policemen, women stokers? But why go on when I simply ask, how about men dressmakers, men nurses, men cooks, ad infinitum? In the future it will be merely a matter of supply and demand—and who answers the want ad. first. Down with the barrier! We don't want your seats in public conveyances, so don't give them up and grumble about it. Give up the sham of appearing to win the woman you want. Give us the credit we deserve and be honest. And if Miss Airdale does chase Mr. Catt into the marriage net, that's not a sufficient reason why she should be a Catt forever after and that some dear, sweet girls for whom she alone is responsible should be simply the little Catts—until some other man with a worse name comes along and labels them. *Why shouldn't he take her name* for a change?—it's often much prettier. Or, at least, they should be called the Airdale-Catts.

"But the possibilities of the race have

3 "Look heah! you come back wif dat bumbril. Ah may need dat."

4 "Did Ah say Ah felt sorry foah dat bird?"

now become too numerous to discuss fully. Give us a chance and we will produce a race of women that men will not want to pet into imbecility and who will treat with man on a rational basis only. Give us time and we will bring our institutions to the point where our sister Eve left off."

Young Scrooge.

YOUNG Scrooge enters the elevator and sees a little box hanging up, adorned with holly and red ribbon and bearing a card: "Remember the Elevator Boy. Merry Christmas!"

"I remember you, Joseph," he says. "I remember how you ran past me ninety-five times last summer, just to show me that you were running this elevator. I remember you all right."

Y U C This Here.

OF Christmas mirth there was a dearth
This year, and so, you see,
The editor was happy for
This little verse from me.

Remarks of Santa Claus.

Made to J. J. O'CONNELL.

I'M AFRAID the ladies will soon get soured on me if I don't have a vote to put in their stockings.

The world is getting better, and now, with everything honestly stamped and labeled, I can hand out the presents without feeling that I'm an old fraud.

I'm glad I am far away and don't hear what is said about me when the bills for all these things come in at New Year's.

There doesn't seem to be much in all this race-suicide talk.

I should get through early this year, with a pack that isn't out of all proportion. It's a lucky thing for me that women's hats are growing smaller again.

It gets me all twisted when I have to put these mannish presents in the New Woman's stocking.

I feel sorry for the hard-luck fellows when I have to hand them some more lemons this year.

No wonder I have such a lot of junk to deliver, for the rich have no little stockings to fill.

HEARD, BUT NOT SEEN.

Friend on next street—"Hello, Smith! I hear you have a youngster at you house."

Smith—"Great Scott! can you hear it that far?"

I must get rid of all my drums, tin whistles, skates, and bobsleds before they inaugurate the safe and sane Christmas.

There's something wrong with the world. I don't have many presents to give out where most of the kids are.

THE aftermath of Christmas—devising a way to pay for them all.

You Mistake Our Meaning.

A MAN is being sued in New York for $25,000 for kicking his cook. He is trying to prove an alibi. We make no guess at his guilt or innocence, but the very fact that a man might be accused of such an act strikes us breathless with awe. When we give orders to the kitchen, we do it through a crack in the door. And there have been times—we say this in whispers and urge that you let it get no further—when we would have been willing to borrow $25,000 and spend it upon the merely momentary luxury of one good, swift—Hush! we hear some one moving in the pantry! For heaven's sake, hush!

Her Choice.

By TUDOR JENKS

I HAVE found out the gift for my fair,
The gift even she must admire;
Tis neither bright snoods for her hair,
Nor bonbons nor 'broidered attire.

There are flowrets that nod in the dell,
There are blooms on the upland and lea;
But my lady disdains their weak spell—
Such boons are too trivial for me.

But I've found out the gift for my love—
A gift without blemish or speck.
'Tis neither a ribbon nor glove—
It's a whacking big certified check.

Modern Facilities.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"What was all that noise you were making on the roof?"

Freddy—"I was building an aerodrome for Santa Claus, so he could land in his airship near our chimney."

"THE OFFICER OF THE DAY"

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

SIMILIS SIMILI CURANTUR.

Girl (preparing little flat supper)—"You won't mind if I use my hands on these cakes, because"——
Student boy—"Oh, go ahead, don't mind me. I 'm just off a cattleboat where we ate like pigs!"

The Circus Press Agent Writes about the Sunday-school Christmas Entertainment.

By MORRIS ANDERSON.

IT WAS Christmas Eve and the Circus Press Agent called in to see his old friend, the Editor. Everybody around the office was hard at work, and the Editor handed the Agent a slip of paper and said, "That is the program of a Sunday-school entertainment that is being given to-night. I wish you would write a line about it and help us out." "Sure!" said the Circus Man, and the following is his story of the Christmas exercises he never saw:

On Christmas Eve the Broadway Sunday School gave the Most Superb, Sumptuous, Sensational, Colossal, Multi-natured exhibition of unparalleled Christmas Features ever before seen, conceived, or attempted. Long before the hour for the performance to begin, the Enormous, New, Beautiful, rain-proof Church was filled to the doors with old and young, waiting with bated breath for the Bewilderingly Lavish Spectacle to begin. Prior to the Grand Triumphal Entry of the Children of the School, the renowned Mlle. Marie Murphie gave a wonderfully adroit and Astonishing performance on that most beautifully toned and difficult of all instruments—the Sunday-school Organ.

At seven-thirty the fair musician swung into the galloping strains of a march, the rear doors were thrown open, and there entered the Elegant, Spectacular, Classically Bewildering, Tremendously Resplendent Inaugural Grand Entree of the scholars of the Enormous Combined and United Classes, each led by its trainers and teachers, carrying costly banners and singing songs of Christmas cheer. Truly reproducing in Fabulous Magnificence and Profusion the Pomp of Pageantry and Splendors of the Ancients, together with the Colossal, Massive, Processional Marvels of the Orient. The Acme and Idealization of Gorgeousness, without peer or parallel. The Most Supremely Attractive and Supereminently Grand processional Avalanche that has ever moved in Pomp and Glittering Splendor through any Sunday School in the Universe.

RAMBLERS.

He—"I bet you a kiss I steal a kiss from you."
She—"And I bet you two kisses you can't."

The first feature on this all-feature program was the first appearance on any stage of Little Miss Smitho, in a very Clever, Dexterous, and Sensationally

satisfying presentation of the World's Famous Masterpiece, "The Night Before Christmas."

In the next event some very Amazing and Diversified athletic feats were fearlessly performed with Rare grace and aplomb upon a Grand piano by the astonishingly clever expert in classical selections—Miss Jeanette De Kellie.

The next feature was a sextet of Superb and Pleasingly Fancy drillers and singing experts from the World's Greatest Primary Department. Universally recognized as peerless in their brilliant and beautiful costumes. Absolutely above the reach of all rivalry. The only Sunday School in all the land big enough, rich enough, or prodigious enough to produce such a miracle of Educated Action and Infallible calculation.

Display number four consisted of an Unequal and Unapproachable display of Christmas oratory by Parson Davis.

At this point on the program came a Wild, Rash, Audacious, Impetuous exhibition of nerve and courage utterly unparalleled among the Daring, Death Defying Deeds so often seen upon the usual Sunday School program; presented in its audacious yet artistic awfulness with such utter disregard of danger as to Astonish, Startle, and Stupefy the spectator. A Diabolical descent down absolutely perpendicular surfaces—truly a dizzy, Dreadful, dauntless trip—yet with a smile the Earth's Greatest Santa Claus dropped out of the chimney into the fireplace, and, with a supreme howl of glee from the youngsters, leaped to the center of the elevated stage and began to open his pack. Simultaneously the two Enormous, Superb, Glittering, Transcendentally Beautiful Christmas trees flashed forth like some scene from glorious fairy land, each lighted by thousands of colored electric lights and Oriental candles. Each and every tree loaded with an overwhelming, unknown opulence of princely, priceless presents. Waxen dolls, alphabetical blocks, fables and legends of elf and Mother Goose lore superbly printed on costly linen, curious and pleasing animate and inanimate toys, and hundreds of other novel and attractive features too numerous to particularize.

Positively and without fear of contradiction the two enormous, united Christmas trees contained more toys, books, and other features than were ever possessed by ten trees of like character. Tropical oranges and sacks of choicest candies were quickly passed to the happy, bright-faced children, and met with their instant and unqualified approval and applause. Thus ended the most important, impressive, composite Christmas exhibitional enterprise ever conceived, so vast and multifarious in its combination of amusement features as to dazzle the intellect, and yet presented to the scholars of this enormous Sunday School as free as the air you breathe.

IMMENSELY.

He—"What sort of a part has she in your new show? Do you think she 'll please the audience?"
She—"She ought to. She gets killed in the first act."

SOMETIMES.

"Yes, Aunt Mary went out without her rubbers, and now she is in heaven."
"My, my! what dreadful things result from a little carelessness."

The Rubbish Receptacle.

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

TALK about a schoolboy's pocket!
Here I found a broken locket,
Matches and a cake of soap,
Garters and a piece of rope.
Dirty ribbon, blue in bag,
Empty pin paper and rag,
Foot of stocking, powder spilt,
Several tassels off the quilt,
Scores of letters, rubber bands,
Stuff for whitening of the hands,
Pins for hair and pins for hat,
With an ancient hermit "rat,"
Rubbish, dust, and crumbs galore—
All these things and plenty more,
Topsy-turvy, in a mess,
I discovered. Where? Well, guess!
In a drawer—'twas really so—
In my charming wife's bureau!

KEEPING UP WITH HIRAM

By STELLA MILLER NEAL.

"WELL, yes, I expect, livin' next door to me as you have for the last fifteen years, you know that Hiram's allus been a real sudden sort of man and allus lookin' for something new. There bein' no children in our family, I s'pose has encouraged him to expect to find me ready for any new scheme of his. There's never any use to argue with a man; it only makes him stubborn. So I seem to agree with all Hiram's plans and be interested in all the new-fangled contraptions he's forever bringin' home. I allus insist that he try 'em out; 'twouldn't be no fun for Hiram at all for me to have a vacuum cleaner, if he didn't get to run it. He allus was one to want to see the wheels go round.

"When we was first married, Hiram's specialty was kitchen contrivances, and he certainly was a joy to the peddlers of Penobscot County, for we tried all the egg beaters, mop wringers, churns, washin' machines and coffee pots as they came in fashion.

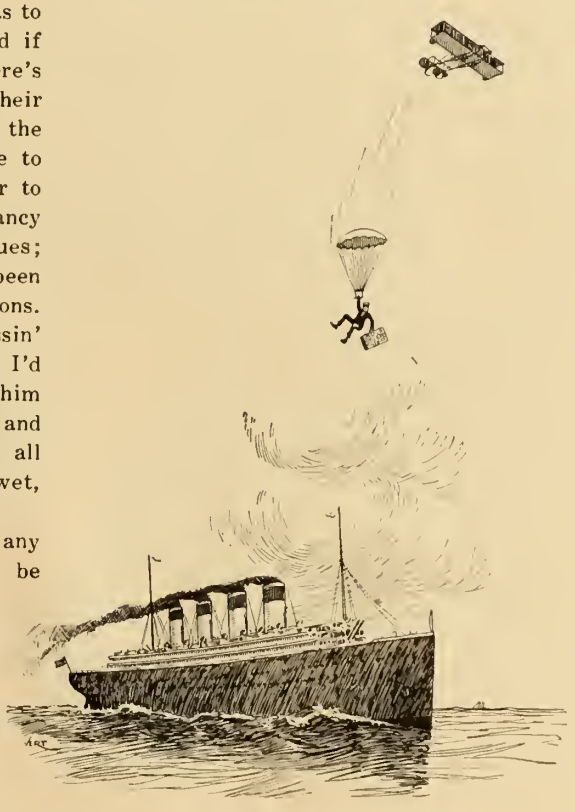
"Well, I've noticed a man allus has to have some sort of amusement, and if 'tain't one thing it's another. There's some runs to politics and spends their time at the corner grocery, decidin' the future of the country; others take to drink, for want of something better to do; then there's horse racin', fancy chickens, patent medicines and antiques; but Hiram's dissipation has allus been wantin' to try all the new inventions. I'm more comfortable havin' him fussin' round home, enjoyin' himself, than I'd be if he had some fad that took him traipsin' out through the country, and I'd never know where, and eatin' all sorts of things and gettin' his feet wet, most likely.

"I can trust Hiram to destroy any germs of monotony that might be threatenin' our household, for, livin' with Hiram, there's allus something to look forward to. Sometimes we have carpets and draperies, and then, ag'in, we live a dustless existence, with all such useless things banished to the attic; sometimes we have foldin' beds and patent rockers, and sometimes we sleep outdoors. We try almost all the diet fads, but not for long, Hiram bein' such a lover of doughnuts and pie, and them two eatables never figure prominently in any dietin' scheme.

"The neighbors! Oh, Hiram's been educatin' them, he says, to appreciate the mighty progress of modern civilization. Most of 'em are long-sufferin' friends, but I don't know's I ever thought any of 'em objected to havin' their own nor their cats nor dogs 'n' horses' pictures taken, when Hiram was havin' the camera fever. All the mothers with new babies was more'n glad. Then, when Hiram was devotin' himself exclusive to the phonograph, they wa'n't a church fair nor sociable that Hiram and his music machine wasn't asked to. To be sure, Mrs. Willis got everlastin' insulted when Hiram went over to help her with her spring cleanin' and begun on her parlor carpet and her red velvet chairs with his new vacuum cleaner. Mrs. Willis'd allus been proud of bein' the most work brittle housekeeper in all Ferrisburg, and when she saw the dirt that was comin' out that carpet of hern, she just ordered Hiram out of the house. Hiram didn't say nothin', just grinned. To be sure, she got over it; got a cleaner of her own now.

"Right now, Hiram's havin' the time of his life cookin', and I'm takin' a rest, 'cept when its dish-washin' time; men do make an awful lot of dishes to wash. For a week Hiram's been happy with a fireless cooker to play with, but I guess he's havin' most fun tryin' this new paper-bag cookery, and I'm thinkin' of invitin' all the men of the neighborhood in some night to eat up the things Hiram's got cooked ahead.

"No, I don't never destroy any of 'em, for there's no tellin' when Hiram might take a notion to invent something himself or to use some of 'em a new way. Yes, our attic and the lean-to are both full to splittin' with Hiram's worn-out diversions—his dead past, you might say. There's typewriters 'n' fishin' rods, ironin' boards and incubators, ice-cream freezers and dish washers, fly killers and curtain rods; but what difference does it make? We've both been comfortable and amused, and Hiram's still foolish enough to think I'm the best lookin' woman in the State of Maine."



A UTILITARIAN.

The man who was ten minutes too late to board his steamer in the usual way.

Glittering Generalities.

An expensive hat is always stylish.

Family trees sometimes bear bad fruit.

It's the lazy man who has the most hard luck.

It is easy to economize when you are broke.

A live bank account is worth more than a dead title.

The greatest bore is the person who talks when you want to.

The world owes every man a living, but some folks are mighty poor collectors. —*J. W. Babcock.*

A Bad Break.

Slasher—"Been in a fight?"

Masher—"No. I tried to flirt with a pretty suffragette."

After-dinner Speeches by Telephone.

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the renewed applause for wireless telegraphy and the appearance of accounts of new exploits of that most marvelous of detectives, the dictagraph, behold the after-dinner speech via long-distance telephone coming again into high favor. These many years we have enjoyed the love-making and the business advantages of the telephone, without knowing how to appreciate to the full its excellence for banquet use.

The most obvious comment is from the diner's point of view, the mad joy of at last being able to shut off a flow of oratory whenever the interest begins to lag. Sensing the imminence of a flight of bombast or a frayed anecdote, he may lay down the receiver and take up an apple or the nut crackers. No doubt this is a tremendous consummation. North and South, on the Pacific slope and the Atlantic, editorial writers of all parties have said so in perfect agreement.

But to stop here is to retire after only scratching with a pen point the surface of a ten-acre subject. Speakers welcome the telephone dinner as heartily at least as their listeners. Why hasn't some one remarked that the new plan proposes to annihilate that abomination, the reception committee in Prince Albert coats? That is the sort of thing we mean by "progress." And no more low-necked hacks transporting the speaker of the evening up Main Street to the Commercial Hotel, with three citizens assigned to pester him persistently until dinnertime!

At a telephone banquet every one can hear equally well. A speech worth listening to will penetrate to the most distant corner of the dining hall, for seating arrangements will matter not one whit. Though chair legs squeak uneasily and well-fed males sigh and cough to an accompaniment of crackling shirt bosoms, the speaker never will know; at the same time, the truly interested listener will continue to hear every word.

Once the sense of novelty wears off a bit, the quality of speaking must needs improve. After-dinner wit is soon to possess the quality Shakespeare said

"THEY MAY SIT IN DRESSING-GOWN AND SLIPPERS AND TALK AT EASE TO COMFORTABLE-MINDED LISTENERS."

was its soul, and delivery is to become less artificial.

On account of telephone tolls, stop-watch law will be strictly enforced. A speaker may show the very smallest regard for the time of fellow-banqueters, but every one has been trained to hold a healthy respect for the time of the operator of a toll board.

The consumer has this joyful promise of brevity. But the orator, too, rejoices. He knows that now he will be more natural and do a better class of work. For one thing, the telephone idea means nothing less important than a decrease of dressing up among our greats and near-greats. With a telephone in their rooms, they may sit in dressing gown and slippers and talk at ease to comfortable-minded listeners. The speaker is, of necessity, in the best of spirits. Not only does he evade ruining his digestion with countless "banquets"—he also saves his temper by not having to shave and by not having to tie innumerable dress ties. Under this new system he may frequently see his wife and children. And if he happens to be "indisposed" or is at all bashful or ever has had stage fright, the telephone speech will be welcomed as one of the choicest blessings of an age of science.

"THE TRULY INTERESTED LISTENER WILL CONTINUE TO HEAR EVERY WORD."

He "Done the Town."

"Yes, sir, boys; I done the town purty thoroughly the three days I was in New York," said Uncle Si Sodcorn, on his return to Gooseberry Corners and his favorite seat in front of the "tavern."

"I tuk in no less than three movin'-picksher shows an' rid up on two o' these esquilators or movin' stairs. Then I rid the whole len'th of the elevated an' went clean through the subway an' rid as fer as the elevator went in one o' the skyscraper buildings. I seen old Broadway by lamplight, an' rid up Fifth Avenoo on top of a 'bus, and fed some o' the animiles in Central Park, an' seen Cleopatry's needle, an' got a look at the Goddess o' Libutty. Then I went down on the old Bow'ry an' tuk in a vawdyville show or two, an' et dinner in a rest'rant where they said two thousand could eat at one time. I went to New York with the intention o' doin' the old town up well, an', by heck! I done it all right; but it didn't leave me but nine cents o' the five dollars I tuk with me to do it with."

—M. M. M.

Perseverance, like the fabled tortoise, brings you there, slowly but surely.

LOOKS THE PART.

Visitor—"What a cunning kitty! How old is he?"
Little girl—"Oh, he 's quite old, and he 's not a kitty. He 's a real grown-up cat. Why, he comes home so late nights that pa says we 'll have to get him a latch-key."

Too Much Confidence.

THE young fellow with the ink marks on his fingers edged over to the nattily dressed youth with whom he was sharing the bleacher seat.

"I told the boss," he began confidentially, "that same old yarn about my dead aunt to get to the game, and he never said a word. Battleheimer, his name is. Regular old skinflint, too; but I know how to pull the wool over his eyes, and, believe me, I never lose a chance to do it. By the way, did you give your boss the same story?"

"No"——

"Played sick, I guess? I often do that."

"No"——

"Told him you had private business to attend to, maybe? I work that game, too."

"No"——

"Had some one telephone and say your father was dying? That's one of my favorites."

"No; I"——

"What did you tell him? Must be a new one on me."

"I didn't tell him anything. I'm Battleheimer's son!"

Another Bank Failure.

"Shameless hussy! Good enough for her!" cried Prissy Primm.

"Who? What?" asked Pert Penelope.

"Why," said Prissy, "that Mrs. Gadby, while trying to show off her embroidered hose, carried her skirts so high that some one picked her stocking."

He Didn't Know.

Old lady—"Could you direct me to the Second Baptist Church?"

Old boy—"Why, really—I am sorry, lady, but I don't even know where the First is."

Romeo and Juliet.

A dark, dreamy silence wrapped the castle in its soft embrace. The moon, clear and full, sailed tranquilly through the star-sown heavens, and the sweet scent of orange groves was wafted through the midnight breeze.

Yet the dark-cloaked figure that walked softly up the graveled path saw none of the soft, calm beauty of the summer night. He raised the brass knocker with a quick, imperative touch.

After a wait of ten minutes or more, Juliet answered the summons; but the candle she held nearly dropped from her hands as she beheld the face of her midnight visitor.

"Romeo, Romeo!" she exclaimed in amazement. "Is there any one ill at your house?"

"No," replied Romeo, in a soft, low, guarded whisper. "I left my umbrella in the balcony." —*Frank A. Haywood.*

"Why doesn't he go home?"

"Because neither his wife nor the saloons shut up at midnight."

"THERE'S A REASON"

"Mamma, wny don't you hold your teacup like Mrs Perkins does?

Just a Little Farther On.

AFTER North Carolina voted to be a "dry" State, its citizens became very suspicious of strangers.

One day a commercial traveler went up to an old negro in a little town in the eastern part of the State and said to him,

"Say, uncle, if you will lead me to some place where I can get a drink, I'll give you two dollars."

The old darky looked him over carefully, accepted the two plunks, and said, "All right, boss; jest foller me."

He led the thirsty one through the town, on through the suburbs, into the country, and then started due west. After they had traversed about five miles in silence and still nothing in sight, the man asked,

"Look here, Mose! Where are we going after this drink?"

"We's gwine ovah into Kentucky, boss; we can't git nuthin in dis State."

HE EARNED IT.

Max—"Where did he get all his money? Did he earn it?"
Fred—"Yes; he married *her*."

At Last the Answer!

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Why, a country band that plays in tune,
Or a honeymoon that doesn't end soon,
Or a 'possum dinner without a coon,
Or a lover's stroll without a spoon,
Or a German band with no bassoon,
Or a circus day without a balloon,
Or a moonlight night without a moon,
Or a bargain sale without one swoon,
Or a zoological garden with no baboon,
Or a padded cell without a loon,
Or a current event with no cartoon,
Or a vaudeville show with no buffoon,
Or a political campaign and no lampoon,
Or a boarding-house meal without a prune—
These are rarer far than a day in June!

—*Laura L. Kirkwood.*

Many wise politicians were not prophets in their own state.

A TRIP TO THE ZOO

The New Dictionary.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

BANK—The long green side of the River of Pactolus, dotted with the flowers of Thyme, all over dew, and blossoming at all seasons of the year with the fruit of the Mint.

Barrel—A receptacle constructed of hoops and staves, much used by wealthy aspirants for public office to stand on when lacking any other kind of a platform.

Book—A collation of leaves of paper covered with words, arranged with some ingenuity either to reveal the presence of an idea or to conceal the incapacity for thought in the mind of the collator, and bound in covers to prevent littering, whence the term "literary" as applied to collections of books.

Bore—An unfeathered biped with an endless tale, which he wags persistently in the face of other bipeds desirous of wagging their own tales.

Borrower—An impecunious animal whose chief aim in life is to live within somebody else's income.

Bravery—A quality of action that glorifies as heroes individuals too timid to turn and run away.

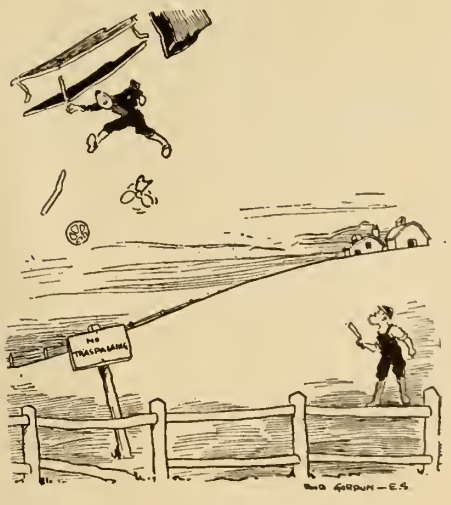
Blush—A suffusion of the cheek of the ingenuous, proving the old adage that "Blood will tell" even if we will not.

Brass—A spiritual metal much affected by nervy mortals in lieu of the pure gold of merit which it externally resembles.

Beast—A classification of dumb animals of abstemious habits by loud-spoken human beings of intemperate inclination.

Brains—A grayish substance inside the head, often available for illuminating purposes, and, like gas, frequently blown out by persons who do not know how to use them.

Bride—Formerly a term signifying a life partner, but now regarded in some quarters as a temporary assuagement of the madness of propinquity.



ABOVE THE LAW.

"Hey, there! Don't you see this lawn 's posted?"

Black—The darkest color known, once the opposite of white, but, under the benign influence of progressive thinking, transformed to a synonym therefor by constitutional amendment.

Braggart—A blower used most effectively in fanning the fires of popular discontent.

Blatherskite—A wind instrument emitting loud noises, produced by the passage of hot air through the windpipe of an intellectual vacuum.

Beet—See Borrower. Also a human vegetable, most active when it is dead.

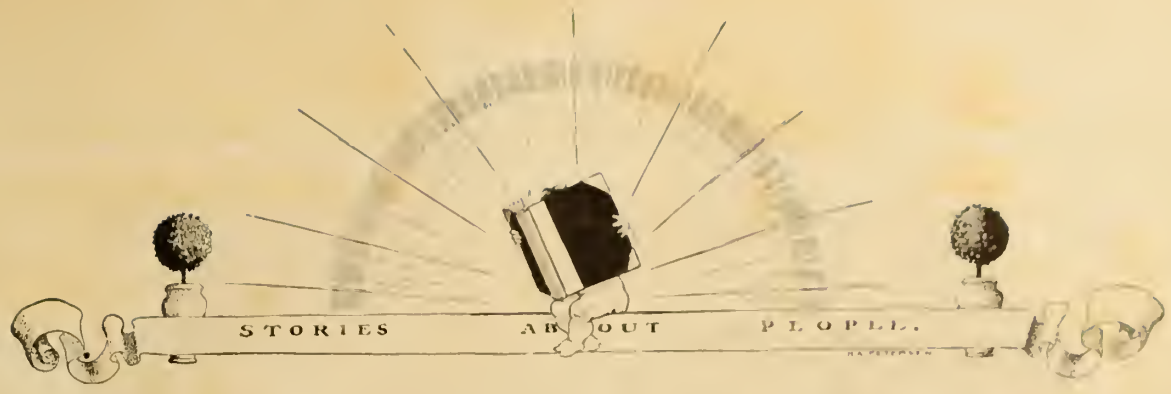
Bargain—A commercial device designed to lure women into the purchase of something they do not want, in order to save a small percentage of what it would cost them if they did want it.

Beauty—A dermatological affection that entails much suffering upon those who are not afflicted with it.

Boston—A dance much affected by the Shawmut tribes, characterized by a dippy, slow, self-centered movement, followed by violent gyrations; hence the term Bostonian.

Business—A scientific system of barter in which all participants endeavor to get the best of each other and generally succeed.

THE FLORIST



A Penalty of Politeness.

WHEN James J. Hill is in the humor, he will tell you of a particularly polite brakeman in the West who never tired of answering the innumerable questions put to him concerning the scenic features along his line. Usually this brakeman formed part of a crew that comprised a conductor who was something of a "grouch."

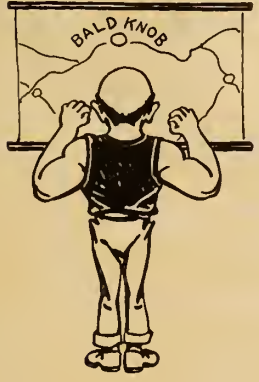
On one occasion, when the polite brakeman had been for some time expatiating upon the beauties of nature as seen from the car window, a passenger whispered to the conductor,

"Can you tell me how that brakeman lost his forefinger? He seems to be a nice fellow."

"Sure, he's a nice fellow!" assented the grouchy conductor. "That's the trouble. Why, that fellow is so obliging that he's worn his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."

How they Named the Town.

There are few men of a more strapping build than H. G. Moore, president of the Kansas City Association of Commerce, the great organization that is whooping up things along the muddy Missouri. When he gets his arms into action, they resemble the fans of a windmill stirred by a forty-mile Kansas zephyr. Above all gleams his bald pate, calm and serene as a summer's morn.



An illustration of the whole-souled nature of the man is shown by the following story that he tells about himself: "A gangling Missourian with a characteristic dialect dropped into my office one morning and grasped my hand in both of his. 'Mr. Moore,' sez he, 'we've heard a lot about you down our way. We think a mighty heap of you. In fact, we think so much of you that we've named our little city after you.'

"'Well, I'm highly pleased to hear that—highly pleased, indeed! What was it you called it—Mooresville?'

"'Naw,' he said, 'it's Bald Knob.'"

Did as He Was Told.

It is told of John Esten Cooke that on one occasion he ordered a slave to "lay by" a field of corn. Returning from a ride late in the evening, he passed by the field and saw that it had not been touched. Riding straight to the negro quarters, he called Tom out.

"Why didn't you 'lay by' that field as I told you, you scoundrel?"

"I did, Marse Esten. Yaas, suh, I done jus' what you done told me to. I thank you, suh. I laid by it 'neath the old oak tree on the yuther side, and slep' mos' all day."

No Water for Him.

Many years ago Mr. Robert Burdette, the humorist, was billed to appear in the Normal School lecture course in a Wisconsin town. The number previous to his had been marred by the fact that the reader was suffering from a severe cold and was obliged to suspend operations while one of the ushers went out and got a supply of drinking water.

To avoid a repetition of this experience, the manager of the course, Mr. B—, a professor in the school, told the young men who were getting the church ready for Mr. Burdette to have a pitcher of water on the platform table. The boys got the largest pitcher they could find. Mr. Burdette and his friend came in early.

When Mr. Burdette caught sight of the pitcher, he said to his companion, "You have water up there, but I never drink during my lectures."

"I'm surprised at that," said the professor. "I told the boys you are a good Baptist and would appreciate the water."

"You see, it's this way, Mr. B—," the humorist replied, in his quick way, with that indescribable twinkle in his eye; "I run my religion on water, but I run my lectures on wind."

Senator Borah tells of a journey to a sparsely settled district. "When night came," he said, "I put up at a little roadhouse. Mine host was polite, so polite—well, judge for yourself. As I turned into bed, I saw this notice:

"'Dear friend, be kind in all you do,
Remember landlords have some feeling;
So if you lie in bed and chew,
Don't spit tobacco on the ceiling.'"

THE MODERN WOMAN

Suffragette Snapshots.

By IDA HUSTED HARPER

IT IS rather amusing to observe the newspapers still pointing to those thirty-nine-cent hats which the suffragists wore in the parade as the best proof they have shown of their fitness to vote, when the principal reason given for their unfitness has always been that their clothes were dowdy and out of style!

Several times recently Congress has had to adjourn in the midst of most important business because so many members were at the baseball game. What would be thought if the sergeants-at-arms in those Western Legislatures had to go scurrying around to pink teas to gather up the women members?

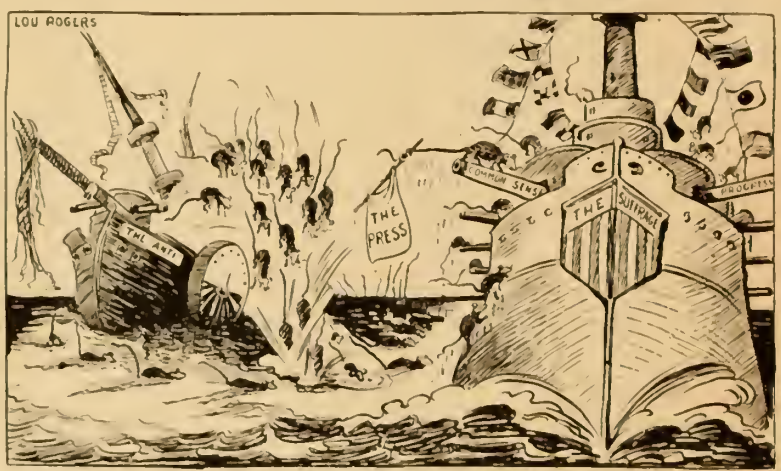
It seems slightly inconsistent to see half of the male voters staying away from the presidential primaries and women refused the franchise because they have not shown that the majority demand it. In Rhode Island, for instance, in a number of towns, no primaries were held because nobody came out to vote. Meanwhile, women of that State by the thousands are clamoring or shrieking or making some kind of a noise for the suffrage, but when the question was submitted to the electors some time ago, they voted more than three to one against letting them have it. The old story of the dog in the manger should be revised to read, "The man with the ballot."

The national movement among women to erect a memorial to the chivalry of man, in honor of those who went down on the *Titanic*, does not show any evidences of sex antagonism, at least on the part of women.

When the United States flag was torn down by anarchists at the recent socialist meeting in New York, it was a woman who sprang into the midst of the howling, fighting mob of men and lifted it from the ground; then, seeing a friend with a baby, she took it in her arms and almost smothered it with kisses and caresses. Thus in the flash of a moment was illustrated the immutable truth that no so-called masculine act or occupation can destroy the eternal womanly.

On September 3d the men of Ohio will vote as to whether the women of the State shall or shall not have the suffrage. If they wish to save themselves further trouble, they will vote "yes"; for if the initiative and referendum proposal carries, as is probable, the women, in case of their defeat, will have the suffrage question submitted every year until it wins.

When Mrs. Clancy, of Jamaica, N. Y., had her husband arrested for choking her as she was leaving the house, the police judge said in his decision, "The husband should be the head of the family, and if the wife desires to go out against his wishes he has the right to detain her, using force if necessary." It is high time for Mrs. Clancy to join the suffragettes, if she can make her escape long enough to do so.



RATS LEAVING THE SINKING SHIP.

A firm which is making marble statuettes by machinery is sending out circulars offering to supply "all women's windows with effigies of Theodore Roosevelt and Susan B. Anthony at a nominal cost." No window smashing has yet occurred in this country, but there's a limit!

"Trimmed" the Anarchists.

Suffrage sentiment was greatly stimulated by the election in Los Angeles. It was thought there that the socialistic and the anarch vote would destroy all normal balances. But the women voted for the first time, and the socialists and anarchists, in the language of the day, were "trimmed."

A Young Astronomer.

Woman has proved her mind in every field of human effort. Camille Flammarion took as an assistant at the Paris Observatory a young woman whose calculations of the stars have been so remarkable that as a result the standard time of the French capital has been altered a fraction of a minute.

Oklahoma's Representative.

During the last campaign, Charley Carter made a speech in Atoka, Okla., and, on being asked his position on the woman's suffrage question, made some very flattering remarks, ending with,

"When all the ladies want suffrage, they will get it; but *all* must want it."

He smiled his genial smile, really thinking he had made a hit.

At the door one of the ladies quietly remarked,

"Mr. Carter, I suppose you do not want to be sent to Washington unless *all* the voters want you to go?"

"Why, yes, I do," he said. "I want to get there any way I can."

"You have answered the question," she told him. "We are willing to get suffrage any way we can."

Representative Carter laughed heartily and said,

"You are right there, and the joke is on me."

Mrs. Atlee Pomerene, wife of Senator Pomerene, of Ohio, is said to be the most active worker among the equal suffragists of Washington. She is well-informed, and has been a true helpmeet in her husband's political career.